POEMS

AND

TRANSLATIONS;

WITH THE

SOPHY,

A

TRAGEDY.

Written by the Honourable
Sir *JOHN DENHAM*,
Knight of the BATH.

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BRITISH MUSEUM
15
60
MAY

TO THE KING.

SIR,

AFTER the Delivery of your Royal Father's Perſon into the Hands of the Army, I undertaking to the Queen-Mother that I would find ſome Means to get Acceſs to him, ſhe was pleaſed to ſend me; and by the Help of *Hugh Peters* I got my Admittance, and coming well inſtructed from the Queen (his Majeſty having been long kept in the Dark) he was pleaſed to diſcourſe very freely with me of the

whole State of his Affairs: But, Sir, I will not launch into a Hiſtory, inſtead of an Epiſtle. One Morning waiting on him at *Cauſham*, ſmiling upon me, he ſaid he could tell me ſome News of my ſelf, which was, that he had ſeen ſome Verſes of mine the Evening before (being thoſe to Sir *R. Fanſhaw*) and asking me when I made them, I told him two or three Years ſince; he was pleaſed to ſay, that having never ſeen them before, He was afraid I had written them ſince my Return into *England*, and though he liked them well, he would adviſe me to write no more; alledging, that when Men are young, and have little elſe to do, they might vent the Overflowings of their Fancy that way; but when they were thought fit for more ſerious Employments, if they ſtill perſiſted in that Courſe, it would look as if they minded not the way to any better.

Where-

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Whereupon I ſtood corrected as long as I had the Honour to wait upon him, and at his Departure from *Hampton-Court*, he was pleaſed to command me to ſtay privately at *London*, to ſend to him and receive from him all his Letters from and to all his Correſpondents at home and abroad, and I was furniſh'd with nine ſeveral Cyphers in order to it: Which Truſt I performed with great Safety to the Perſons with whom we correſponded; but about Nine Months after being diſcovered by their Knowledge of Mr. *Cowley*'s Hand, I happily eſcaped both for my ſelf, and thoſe that held Correſpondence with me. That Time was too hot and buſie for ſuch idle Speculations, but after I had the good Fortune to wait upon your Majeſty in *Holland* and *France*, you were pleaſed ſometimes to give me Arguments to divert and put off the evil Hours of our Baniſhment, which

which now and then fell not ſhort of your Majeſty's Expectation.

After, when your Majeſty, departing from St. *Germains* to *Jerſey*, was pleaſed freely (without my asking) to confer upon me that Place wherein I have now the Honour to ſerve you, I then gave over Poetical Lines, and made it my Buſineſs to draw ſuch others as might be more ſerviceable to your Majeſty, and I hope more laſting. Since that time I never diſobeyed my old Maſter's Commands till this Summer at the *Wells*, my Retirement there tempting me to divert thoſe melancholy Thoughts, which the new Apparitions of Foreign Invaſion, and Domeſtick Diſcontent gave us: But theſe Clouds being now happily blown over, and our Sun clearly ſhining out again, I have recovered the Relapſe, it being ſuſpected that it would have proved the Epidemical Diſeaſe of

Age,

Age, which is apt to fall back into the Follies of Youth; yet *Socrates*, *Ariſtotle*, and *Cato* did the ſame; and *Scaliger* ſaith, that Fragment of *Ariſtotle* was beyond any thing that *Pindar* or *Homer* ever wrote. I will not call this a Dedication, for thoſe Epiſtles are commonly greater Abſurdities than any that come after; for what Author can reaſonably believe, that fixing the great Name of ſome eminent Patron in the Forehead of his Book can charm away Cenſure, and that the firſt Leaf ſhould be a Curtain to draw over and hide all the Deformities that ſtand behind it? neither have I any need of ſuch Shifts, for moſt of the Parts of this Body have already had Your Majeſty's View, and having paſt the Teſt of ſo clear and ſharp-ſighted a Judgment, which has as good a Title to give Law in Matters of this Nature as in any other, they who ſhall preſume to diſſent from

from your Majeſty, will do more wrong to their own Judgment, than their Judgment can do to me: And for thoſe latter Parts which have not yet received Your Majeſty's favourable Aſpect, if they who have ſeen them do not flatter me, (for I dare not truſt my own Judgment) they will make it appear, that it is not with me as with moſt of Mankind, who never forſake their darling Vices, till their Vices forſake them; and that this Divorce was not *Frigiditatis cauſa*, but an Act of Choice, and not of Neceſſity. Therefore, Sir, I ſhall only call it an humble Petition, that Your Majeſty will pleaſe to pardon this new Amour to my old Miſtreſs, and my Diſobedience to his Commands, to whoſe Memory I look up with great Reverence and Devotion, and making a ſerious Reflection upon that wiſe Advice, it carries much greater Weight with it now,

now, than when it was given; for when Age and Experience has ſo ripen'd Man's Diſcretion as to make it fit for Uſe, either in private or publick Affairs, nothing blaſts and corru pts the Fruit of it ſo much as the empty, airy Reputation of being *Nimis Poeta*; and therefore I ſhall take my Leave of the Muſes, as two of my Predeceſſors did, ſaying,

Splendidis longum vale dico nugis.
Hic verſus & cætera ludicra pono.

Your Majeſty's moſt Faithful

and Loyal Subject, and moſt

Dutiful and Devoted Servant,

JO. DENHAM.



POEMS

UPON

Several Occaſions.

COOPER's HILL.

SURE there are Poets which did never dream
Upon *Parnaſſus*, nor did taſte the Stream
Of *Helicon*; we therefore may ſuppoſe
Thoſe made not Poets, but the Poets thoſe.
And as *Courts* make not *Kings*, but *Kings* the *Court*,
So where the Muſes and their Train reſort,

Parnaſſus ſtands; if I can be to thee
A Poet, thou *Parnaſſus* art to me.
Nor wonder, if (advantag'd in my flight,
By taking wing from thy auſpicious height)
Through untrac'd Ways and airy Paths I flie,
More boundleſs in my Fancy than my Eye:
My *Eye*, which ſwift as Thought contracts the ſpace
That lies between, and firſt ſalutes the Place
Crown'd with that ſacred Pile, ſo vaſt, ſo high,
That whether 'tis a part of Earth, or Sky,
Uncertain ſeems, and may be thought a proud
Aſpiring Mountain, or deſcending Cloud,
Paul's, the late Theme of ſuch a * Muſe whoſe flight
Has bravely reach'd and ſoar'd above thy height:
Now ſhalt thou ſtand, tho' Sword, or Time, or Fire,
Or Zeal more fierce than they, thy Fall conſpire,
Secure, whilſt thee the beſt of Poets ſings,
Preſerv'd from Ruin by the beſt of Kings.
Under his proud ſurvey the City lies,
And like a Miſt beneath a Hill doth riſe;
Whoſe State and Wealth, the Buſineſs and the Crowd
Seems at this diſtance but a darker Cloud:
And is to him who rightly things eſteems,
No other in effect than what it ſeems:
Where, with like haſte, tho' ſev'ral ways, they run,
Some to undo, and ſome to be undone;
While Luxury, and Wealth, like War and Peace,
Are each the others ruin, and increaſe;
As Rivers loſt in Seas, ſome ſecret Vein
Thence reconveys, there to be loſt again.

* *Mr. Waller.*

Oh Happineſs of ſweet retir'd Content!
To be at once Secure, and Innocent.
Windſor the next (where *Mars* with *Venus* dwells,
Beauty with Strength) above the Valley ſwells
Into my Eye, and doth it ſelf preſent
With ſuch an eaſie and unforc'd Aſcent,
That no ſtupendous Precipice denies
Acceſs, no horror turns away our Eyes:
But ſuch a Riſe, as doth at once invite
A pleaſure, and a reverence from the ſight.
Thy mighty Maſter's Emblem, in whoſe Face
Sate Meekneſs, heighten'd with Majeſtick Grace;
Such ſeems thy gentle height, made only proud
To be the baſis of that pompous load,
Than which, a nobler weight no Mountain bears,
But *Atlas* only which ſupports the Sphears.
When *Nature*'s hand this ground did thus advance,
'Twas guided by a wiſer Pow'r than Chance;
Mark'd out for ſuch an uſe, as if 'twere meant
T' invite the Builder, and his choice prevent.
Nor can we call it choice, when what we chuſe,
Folly or Blindneſs only cou'd refuſe.
A Crown of ſuch Majeſtick Tow'rs does grace
The Gods great Mother, when her heav'nly Race
Do Homage to her, yet ſhe cannot boaſt
Among that num'rous, and Celeſtial Hoſt,
More *Heroes* than can *Windſor*, nor doth Fame's
Immortal Book record more noble Names.
Not to look back ſo far, to whom this Iſle
Owes the firſt Glory of ſo brave a Pile,

Whether to *Caſar*, *Albanact*, or *Brute*,
The *Britiſh Arthur*, or the *Daniſh Knute*,
(Tho' this of old no leſs Conteſt did move,
Than when for *Homer*'s Birth ſev'n Cities ſtrove)
(Like him in Birth, thou ſhould'ſt be like in Fame,
As thine his Fate, if mine had been his Flame)
But whoſoe'er it was, Nature deſign'd
Firſt a brave Place, and then as brave a Mind.
Not to recount thoſe ſev'ral Kings, to whom
It gave a Cradle, or to whom a Tomb;
But thee, great * *Edward*, and thy greater Son,
(The Lillies which his Father wore, he won)
And thy ‡ *Bellona*, who the Conſort came
Not only to thy Bed, but to thy Fame,
She to thy Triumph led one Captive † King,
And brought that Son, which did the ſecond bring.
Then didſt thou found that Order (whether Love
Or Victory thy Royal Thoughts did move)
Each was a noble cauſe, and nothing leſs
Than the deſign, has been the great ſucceſs:
Which foreign Kings, and Emperors eſteem
The ſecond Honour to their Diadem.
Had thy great Deſtiny but giv'n thee skill
To know, as well as pow'r to act her will,
That from thoſe *Kings*, who then thy *Captives were*,
In after-times ſhould ſpring a Royal Pair
Who ſhould poſſeſs all that thy mighty Pow'r,
Or thy Deſires more mighty, did devour:

* Edward *III. and the* Black-Prince.
‡ *Queen* Philippa.
† *The Kings of* France *and* Scotland.

To whom their better Fate reſerves what-e'er
The Victor hopes for, or the Vanquiſht fear;
That *Blood*, which thou and thy great *Grandſire* ſhed,
And all that ſince theſe ſiſter Nations bled,
Had been unſpilt, had happy *Edward* known
That all the Blood he ſpilt, had been his own.
When he that Patron choſe, in whom are join'd
Soldier and Martyr, and his Arms confin'd
Within the Azure Circle, he did ſeem
But to foretell, and propheſie of him,
Who to his Realms that Azure round hath join'd,
Which Nature for their bound at firſt deſign'd.
That bound, which to the World's *extreameſt ends*,
Endleſs it ſelf, its liquid Arms extends.
Nor doth he need thoſe Emblems which we paint,
But is himſelf the Soldier and the Saint.
Here ſhould my *Wonder* dwell, and here my Praiſe,
But my fixt thoughts my wandring Eye betrays,
Viewing a neighb'ring Hill, whoſe top of late
A Chappel crown'd, till in the Common Fate
Th' adjoining Abby fell: (may no ſuch Storm
Fall on our times, where ruin muſt reform.)
Tell me, my Muſe, what monſtrous dire Offence,
What Crime could any *Chriſtian* King incenſe
To ſuch a Rage? Was't Luxury, or Luſt?
Was he ſo Temperate, ſo Chaſt, ſo Juſt?
Were theſe their Crimes? They were his own much more:
But Wealth is Crime enough to him that's poor,

Who having ſpent the Treaſures of his Crown,
Condemns their Luxury to feed his own.
And yet this Act, to varniſh o'er the ſhame
Of Sacrilege, muſt bear Devotion's Name.
No Crime ſo bold, but would be underſtood
A real, or at leaſt a ſeeming Good:
Who fears not to do ill, yet fears the Name,
And free from Conſcience, is a Slave to Fame.
Thus he the Church at once protects, and ſpoils:
But Princes Swords are ſharper than their Styles.
And thus to th' Ages paſt he makes amends,
Their Charity deſtroys, their Faith defends.
Then did Religion in a lazy Cell,
In empty, airy Contemplations dwell;
And like the Block, unmoved lay: but ours,
As much too active, like the Stork devours.
Is there no temp'rate Region can be known,
Betwixt their Frigid, and our Torrid Zone?
Cou'd we not wake from that Lethargick Dream,
But to be reſtleſs in a worſe Extream?
And for that Lethargy was there no cure,
But to be caſt into a Calenture?
Can Knowledge have no bound, but muſt advance
So far, to make us wiſh for Ignorance?
And rather in the dark to grope our way,
Than led by a falſe Guide to err by Day?
Who ſees theſe diſmal heaps, but would demand
What barbarous Invader ſackt the Land?
But when he hears, no *Goth*, no *Turk* did bring
This Deſolation, but a *Chriſtian* King;

When nothing, but the Name of Zeal, appears
'Twixt our beſt Actions and the worſt of theirs,
What does he think our Sacrilege wou'd ſpare,
When ſuch th' effects of our Devotions are?
Parting from thence 'twixt *Anger*, *Shame* and *Fear*,
Thoſe for what's paſt, and this for what's too near,
My Eye deſcending from the Hill, ſurveys
Where *Thames* among the wanton Vallies ſtrays.
Thames, the moſt lov'd of all the Ocean's Sons
By his old Sire, to his Embraces runs;
Haſting to pay his Tribute to the Sea,
Like Mortal Life to meet Eternity.
Tho' with thoſe Streams he no reſemblance hold,
Whoſe Foam is Amber, and their Gravel Gold;
His genuine and leſs guilty Wealth t' explore,
Search not his bottom, but ſurvey his ſhore;
O'er which he kindly ſpreads his ſpacious wing,
And hatches Plenty for th' enſuing Spring.
Nor then deſtroys it with too fond a ſtay,
Like Mothers which their Infants overlay.
Nor with a ſudden and impetuous Wave,
Like profuſe Kings, reſumes the Wealth he gave.
No unexpected Inundations ſpoil
The Mower's hopes, nor mock the Plowman's toil:
But Godlike his unweary'd Bounty flows;
Firſt loves to do, then loves the Good he does.
Nor are his Bleſſings to his Banks confin'd,
But free, and common, as the Sea or Wind;
When he to boaſt, or to diſperſe his Stores
Full of the Tributes of his grateful Shores,

Viſits the World, and in his flying Tow'rs
Brings home to us, and makes both *Indies* ours;
Finds Wealth where 'tis, beſtows it where it wants,
Cities in Deſarts, Woods in Cities plants.
So that to us no thing, no place is ſtrange,
While his fair Boſom is the World's Exchange.
O could I flow like thee, and make thy Stream
My great Example, as it is my Theme!
Tho' deep, yet clear; tho' gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without Rage, without o'er-flowing full.
Heav'n her *Eridanus* no more ſhall boaſt,
Whoſe Fame in thine, like leſſer Currents loſt;
Thy Nobler Streams ſhall viſit *Jove*'s Abodes,
To ſhine among the * Stars, and bath the Gods.
Here Nature, whether more intent to pleaſe
Us or her ſelf, with ſtrange Varieties,
(For Things of Wonder give no leſs Delight
To the wiſe Maker's, than Beholder's Sight.
Tho' theſe Delights from ſev'ral Cauſes move;
For ſo our Children, thus our Friends we love)
Wiſely ſhe knew, the Harmony of Things,
As well as that of Sounds, from Diſcord ſprings.
Such was the Diſcord, which did firſt diſperſe
Form, Order, Beauty through the Univerſe;
While Drineſs Moiſture, Coldneſs Heat reſiſts,
All that we have, and that we are, ſubſiſts.
While the ſteep horrid Roughneſs of the Wood
Strives with the gentle Calmneſs of the Flood.
Such huge Extreams when Nature doth unite,
Wonder from thence reſults, from thence Delight.

* *The Foreſt.*

The Stream is ſo tranſparent, pure, and clear,
That had the *Self-enamour'd* **Youth* gaz'd here,
So fatally deceiv'd he had not been,
While he the Bottom, not his Face had ſeen.
But his proud Head the airy Mountain hides
Among the Clouds; his Shoulders and his Sides
A ſhady Mantle cloaths; his curled Brows
Frown on the gentle Stream, which calmly flows;
While *Winds* and *Storms* his lofty *Forehead* beat:
The common Fate of all that's high or great.
Low at his Foot a ſpacious Plain is plac'd,
Between the Mountain and the Stream embrac'd:
Which ſhade and ſhelter from the Hill derives,
While the kind River *Wealth* and *Beauty* gives;
And in the Mixture of all theſe appears
Variety, which all the reſt indears.
This Scene had ſome bold *Greek*, or *Britiſh* Bard
Beheld of old, what Stories had we heard
Of *Fairies*, *Satyrs*, and the *Nymphs* their *Dames*,
Their *Feaſts*, their *Revels*, and their *am'rous Flames*?
'Tis ſtill the ſame, altho' their airy Shape
All but a quick Poetick Sight eſcape.
There *Faunus* and *Sylvanus* keep their Courts,
And thither all the horned Hoſt reſorts
To graze the ranker Mead, that noble Herd,
On whoſe ſublime and ſhady Fronts is rear'd
Nature's great Maſter-piece; to ſhew how ſoon
Great Things are made, but ſooner are undone.
Here have I ſeen the King, when great Affairs
Gave leave to ſlacken, and unbend his Cares,

* *Narciſſus.*

Attended to the Chase by all the Flow'r
Of Youth, whose Hopes a Nobler Prey devour:
Pleasure with Praise, and Danger they would buy,
And wish a Foe that would not only flie.
The Stag now conscious of his fatal Growth,
At once indulgent to his Fear and Sloth,
To some dark Covert his Retreat had made,
Where nor Man's Eye, nor Heaven's should invade
His soft Repose; when th' unexpected sound
Of Dogs, and Men, his wakeful Ear does wound:
Rouz'd with the Noise, he scarce believes his Ear,
Willing to think th' Illusions of his Fear
Had giv'n this false Alarm, but straight his View
Confirms, that more than all he fears is true.
Betray'd in all his Strengths, the Wood beset;
All Instruments, all Arts of Ruin met;
He calls to mind his Strength, and then his Speed,
His winged Heels, and then his armed Head;
With these t'avoid, with that his Fate to meet:
But Fear prevails, and bids him trust his Feet.
So fast he flies, that his reviewing Eye
Has lost the *Chasers*, and his Ear the Cry;
Exulting, 'till he finds their Nobler Sense
Their disproportion'd Speed does recompense;
Then curses his conspiring Feet, whose Scent
Betrays that Safety which their Swiftness lent.
Then tries his Friends; among the base Herd,
Where he so lately was obey'd and fear'd,
His Safety seeks: The Herd, unkindly wise,
Or chases him from thence, or from him flies,

Like a declining Stateſman, left forlorn
To his Friends Pity, and Purſuers Scorn,
With Shame remembers, while himſelf was one
Of the ſame Herd, himſelf the ſame had done.
Thence to the Coverts, and the Conſcious Groves,
The Scenes of his paſt Triumphs, and his Loves;
Sadly ſurveying where he rang'd alone
Prince of the Soyl, and all the Herd his own;
And like a bold Knight-Errant did proclaim
Combat to all, and bore away the Dame;
And taught the Woods to Eccho to the Stream
His dreadful Challenge, and his claſhing Beam.
Yet faintly now declines the fatal Strife;
So much his Love was dearer than his Life.
Now ev'ry Leaf, and ev'ry moving Breath
Preſents a Foe, and ev'ry Foe a Death.
Weary'd, forſaken, and purſu'd, at laſt
All Safety in deſpair of Safety plac'd,
Courage he thence reſumes, reſolv'd to bear
All their Aſſaults, ſince 'tis in vain to fear.
And now too late he wiſhes for the Fight
That Strength he waſted in ignoble Flight:
But when he ſees the eager Chaſe renew'd,
Himſelf by Dogs, the Dogs by Men purſu'd:
He ſtraight revokes his bold Reſolve, and more
Repents his Courage, than his Fear before;
Finds that uncertain Ways unſafeſt are,
And Doubt a greater Miſchief than Deſpair.
Then to the Stream, when neither Friends, nor Force,
Nor Speed, nor Art avail, he ſhapes his Courſe;

Thinks not their Rage ſo deſperate t' aſſay
An Element more mercileſs than they.
But fearleſs they purſue, nor can the Flood
Quench their dire Thirſt; alas, they thirſt for Blood.
So tow'rds a Ship the Oar-fin'd Gallies ply,
Which wanting Sea to ride, or Wind to fly,
Stands but to fall reveng'd on thoſe that dare
Tempt the laſt Fury of extream Deſpair.
So fares the Stag among th' enraged Hounds,
Repels their Force, and Wounds returns for Wounds.
And as a Hero, whom his baſer Foes
In Troops ſurround, now theſe aſſails, now thoſe,
Though prodigal of Life, diſdains to die
By common Hands; but if he can deſcry
Some nobler Foe approach, to him he calls,
And begs his Fate, and then contented falls.
So when the King a mortal Shaft lets flie
From his unerring Hand, then glad to die,
Proud of the Wound, to it reſigns his Blood,
And ſtains the Cryſtal with a Purple Flood.
This a more innocent, and happy Chaſe,
Than when of old, but in the ſelf-ſame place,
Fair Liberty purſu'd, * and meant a Prey
To lawleſs Power, here turn'd, and ſtood at bay.
When in that Remedy all Hope was plac'd
Which was, or ſhould have been at leaſt, the laſt.
Here was that † Charter ſeal'd, wherein the Crown
All Marks of Arbitrary Pow'r lays down:

* Runny Mead, *where that great Charter was firſt ſealed.*

† *Magna Charta.*

Tyrant and Slave, thoſe Names of Hate and Fear,
The happier Stile of King and Subject bear:
Happy, when both to the ſame Center move,
When Kings give Liberty, and Subjects Love.
Therefore not long in force this Charter ſtood;
Wanting that Seal, it muſt be ſeal'd in Blood.
The Subjects arm'd, the more their Princes gave,
Th' Advantage only took, the more to crave:
Till Kings by giving, give themſelves away,
And ev'n that Pow'r, that ſhould deny, betray.
" Who gives conſtrain'd, but his own Fear reviles,
" Not thank'd, but ſcorn'd; nor are they Gifts,
but Spoils.
Thus Kings, by graſping more than they could hold,
Firſt made their Subjects, by Oppreſſion, bold:
And popular Sway, by forcing Kings to give
More than was fit for Subjects to receive,
Ran to the ſame Extreams; and one Exceſs
Made both, by ſtriving to be greater, leſs.
When a calm River rais'd with ſudden Rains,
Or Snows diſſolv'd, o'erflows th' adjoining Plains,
The Husbandmen with high-rais'd Banks ſecure
Their greedy Hopes, and this he can endure.
But if with Bays and Dams they ſtrive to force
His Channel to a new, or narrow Courſe;
No longer then within his Banks he dwells,
Firſt to a Torrent, then a Deluge ſwells:
Stronger and fiercer by Reſtraint he roars,
And knows no Bound, but makes his Pow'r his
Shoars.

PREFACE

TO THE

Deſtruction of *TROY*, &c.

THERE are ſo few Tranſlations which deſerve Praiſe, that I ſcarce ever ſaw any which deſerv'd Pardon; thoſe who travel in that kind being for the moſt part ſo unhappy, as to rob others, without enriching themſelves, pulling down the Fame of good Authors, without raiſing their own: Neither hath any Author been more hardly dealt withal than this our Maſter; and the Reaſon is evident, for, what is moſt excellent, is moſt inimitable; and if even the worſt Authors are yet made worſe by their Tranſlators, how impoſſible is it not to do great Injury to the beſt? And therefore I have not the Vanity to think my Copy equal to the Original, *nor (conſequently) my ſelf altogether guiltleſs of what I accuſe others; but if I can do* Virgil *leſs Injury than others have done, it will be, in ſome degree, to do him right; and indeed, the hope of doing him more right, is the only Scope of this Eſſay, by opening this new Way of tranſlating this Author, to thoſe whom Youth, Leiſure,*

and better Fortune make fitter for ſuch Undertakings.

I conceive it is a vulgar Error in tranſlating Poets, to affect being Fidus Interpres; *let that Care be with them who deal in Matters of Fact, or Matters of Faith: but whoſoever aims at it in Poetry, as he attempts what is not required, ſo he ſhall never perform what he attempts; for it is not his Buſineſs alone to tranſlate Language into Language, but Poeſie into Poeſie; and Poeſie is of ſo ſubtile a Spirit, that in the pouring out of one Language into another, it will all evaporate; and if a new Spirit be not added in the Tranſfuſion, there will remain nothing but a* Caput mortuum, *there being certain Graces and Happineſſes peculiar to every Language, which give Life and Energy to the Words; and whoſoever offers at verbal Tranſlation, ſhall have the Misfortune of that young Traveller, who loſt his own Language abroad, and brought home no other inſtead of it: for the Grace of the* Latin *will be loſt by being turned into* Engliſh *Words; and the Grace of the* Engliſh, *by being turned into the* Latin *Phraſe. And as Speech is the Apparel of our Thoughts, ſo are there certain Garbs and Modes of ſpeaking, which vary with the Times; the Faſhion of our Clothes being not more ſubject to Alteration, than that of our Speech: and this I think* Tacitus *means, by that which he calls* Sermonem temporis iſtius auribus accommodatum; *the Delight of Change being as due to the Curioſity of the Ear, as of the Eye; and therefore if* Virgil *muſt needs ſpeak* Engliſh, *it*

were fit he ſhould ſpeak not only as a Man of this Nation, but as a Man of this Age; and if this Diſguiſe I have put upon him (I wiſh I could give it a better Name) ſit not naturally and eaſily on ſo grave a Perſon, yet it may become him better than that Fools-Coat, *wherein the* French *and* Italians *have of late preſented him; at leaſt, I hope it will not make him appear deformed, by making any part enormouſly bigger, or leſs than the Life, (I having made it my principal Care to follow him, as he made it his to follow Nature, in all his Proportions) neither have I any where offered ſuch Violence to his Senſe, as to make it ſeem mine, and not his. Where my Expreſſions are not ſo full as his, either our Language, or my Art were defective, (but I rather ſuſpect my ſelf;) but where mine are fuller than his, they are but the Impreſſions which the often reading of him hath left upon my Thoughts; ſo that if they are not his own Conceptions, they are at leaſt the Reſults of them; and if (being conſcious of making him ſpeak worſe than he did almoſt in every Line) I err in endeavouring ſometimes to make him ſpeak better; I hope it will be judged an Error on the right Hand, and ſuch an one as may deſerve Pardon, if not Imitation.*

THE
Deſtruction of *TROY*:
An ESSAY on the
Second Book of *Virgil*'s *Æneis*.

Written in the Year 1636.

The ARGUMENT.

The firſt Book ſpeaks of Æneas *his Voyage by Sea, and how being caſt by Tempeſt upon the Coaſt of* Carthage, *he was received by Queen* Dido, *who after the Feaſt, deſires him to make the Relation of the Deſtruction of* Troy ; *which is the Argument of this Book.*

WHile all with Silence and Attention wait,
Thus ſpeaks *Æneas* from the Bed of State ;
Madam, when you command us to review
Our Fate, you make our old Wounds bleed anew,
And all thoſe Sorrows to my Senſe reſtore,
Whereof none ſaw ſo much, none ſuffer'd more :
Not the moſt cruel of our conqu'ring Foes
So unconcern'dly can relate our Woes,
As not to lend a Tear; then how can I
Repreſs the Horror of my Thoughts, which fly

The ſad Remembrance? Now th' expiring Night
And the declining Stars to Reſt invite;
Yet ſince 'tis your Command, what you ſo well
Are pleas'd to hear, I cannot grieve to tell.
By Fate repell'd, and with Repulſes tir'd,
The *Greeks*, ſo many Lives and Years expir'd,
A Fabrick like a moving Mountain frame,
Pretending Vows for their Return; this Fame
Divulges, then within the Beaſt's vaſt Womb
The Choice and Flow'r of all their Troops entomb;
In view the Iſle of *Tenedos*, once high,
In Fame and Wealth while *Troy* remain'd, doth lie,
(Now but an unſecure and open Bay)
Thither by Stealth the *Greeks* their Fleet convey.
We gave them gone, and to *Mycenæ* ſail'd,
And *Troy* reviv'd, her mourning Face unvail'd;
All through th' unguarded Gates with Joy reſort
To ſee the ſlighted Camp, the vacant Port;
Here lay *Ulyſſes*, there *Achilles*, here
The Battels join'd, the *Grecian* Fleet rode there;
But the vaſt Pile th' amazed Vulgar views,
Till they their Reaſon in their Wonder loſe.
And firſt *Thymœtes* moves (urg'd by the Pow'r
Of Fate, or Fraud) to place it in the Tow'r;
But *Capys* and the graver ſort thought fit
The *Greeks* ſuſpected Preſent to commit
To Seas or Flames, at leaſt to ſearch and bore
The Sides, and what that Space contains t' explore.
Th' uncertain Multitude with both engag'd,
Divided ſtands, till from the Tow'r, enrag'd

Laocoon ran, whom all the Crowd attends,
Crying, What deſp'rate Frenzy's this, (oh Friends)
To think them gone? Judge rather their Retreat
But a Deſign, their Gifts but a Deceit;
For our Deſtruction 'twas contriv'd no doubt,
Or from within by Fraud, or from without
By Force; yet know ye not *Ulyſſes'* Shifts?
Their Swords leſs Danger carry than their Gifts.
(This ſaid) againſt the Horſe's Side his Spear
He throws, which trembles with incloſed Fear,
Whilſt from the Hollows of his Womb proceed
Groans, not his own; and had not Fate decreed
Our Ruin, we had fill'd with *Grecian* Blood
The Place; then *Troy* and *Priam*'s Throne had ſtood.
Mean while a fetter'd Priſ'ner to the King
With joyful Shouts the *Dardan* Shepherds bring,
Who to betray us did himſelf betray,
At once the Taker, and at once the Prey;
Firmly prepar'd, of one Event ſecur'd,
Or of his Death or his Deſign aſſur'd.
The *Trojan* Youth about the Captive flock,
To wonder, or to pity, or to mock.
Now hear the *Grecian* Fraud, and from this one
Conjecture all the reſt.
Diſarm'd, diſorder'd, caſting round his Eyes
On all the Troops that guarded him, he cries,
What Land, what Sea, for me what Fate attends?
Caught by my Foes, condemned by my Friends,
Incenſed *Troy* a wretched Captive ſeeks
To ſacrifice; a Fugitive, the *Greeks*.

To Pity this Complaint our former Rage
Converts, we now enquire his Parentage,
What of their Counſels or Affairs he knew:
Then fearleſs, he replies, Great King, to you
All Truth I ſhall relate: Nor firſt can I
My ſelf to be of *Grecian* Birth deny;
And though my outward State Misfortune hath
Depreſt thus low, it cannot reach my Faith.
You may by chance have heard the famous Name
Of *Palamede*, who from old *Belus* came,
Whom, but for voting Peace, the *Greeks* purſue,
Accus'd unjuſtly, then unjuſtly ſlew,
Yet mourn'd his Death. My Father was his Friend,
And me to his Commands did recommend,
While Laws and Councils did his Throne ſupport,
I but a Youth, yet ſome Eſteem and Port
We then did bear, till by *Ulyſſes'* Craft
(Things known I ſpeak) he was of Life bereft:
Since in dark Sorrow I my Days did ſpend,
Till now diſdaining his unworthy End,
I could not ſilence my Complaints, but vow'd
Revenge, if ever Fate or Chance allow'd
My wiſht Return to *Greece*; from hence his Hate,
From thence my Crimes, and all my Ills bear date:
Old Guilt freſh Malice gives; the Peoples Ears
He fills with Rumours, and their Hearts with Fears,
And then the Prophet to his Party drew.
But why do I theſe thankleſs Truths purſue;
Or why defer your Rage? on me, for all
The *Greeks*, let your revenging Fury fall.

Ulyſſes this, th' *Atridæ* this deſire
At any rate. We ſtrait are ſet on fire
(Unpractis'd in ſuch Myſt'ries) to enquire
The Manner and the Cauſe: Which thus he told
With Geſtures humble, as his Tale was bold.
Oft have the *Greeks* (the Siege deteſting) tyr'd
With tedious War, a ſtol'n Retreat deſir'd,
And would to Heav'n they'd gone: But ſtill diſmay'd
By Seas or Skies, unwillingly they ſtay'd.
Chiefly when this ſtupendous Pile was rais'd,
Strange Noiſes fill'd the Air; we all amaz'd
Diſpatch *Eurypylus* t' enquire our Fates,
Who thus the Sentence of the Gods relates;
A Virgin's Slaughter did the Storm appeaſe,
When firſt tow'rds *Troy* the *Grecians* took the Seas;
Their ſafe Retreat another *Grecian*'s Blood
Muſt purchaſe. All at this confounded ſtood:
Each thinks himſelf the Man, the Fear on all
Of what, the Miſchief but on one can fall.
Then *Calchas* (by *Ulyſſes* firſt inſpir'd)
Was urg'd to name whom th' angry Gods requir'd;
Yet was I warn'd (for many were as well
Inſpir'd as he) and did my Fate foretel.
Ten Days the Prophet in ſuſpence remain'd,
Would no Man's Fate pronounce; at laſt conſtrain'd
By *Ithacus*, he ſolemnly deſign'd
Me for the Sacrifice; the People join'd
In glad Conſent, and all their common Fear
Determine in my Fate; the Day drew near,

The ſacred Rites prepar'd, my Temples crown'd
With holy Wreaths; Then I confeſs I found
The Means to my Eſcape, my Bonds I brake,
Fled from my Guards, and in a muddy Lake
Amongſt the Sedges all the Night lay hid,
Till they their Sails had hoiſt (if ſo they did.)
And now alas no Hope remains for me
My Home, my Father, and my Sons to ſee,
Whom they, enrag'd, will kill for my Offence,
And puniſh, for my Guilt, their Innocence.
Thoſe Gods who know the Truths I now relate,
That Faith which yet remains inviolate
By mortal Men; by theſe I beg, redreſs
My cauſleſs Wrongs, and pity ſuch Diſtreſs.
And now true Pity in exchange he finds
For his falſe Tears, his Tongue his Hands unbinds.
Then ſpake the King, Be Ours, whoe'er thou art,
Forget the *Greeks*. But firſt the Truth impart,
Why did they raiſe, or to what Uſe intend
This Pile? to a Warlike, or Religious End?
Skilful in Fraud, (his native Art) his Hands
Tow'rd Heav'n he rais'd, deliver'd now from Bands.
Ye pure Æthereal Flames, ye Pow'rs ador'd
By mortal Men, ye Altars, and the Sword
I ſcap'd; ye ſacred Fillets that involv'd
My deſtin'd Head, grant I may ſtand abſolv'd
From all their Laws and Rites, renounce all Name
Of Faith or Love, their ſecret Thoughts proclaim:
Only, O *Troy*, preſerve thy Faith to me,
If what I ſhall relate preſerveth thee.

From *Pallas'* Favour, all our Hopes, and all
Counſels and Actions took Original,
'Till *Diomed* (for ſuch Attempts made fit
By dire Conjunction with *Ulyſſes'* Wit)
Aſſails the ſacred Tow'r, the Guards they ſlay,
Defile with bloody Hands, and thence convey
The fatal Image; ſtraight with our Succeſs
Our Hopes fell back, whilſt Prodigies expreſs
Her juſt Diſdain, her flaming Eyes did throw
Flaſhes of Lightning, from each part did flow
A briny Sweat, thrice brandiſhing her Spear,
Her Statue from the Ground it ſelf did rear;
Then, that we ſhould our Sacrilege reſtore,
And reconvey their Gods from *Argos* Shore,
Calchas perſwades, 'till then we urge in vain
The Fate of *Troy*. To meaſure back the Main
They all conſent, but to return agen,
When reinforc'd with Aids of Gods and Men.
Thus *Calchas*; then inſtead of that, this Pile
To *Pallas* was deſign'd; to reconcile
Th' offended Pow'r, and expiate our Guilt;
To this vaſt Height and monſtrous Stature built,
Leſt through your Gates receiv'd, it might renew
Your Vows to her, and her Defence to you.
But if this ſacred Gift you diſeſteem,
Then cruel Plagues (which Heav'n divert on them)
Shall fall on *Priam's* State: but if the Horſe
Your Walls aſcend, aſſiſted by your Force,
A League 'gainſt *Greece* all *Aſia* ſhall contract;
Our Sons then ſuff'ring what their Sires would act.

Thus by his Fraud and our own Faith o'ercome,
A feigned Tear deſtroys us, againſt whom
Tydides nor *Achilles* could prevail,
Nor ten Years Conflict, nor a thouſand Sail.
This ſeconded by a moſt ſad Portent,
Which Credit to the firſt Impoſture lent;
Laocoon, *Neptune*'s Prieſt, upon the Day
Devoted to that God, a Bull did ſlay,
When two prodigious Serpents were deſcry'd,
Whoſe circling Stroaks the Sea's ſmooth Face divide;
Above the Deep they raiſe their ſcaly Creſts,
And ſtem the Flood with their erected Breaſts,
Their winding Tails advance and ſteer their Courſe,
And 'gainſt the Shore the breaking Billows force.
Now landing, from their brandiſht Tongues there came
A dreadful Hiſs, and from their Eyes a Flame.
Amaz'd we flie; directly in a Line
Laocoon they purſue, and firſt intwine
(Each preying upon one) his tender Sons;
Then him, who armed to their Reſcue runs,
They ſeiz'd, and with entangling Folds embrac'd,
His Neck twice compaſſing, and twice his Waſte:
Their Pois'nous Knots he ſtrives to break and tear,
While Slime and Blood his ſacred Wreaths beſmear;
Then loudly Roars, as when th' enraged Bull
From th' Altar flies, and from his wounded Skull
Shakes the huge Ax; the conqu'ring Serpents flie
To cruel *Pallas*' Altar, and there lie

Under

Under her Feet, within her Shield's Extent.
We, in our Fears, conclude this Fate was ſent
Juſtly on him, who ſtruck the Sacred Oak
With his accurſed Lance. Then to invoke
The Goddeſs, and let in the fatal Horſe,
We all conſent.
A ſpacious Breach we make, and *Troy*'s proud Wall
Built by the Gods, by our own Hands doth fall;
Thus, all their Help to their own Ruin give,
Some draw with Cords, and ſome the Monſter drive
With Rolls and Leavers: thus our Works it climbs
Big with our Fate, the Youth with Songs and Rhimes,
Some dance, ſome hale the Rope; at laſt let down
It enters with a thund'ring Noiſe the Town.
Oh *Troy*, the Seat of Gods, in War renown'd!
Three times it ſtuck, as oft the claſhing Sound
Of Arms was heard, yet blinded by the Pow'r
Of Fate, we place it in the ſacred Tow'r.
Caſſandra then foretels th' Event, but ſhe
Finds no Belief (ſuch was the Gods Decree.)
The Altars with freſh Flow'rs we crown, and waſte
In Feaſts that Day, which was (alas!) our laſt.
Now by the Revolution of the Skies,
Night's ſable Shadows from the Ocean riſe,
Which Heav'n and Earth, and the *Greek* Frauds in-
The City in ſecure Repoſe diſſolv'd, [volv'd,
When from the Admiral's high Poop appears
A Light, by which the *Argive* Squadron ſteers
Their ſilent Courſe to *Ilium*'s well-known Shore,
When *Sinon* (ſav'd by the Gods partial Pow'r)

Opens the Horſe, and through the unlockt Doors
To the free Air the armed Fraight reſtores:
Ulyſſes, *Stheneleus*, *Tiſander* ſlide
Down by a Rope, *Machaon* was their Guide;
Atrides, *Pyrrhus*, *Thoas*, *Athamas*,
And *Epeus* who the Fraud's Contriver was:
The Gates they ſeize; the Guards, with Sleep and Wine
Oppreſt, ſurprize, and then their Forces join.
'Twas then, when the firſt Sweets of Sleep repair
Our Bodies ſpent with Toil, our Minds with Care;
(The Gods beſt Gift) when, bath'd in Tears and Blood,
Before my Face lamenting *Hector* ſtood,
Such his Aſpect when, ſoyl'd with bloody Duſt,
Dragg'd by the Cords which through his Feet were thruſt
By his inſulting Foe; O how transform'd,
How much unlike that *Hector* who return'd
Clad in *Achilles'* Spoils; when he, among
A thouſand Ships (like *Jove*) his Lightning flung!
His horrid Beard and knotted Treſſes ſtood
Stiff with his Gore, and all his Wounds ran Blood:
Intranc'd I lay, then (weeping) ſaid, The Joy,
The Hope and Stay of thy declining *Troy*;
What Region held thee, whence, ſo much deſir'd,
Art thou reſtor'd to us conſum'd and tir'd
With Toyls and Deaths; but what ſad Cauſe confounds
Thy once fair Looks, or why appear thoſe Wounds?
Regardleſs of my Words, he no Reply
Returns, but with a dreadful Groan doth cry,

Fly from the Flame, O Goddeſs-born, our Walls
The *Greeks* poſſeſs, and *Troy* confounded falls
From all her Glories; if it might have ſtood
By any Pow'r, by this right Hand it ſhou'd.
What Man could do, by me for *Troy* was done,
Take here her Reliques and her Gods, to run
With them thy Fate, with them new Walls expect,
Which, toſt on Seas, thou ſhalt at laſt erect:
Then brings old *Veſta* from her ſacred Quire,
Her holy Wreaths, and her eternal Fire.
Mean while the Walls with doubtful Cries reſound
From far (for ſhady Coverts did ſurround
My Father's Houſe) approaching ſtill more near
The Claſh of Arms, and Voice of Men we hear:
Rowz'd from my Bed, I ſpeedily aſcend
The Houſes Tops, and liſtning there attend.
As Flames rowl'd by the Winds conſpiring Force,
O'er full-ear'd Corn, or Torrents raging Courſe
Bears down th' oppoſing Oaks, the Fields deſtroys,
And mocks the Plough-man's Toil, th' unlook'd for Noiſe
From neighb'ring Hills th'amazed Shepherd hears;
Such my Surprize, and ſuch their Rage appears.
Firſt fell thy Houſe, *Ucalegon*, then thine
Deiphobus, *Sigæan* Seas did ſhine [Sound
Bright with *Troy*'s Flames; the Trumpets dreadful
The louder Groans of dying Men confound.
Give me my Arms, I cry'd, reſolv'd to throw
My ſelf 'mong any that oppos'd the Foe:

Rage, Anger, and Deſpair at once ſuggeſt,
That of all Deaths, to die in Arms was beſt.
The firſt I met was *Pantheus*, *Phœbus'* Prieſt,
Who 'ſcaping with his Gods and Reliques fled,
And tow'rds the Shore his little Grandchild led;
Pantheus, what Hope remains? what Force? what Place
Made good? but ſighing, he replies, alas!
Trojans we were, and mighty *Ilium* was;
But the laſt Period and the fatal Hour
Of *Troy* is come: Our Glory and our Pow'r
Incenſed *Jove* transfers to *Grecian* Hands;
The Foe within the burning Town commands;
And (like a ſmother'd Fire) an unſeen Force
Breaks from the Bowels of the fatal Horſe:
Inſulting *Sinon* flings about the Flame,
And thouſands more than e'er from *Argos* came
Poſſeſs the Gates, the Paſſes, and the Streets,
And theſe the Sword o'ertakes, and thoſe it meets.
The Guard nor fights nor flies; their Fate ſo near
At once ſuſpends their Courage and their Fear.
Thus by the Gods, and by *Atrides'* Words
Inſpir'd, I make my way through Fire, through Swords,
Where Noiſes, Tumults, Out-cries and Alarms
I heard; firſt *Iphitus* renown'd for Arms
We meet, who knew us (for the Moon did ſhine)
Then *Ripheus*, *Hypanis*, and *Dymas* join
Their Force, and young *Chorabus Mygdon's* Son,
Who, by the Love of fair *Caſſandra* won,

Arriv'd but lately in her Father's Aid;
Unhappy, whom the Threats could not diſſwade
Of his Prophetick Spouſe;
Whom when I ſaw, yet daring to maintain
The Fight, I ſaid, Brave Spirits (but in vain)
Are you reſolv'd to follow one who dares
Tempt all Extreams? The State of our Affairs
You ſee: the Gods have left us, by whoſe Aid
Our Empire ſtood; nor can the Flame be ſtaid:
Then let us fall amidſt our Foes; this one
Relief the Vanquiſht have, to hope for none.
Then re-inforc'd, as in a ſtormy Night
Wolves urged by their raging Appetite
Forage for Prey, which their neglected Young
With greedy Jaws expect, ev'n ſo among
Foes, Fire and Swords, t' aſſured Death we paſs,
Darkneſs our Guide, Deſpair our Leader was.
Who can relate that Evening's Woes and Spoils,
Or can his Tears proportion to our Toils?
The City, which ſo long had flouriſht, falls;
Death triumphs o'er the Houſes, Temples, Walls.
Nor only on the *Trojans* fell this Doom,
Their Hearts at laſt the Vanquiſh'd re-aſſume;
And now the Victors fall: on all ſides Fears,
Groans and pale Death in all her Shapes appears:
Androgeus firſt with his whole Troop was caſt
Upon us, with Civility miſplac'd;
Thus greeting us, You loſe, by your delay,
Your Share both of the Honour and the Prey;
Others the Spoils of burning *Troy* convey

Back to thoſe Ships, which you but now forſake.
We making no return; his ſad Miſtake
Too late he finds: As when an unſeen Snake
A Traveller's unwary Foot hath preſt,
Who trembling ſtarts, when the Snake's azure Crest
Swoln with his riſing Anger, he eſpies,
So from our View ſurpriz'd *Androgeus* flies.
But here an eaſie Victory we meet:
Fear binds their Hands, and Ignorance their Feet.
Whilſt Fortune our firſt Enterprize did aid,
Encourag'd with Succeſs, *Chorœbus* ſaid,
O Friends, we now by better Fates are led;
And the fair Path they lead us, let us tread.
Firſt change your Arms, and their Diſtinctions bear;
The ſame, in Foes, Deceit and Virtue are.
Then of his Arms *Androgeus* he diveſts,
His Sword, his Shield he takes, and plumed Creſts,
Then *Ripheus*, *Dymas*, and the reſt, all glad
Of the Occaſion, in freſh Spoils are clad.
Thus mixt with *Greeks*, as if their Fortune ſtill
Follow'd their Swords, we Fight, Purſue, and Kill.
Some re-aſcend the Horſe, and he whoſe Sides
Let forth the Valiant, now the Coward hides.
Some to their ſafer Guard, their Ships, retire;
But vain's that Hope, 'gainſt which the Gods conſpire:
Behold the Royal Virgin, the Divine
Caſſandra, from *Minerva*'s fatal Shrine
Dragg'd by the Hair, caſting tow'rds Heav'n, in vain,
Her Eyes; for Cords her tender Hands did ſtrain:

Chorœbus at the Spectacle enrag'd,
Flies in amidſt the Foes: we thus engag'd,
To ſecond him, among the thickeſt ran;
Here firſt our Ruin from our Friends began,
Who from the Temple's Battlements a Show'r
Of Darts and Arrows on our Heads did pour:
They, us for *Greeks*, and now the *Greeks* (who knew
Caſſandra's Reſcue) us for *Trojans* ſlew.
Then from all Parts *Ulyſſes*, *Ajax* then,
And then th' *Atridæ* rally all their Men;
As Winds, that meet from ſev'ral Coaſts, conteſt;
Their Priſons being broke, the South and Weſt,
And *Eurus* on his winged Courſers born,
Triumphing in their Speed, the Woods are torn,
And chaſing *Nereus* with his *Trident* throws
The Billows from their Bottom; then all thoſe
Who in the Dark our Fury did eſcape,
Returning, know our borrow'd Arms, and Shape,
And diff'ring Dialect: Then their Numbers ſwell
And grow upon us; firſt *Chorœbus* fell
Before *Minerva's* Altar, next did bleed
Juſt *Ripheus*, whom no *Trojan* did exceed
In Virtue, yet the Gods his Fate decreed.
Then *Hypanis* and *Dymas*, wounded by
Their Friends; nor thee *Pantheus* thy Piety,
Nor conſecrated Mitre, from the ſame
Ill Fate could ſave; my Country's fun'ral Flame
And *Troy's* cold Aſhes I atteſt, and call
To witneſs for my ſelf, That in their Fall

No Foes, no Death, nor Danger I declin'd,
Did, and deſerv'd no leſs, my Fate to find.
Now *Iphitus* with me, and *Pelias*
Slowly retire, the one retarded was
By feeble Age, the other by a Wound;
To Court the Cry directs us, where we found
Th' Aſſault ſo hot, as if 'twere only there,
And all the reſt ſecure from Foes or Fear:
The *Greeks* the Gates approach'd, their Targets caſt
Over their Heads, ſome ſcaling Ladders plac'd
Againſt the Walls, the reſt the Steps aſcend,
And with their Shields on their left Arms defend
Arrows and Darts, and with their Right hold faſt
The Battlement; on them the *Trojans* caſt
Stones, Rafters, Pillars, Beams; ſuch Arms as theſe,
Now hopeleſs, for their laſt Defence they ſeize.
The gilded Roofs, the Marks of ancient State,
They tumble down; and now againſt the Gate
Of th' Inner Court their growing Force they bring:
Now was our laſt Effort to ſave the King,
Relieve the Fainting, and ſucceed the Dead.
A private Gallery 'twixt th' Apartments led,
Not to the Foe yet known, or not obſerv'd,
(The way for *Hector*'s hapleſs Wife reſerv'd,
When to the aged King, her little Son
She would preſent) Through this we paſs, and run
Up to the higheſt Battlement, from whence
The *Trojans* threw their Darts without Offence.
A Tow'r ſo high, it ſeem'd to reach the Sky,
Stood on the Roof, from whence we could deſcry

All *Ilium*----both the Camps, the *Grecian* Fleet;
This, where the Beams upon the Columns meet,
We looſen, which like Thunder from the Cloud
Breaks on their Heads, as ſudden and as loud.
But others ſtill ſucceed: Mean time, nor Stones
Nor any kind of Weapons ceaſe.
Before the Gate in gilded Armour ſhone
Young *Pyrrhus*, like a Snake, his Skin new grown,
Who fed on pois'nous Herbs, all Winter lay
Under the Ground, and now reviews the Day
Freſh in his new Apparel, Proud and Young,
Rowls up his Back, and brandiſhes his Tongue,
And lifts his ſcaly Breaſt againſt the Sun;
With him his Father's Squire, *Automedon*,
And *Periphas* who drove his winged Steeds,
Enter the Court; whom all the Youth ſucceeds
Of *Scyros'* Iſle, who flaming Firebrands flung
Up to the Roof; *Pyrrhus* himſelf among
The foremoſt with an Axe an Entrance hews
Though Beams of ſolid Oak, then freely views
The Chambers, Galleries, and Rooms of State,
Where *Priam* and the ancient Monarchs ſate.
At the firſt Gate an armed Guard appears;
But th' Inner Court with Horror, Noiſe and Tears,
Confus'dly fill'd, the Womens Shrieks and Cries
The Arched Vaults re-eccho to the Skies;
Sad Matrons wandring through the ſpacious Rooms
Embrace and kiſs the Poſts: Then *Pyrrhus* comes
Full of his Father, neither Men nor Walls
His Force ſuſtain, the torn Port-cullis falls,

Then from the Hinge their Strokes the Gates divorce,
And where the Way they cannot find, they force.
Not with ſuch Rage a ſwelling Torrent flows
Above his Banks, th' oppoſing Dams o'erthrows,
Depopulates the Fields, the Cattle, Sheep,
Shepherds, and Folds the foaming Surges ſweep.
And now between two ſad Extreams I ſtood,
Here *Pyrrhus* and th' *Atrida* drunk with Blood,
There th'hapleſs Queen amongſt an hundred Dames,
And *Priam* quenching from his Wounds thoſe Flames
Which his own Hands had on the Altar laid:
Then they the ſecret Cabinets invade,
Where ſtood the Fifty Nuptial Beds, the Hopes
Of that great Race; the Golden Poſts, whoſe tops
Old hoſtile Spoils adorn'd, demoliſht lay,
Or to the Foe, or to the Fire a Prey.
Now *Priam*'s Fate perhaps you may enquire:
Seeing his Empire loſt, his *Troy* on Fire,
And his own Palace by the *Greeks* poſſeſt,
Arms long diſus'd, his trembling Limbs inveſt;
Thus on his Foes he throws himſelf alone,
Not for their Fate, but to provoke his own:
There ſtood an Altar open to the View
Of Heav'n, near which an Aged Laurel grew,
Whoſe ſhady Arms the Houſhold Gods embrac'd;
Before whoſe Feet the Queen her ſelf had caſt
With all her Daughters, and the *Trojan* Wives,
As Doves whom an approaching Tempeſt drives

And frights into one Flock; but having ſpy'd
Old *Priam* clad in youthful Arms, ſhe cry'd,
Alas my wretched Husband, what pretence
To bear thoſe Arms, and in them what Defence?
Such Aid ſuch Times require not, when again
If *Hector* were alive, he liv'd in vain;
Or here we ſhall a Sanctuary find,
Or as in Life, we ſhall in Death be join'd.
Then weeping, with kind Force held and embrac'd,
And on the ſecret Seat the King ſhe plac'd.
Mean while *Polites*, one of *Priam*'s Sons,
Flying the Rage of bloody *Pyrrhus*, runs
Through Foes and Swords, and ranges all the [Court
And empty Galleries, amaz'd and hurt;
Pyrrhus purſues him, now o'ertakes, now kills,
And his laſt Blood in *Priam*'s Preſence ſpills.
The King (though him ſo many Deaths incloſe)
Nor Fear, nor Grief, but Indignation ſhows;
The Gods requite thee (if within the Care
Of thoſe above th' Affairs of Mortals are)
Whoſe Fury on the Son but loſt had been,
Had not his Parents Eyes his Murder ſeen:
Not that *Achilles* (whom thou feign'ſt to be
Thy Father) ſo inhumane was to me;
He bluſht, when I the Rights of Arms implor'd;
To me my *Hector*, me to *Troy* reſtor'd:
This ſaid, his feeble Arm a Javelin flung,
Which on the ſounding Shield, ſcarce entring, rung.
Then *Pyrrhus*; Go a Meſſenger to Hell
Of my black Deeds, and to my Father tell

The Acts of his degen'rate Race. So through
His Son's warm Blood, the trembling King he drew
To th' Altar; in his Hair one Hand he wreaths;
His Sword, the other in his Boſom ſheaths.
Thus fell the King, who yet ſurviv'd the State,
With ſuch a ſignal and peculiar Fate,
Under ſo vaſt a Ruin, not a Grave,
Nor in ſuch Flames a Fun'ral Fire to have:
He whom ſuch Titles ſwell'd, ſuch Pow'r made proud,
To whom the Scepters of all *Aſia* bow'd,
On the cold Earth lies th' unregarded King,
A headleſs Carkaſs, and a nameleſs Thing.

ON THE
EARL *of* STRAFFORD's
TRYAL *and* DEATH.

GReat *Strafford!* worthy of that Name, though all
Of thee could be forgotten, but thy Fall,
Cruſht by Imaginary Treaſon's Weight,
Which too much Merit did accumulate:
As Chymiſt's Gold from Braſs by Fire would draw,
Pretexts are into Treaſon forg'd by Law.
His Wiſdom ſuch, at once it did appear
Three Kingdoms Wonder, and three Kingdoms Fear;
Whilſt ſingle he ſtood forth, and ſeem'd, although
Each had an Army, as an equal Foe.

Such was his Force of Eloquence, to make
The Hearers more concern'd than he that ſpake;
Each ſeem'd to act that Part he came to ſee,
And none was more a Looker-on than he;
So did he move our Paſſion, ſome were known
To wiſh, for the Defence, the Crime their own.
Now private Pity ſtrove with publick Hate,
Reaſon with Rage, and Eloquence with Fate:
Now they could him, if he could them forgive;
He's not too Guilty, but too Wiſe to live;
Leſs ſeem thoſe Facts which Treaſons Nick-name
Than ſuch a fear'd Ability for more. [fore,
They after Death their Fears of him expreſs,
His Innocence, and their own Guilt confeſs.
Their Legiſlative Frenzy they repent;
Enacting it ſhould make no Precedent.
This Fate he could have 'ſcap'd, but would not loſe
Honour for Life, but rather nobly choſe
Death from their Fears, than Safety from his own,
That his laſt Action all the reſt might crown.

On my Lord CROFT'*s and my Journey into* Poland, *from whence we brought* 10000 l. *for his Majeſty, by the Decimation of his* Scottiſh *Subjects there.*

I.

Tole, tole,
Gentle Bell, for the Soul
Of the pure ones in *Pole*,
Which are damn'd in our Scroul.

II.

Who having felt a Touch
Of *Cockram*'s greedy Clutch,
Which though it was not much,
Yet their Stubbornneſs was ſuch,

III.

That when we did arrive,
'Gainſt the Stream we did ſtrive;
They would neither lead nor drive:

IV.

Nor lend
An Ear to a Friend,
Nor an Anſwer would ſend
To our Letter ſo well penn'd.

V.

Nor aſſiſt our Affairs
With their Monies nor their Wares,

As their Anſwer now declares,
But only with their Prayers.

VI.

Thus they did perſiſt,
Did and ſaid what they liſt,
'Till the Dyet was diſmiſt;
But then our Breech they kiſt.

VII.

For when
It was mov'd there and then
They ſhould pay one in ten,
The Dyet ſaid, *Amen.*

VIII.

And becauſe they are loth
To diſcover the Troth,
They muſt give Word and Oath,
Though they will forfeit both.

IX.

Thus the Conſtitution
Condemns them every one,
From the Father to the Son.

X.

But *John*
(Our Friend) *Molleſſon*,
Thought us to have out-gone
With a quaint Invention.

XI.

Like the Prophets of yore,
He complain'd long before,
Of the Miſchiefs in ſtore,
Ay, and thrice as much more,

XII.

And with that wicked Lye,
A Letter they came by
From our King's Majeſty.

XIII.

But Fate
Brought the Letter too late,
'Twas of too old a Date
To relieve their damned State.

XIV.

The Letter's to be ſeen,
With Seal of Wax ſo green,
At *Dantzige*, where't has been
Turn'd into good Latin.

XV.

But he that gave the Hint
This Letter for to print,
Muſt alſo pay his Stint.

XVI.

That Trick,
Had it come in the Nick,
Had touch'd us to the Quick;
But the Meſſenger fell Sick.

XVII.

Had it later been wrote,
And ſooner been brought,
They had got what they ſought,
But now it ſerves for nought.

XVIII.

On *Sandys* * they ran aground,
And our Return was crown'd,
With full ten thouſand Pound.

ON

Mr. Tho. Killigrew's *Return from* Venice, *and Mr.* William Murrey's *from* Scotland.

I.

OUR Reſident *Tom*
From *Venice* is come,
And hath left the Stateſman behind him:
Talks at the ſame pitch,
Is as wiſe, is as rich,
And juſt where you left him, you find him.

II.

But who ſays he was not
A Man of much Plot,
May repent that falſe Accuſation;
Having plotted and penn'd
Six Plays, to attend
The Farce of his Negotiation.

III.

Before you were told
How *Satan* † the old
Came here with a Beard to his Middle;

* Mr. *W.* † Mr. *W. Murrey.*

Though he chang'd Face and Name,
Old *Will* was the ſame,
At the Noiſe of a Can and a Fiddle.

IV.

Theſe Stateſmen, you believe,
Send ſtrait for the Sheriff,
For he is one too, or would be;
But he drinks no Wine,
Which is a ſhrewd Sign
That all's not ſo well as it ſhould be.

V.

Theſe three, when they drink,
How little do they think
Of Baniſhment, Debts, or dying?
Not old with their Years,
Nor cold with their Fears;
But their angry Stars ſtill defying.

VI.

Mirth makes them not mad,
Nor Sobriety ſad;
But of that they are ſeldom in danger:
At *Paris*, at *Rome*,
At the *Hague* they're at home;
The good Fellow is no where a Stranger.

TO
Sir *JOHN MENNIS*,

Being Invited from
CALAIS *to* BOLOGNE, *to eat a Pig.*

I.

ALL on a weeping *Monday*,
With a fat *Bulgarian* Sloven,
Little Admiral *John*
To *Bologne* is gone
Whom I think they call old *Loven*.

II.

Hadſt * thou not thy Fill of Carting,
Will. Aubrey, Count of *Oxon*.
When Noſe lay in Breech
And Breech made a Speech,
So often cry'd a Pox on?

III.

A Knight by Land and Water
Eſteem'd at ſuch a high-rate,
When 'tis told in *Kent*,
In a Cart that he went,
They'll ſay now, hang him Pirate.

* *We three riding in a Cart from* Dunkirk *to* Calais *with a fat* Dutch *Woman, who broke Wind all along.*

IV.

Thou might'ſt have ta'en Example,
From what thou read'ſt in Story;
Being as worthy to ſit
On an ambling Tit
As thy Predeceſſor *Dory*.

V.

But oh! the Roof of Linnen,
Intended for a Shelter!
But the Rain made an Aſs
Of Tilt and Canvas;
And the Snow which you know is a Melter.

VI.

But with thee to inveigle
That tender Stripling *Aſcot*,
Who was ſoak'd to the Skin,
Through Drugget ſo thin,
Having neither Coat, nor Waſtcoat.

VII.

He being proudly mounted,
Clad in Cloak of *Plymouth*,
Defy'd Cart ſo baſe,
For Thief without Grace,
That goes to make a wry Mouth.

VIII.

Nor did he like the Omen,
For fear it might be his Doom,
One Day for to ſing,
With Gullet in String,
A Hymn of *Robert Wiſdom*.

IX.

But what was all this Buſineſs?
For ſure it was important:
For who rides i'th' wet
When Affairs are not great,
The Neighbours make but a Sport on't.

X.

To a goodly fat Sow's Baby,
O *John*, thou hadſt a Malice,
The old Driver of Swine
That Day ſure was thine,
Or thou hadſt not quitted *Calais*.

Natura Naturata.

WHAT gives us that Fantaſtick Fit,
That all our Judgment and our Wit
To vulgar Cuſtom we ſubmit?

Treaſon, Theft, Murder, and all the reſt
Of that foul Legion we ſo deteſt,
Are in their proper Names expreſt.

Why is it then thought Sin or Shame,
Thoſe neceſſary Parts to name,
From whence we went, and whence we came?

Nature, whate'er ſhe wants, requires;
With Love enflaming our Deſires,
Finds Engines fit to quench thoſe Fires:

Death ſhe abhors; yet when Men die,
We are preſent; but no Stander by
Looks on when we that Loſs ſupply.

Forbidden Wares ſell twice as dear;
Even Sack prohibited laſt Year,
A moſt abominable Rate did bear.

'Tis plain our Eyes and Ears are nice,
Only to raiſe, by that Device,
Of thoſe Commodities the Price.

Thus Reaſon's Shadows us betray,
By Tropes and Figures led aſtray,
From Nature, both her Guide and Way.

SARPEDON's *Speech to* GLAUCUS, *in the* 12th *of* Homer.

Thus to *Glaucus* ſpake

DIvine *Sarpedon*, ſince he did not find
Others, as great in Place, as great in Mind,
Above the reſt why is our Pomp, our Pow'r?
Our Flocks, our Herds, and our Poſſeſſions more?
Why all the Tributes Land and Sea affords
Heap'd in great Chargers, load our ſumptuous Boards?

Our chearful Gueſts carowſe the ſparkling Tears
Of the rich Grape, whilſt Muſick charms their Ears.
Why as we paſs, do thoſe on *Xanthus'* Shore,
As Gods behold us, and as Gods adore?
But that as well in Danger, as Degree,
We ſtand the firſt; that when our *Lycians* ſee
Our brave Examples, they admiring ſay,
Behold our Gallant Leaders! Theſe are they
Deſerve the Greatneſs; and un-envy'd ſtand:
Since what they act, tranſcends what they command.
Could the declining of this Fate (oh Friend)
Our Date to Immortality extend?
Or if Death ſought not them, who ſeek not Death,
Would I advance? Or ſhould my vainer Breath
With ſuch a glorious Folly thee inſpire?
But ſince with Fortune Nature doth conſpire,
Since Age, Diſeaſe, or ſome leſs noble End,
Though not leſs certain, doth our Days attend;
Since 'tis decreed, and to this Period lead
A thouſand ways, the nobleſt Path we'll tread;
And bravely on, till they, or we, or all,
A common Sacrifice to Honour fall.

MARTIAL. EPIGRAM.

Out of an Epigram of Martial.

PR'ythee die and ſet me free,
Or elſe be
Kind and Brisk, and Gay like me;
I pretend not to the wiſe ones,
To the grave, to the grave,
Or the preciſe ones.

'Tis not Cheeks, nor Lips, nor Eyes,
That I prize,
Quick Conceits, or ſharp Replies,
If wiſe thou wilt appear and knowing,
Repartie, Repartie,
To what I'm doing.

Pr'ythee why the Room ſo dark?
Not a Spark
Left to light me to the Mark;
I love Day-light and a Candle,
And to ſee, and to ſee,
As well as handle.

Why ſo many Bolts and Locks,
Coats and Smocks,
And thoſe Drawers with a Pox?

I could wiſh, could Nature make it,
Nakedneſs, Nakedneſs
It ſelf were naked.

But if a Miſtreſs I muſt have,
Wiſe and Grave,
Let her ſo her ſelf behave
All the Day long *Suſan* Civil,
Pap by Night, Pap by Night,
Or ſuch a Devil.

FRIENDSHIP *and* SINGLE LIFE, *againſt* LOVE *and* MARRIAGE.

I.

LOVE! in what Poiſon is thy Dart
Dipt, when it makes a bleeding Heart?
None know, but they who feel the Smart.

II.

It is not thou, but we are blind,
And our corporeal Eyes (we find)
Dazle the Opticks of our Mind.

III.

Love to our Cittadel reſorts,
Through thoſe deceitful Sally-ports,
Our Sentinels betray our Forts.

IV.

What ſubtile Witchcraft Man conſtrains,
To change his Pleaſure into Pains,
And all his Freedom into Chains?

V.

May not a Priſon, or a Grave,
Like Wedlock, Honour's Title have?
That Word makes Free-born Man a Slave.

VI.

How happy he that loves not, lives!
Him neither Hope nor Fear deceives,
To Fortune who no Hoſtage gives.

VII.

How unconcern'd in things to come!
If here uneaſie; finds at *Rome*,
At *Paris*, or *Madrid*, his Home.

VIII.

Secure from low and private Ends,
His Life, his Zeal, his Wealth attends
His Prince, his Country, and his Friends.

IX.

Danger and Honour are his Joy;
But a fond Wife, or wanton Boy,
May all thoſe generous Thoughts deſtroy.

X.

Then he lays by the publick Care,
Thinks of providing for an Heir;
Learns how to get, and how to ſpare.

XI.

Nor Fire, nor Foe, nor Fate, nor Night,
The *Trojan* Hero did affright,
Who bravely twice renew'd the Fight.

XII.

Though ſtill his Foes in number grew,
Thicker their Darts and Arrows flew,
Yet left alone, no Fear he knew.

XIII.

But Death in all her Forms appears,
From ev'ry thing he ſees and hears,
For whom he leads, and whom he * bears.

XIV.

Love making all things elſe his Foes,
Like a fierce Torrent overflows
Whatever doth his Courſe oppoſe.

XV.

This was the Cauſe the Poets ſung,
Thy Mother from the Sea was ſprung;
But they were mad to make thee young.

XVI.

Her Father, not her Son, art thou:
From our Deſires our Actions grow;
And from the Cauſe th'Effect muſt flow.

XVII.

Love is as old as Place or Time;
'Twas he the fatal Tree did climb,
Grandſire of Father *Adam*'s Crime.

* *His Father and Son.*

XVIII.

Well may'ſt thou keep this World in awe;
Religion, Wiſdom, Honour, Law,
The Tyrant in his Triumph draw.

XIX.

'Tis he commands the Pow'rs above;
Phœbus reſigns his Darts, and *Jove*
His Thunder, to the God of Love.

XX.

To him doth his feign'd Mother yield;
Nor *Mars* (her Champion) 's flaming Shield
Guards him, when *Cupid* takes the Field.

XXI.

He clips Hope's Wings, whoſe airy Bliſs
Much higher than Fruition is;
But leſs than nothing, if it miſs.

XXII.

When Matches Love alone projects,
The Cauſe tranſcending the Effects,
That Wild-fire's quencht in cold Neglects.

XXIII.

Whilſt thoſe Conjunctions prove the beſt,
Where Love's of Blindneſs diſpoſſeſt,
By Perſpectives of Intereſt.

XXIV.

Though *Solomon* with a thouſand Wives,
To get a wiſe Succeſſor ſtrives,
But one (and he a Fool) ſurvives.

XXV.

Old *Rome* of Children took no care,
They with their Friends their Beds did ſhare,
Secure t'adopt a hopeful Heir.

XXVI.

Love, drowſy Days and ſtormy Nights
Makes; and breaks Friendſhip, whoſe Delights
Feed, but not glut our Appetites.

XXVII.

Well choſen Friendſhip, the moſt noble
Of Virtues, all our Joys makes double,
And into halves divides our Trouble.

XXVIII.

But when th' unlucky Knot we tye,
Care, Av'rice, Fear, and Jealouſie
Make Friendſhip languiſh till it dye.

XXIX.

The Wolf, the Lion, and the Bear,
When they their Prey in pieces tear,
To quarrel with themſelves forbear.

XXX.

Yet timorous Deer, and harmleſs Sheep,
When Love into their Veins doth creep,
That Law of Nature ceaſe to keep.

XXXI.

Who then can blame the Am'rous Boy,
Who the fair *Helen* to enjoy,
To quench his own, ſet Fire on *Troy?*

XXXII.

Such is the World's prepoſterous Fate,
Amongſt all Creatures, mortal Hate
Love (though Immortal) doth create.

XXXIII.

But Love may Beaſts excuſe, for they
Their Actions not by Reaſon ſway,
But their Brute Appetites obey.

XXXIV.

But Man's that Savage Beaſt, whoſe Mind
From Reaſon to Self-Love declin'd,
Delights to prey upon his Kind.

ON

Mr. *ABRAHAM COWLE*

His Death and Burial amongſt the Ancient Poets.

OLD *Chaucer*, like the Morning Star,
To us diſcovers Day from far;
His Light thoſe Miſts and Clouds diſſolv'd,
Which our dark Nation long involv'd:
But he deſcending to the Shades,
Darkneſs again the Age invades.
Next (like *Aurora*) *Spencer* roſe,
Whoſe Purple Bluſh the Day foreſhews;
The other three, with his own Fires,
Phœbus, the Poets God, inſpires;

By *Shakeſpear*'s, *Johnſon*'s, *Fletcher*'s Lines,
Our Stage's Luſtre *Rome*'s out-ſhines:
Theſe Poets near our Princes ſleep,
And in one Grave their Manſion keep.
They liv'd to ſee ſo many Days,
Till Time had blaſted all their Bays:
But curſed be the fatal Hour
That pluckt the faireſt, ſweeteſt Flow'r
That in the Muſes Garden grew,
And amongſt wither'd Laurels threw.
Time, which made them their Fame out-live,
To *Cowley* ſcarce did Ripeneſs give.
Old Mother Wit, and Nature, gave
Shakeſpear and *Fletcher* all they have;
In *Spencer*, and in *Johnſon*, Art
Of ſlower Nature got the ſtart;
But both in him ſo equal are,
None knows which bears the happy'ſt Share;
To him no Author was unknown,
Yet what he wrote was all his own;
He melted not the ancient Gold,
Nor, with *Ben Johnſon*, did make bold
To plunder all the *Roman* Stores
Of Poets, and of Orators:
Horace his Wit, and *Virgil*'s State,
He did not ſteal, but Emulate;
And when he would like them appear,
Their Garb, but not their Cloaths, did wear:
He not from *Rome* alone, but *Greece*,
Like *Jaſon*, brought the Golden Fleece;

To him that Language (though to none
Of th'others) as his own was known.
On a ſtiff Gale (as *Flaccus* * ſings)
The *Theban* Swan extends his Wings,
When through th'ætherial Clouds he flies,
To the ſame Pitch our Swan doth riſe;
Old *Pindar*'s Flights by him are reacht,
When on that Gale his Wings are ſtretcht;
His Fancy and his Judgment ſuch,
Each to the other ſeem'd too much,
His ſevere Judgment (giving Law)
His modeſt Fancy kept in awe:
As rigid Husbands jealous are,
When they believe their Wives too fair.
His Engliſh Streams ſo pure did flow,
As all that ſaw and taſted know.
But for his Latin Vein, ſo clear,
Strong, † full, and high it doth appear,
That were immortal *Virgil* here,
Him, for his Judge, he would not fear;
Of that great Portraicture, ſo true
A Copy Pencil never drew.
My Muſe her Song had ended here,
But both their *Genii* ſtrait appear,
Joy and Amazement her did ſtrike,
Two Twins ſhe never ſaw ſo like.
'Twas taught by wiſe *Pythagoras*,
One Soul might through more Bodies paſs.
Seeing ſuch Tranſmigration there,
She thought it not a Fable here.

* *His Pindaricks.* † *His laſt Works.*

Such a Reſemblance of all Parts,
Life, Death, Age, Fortune, Nature, Arts;
Then lights her Torch at theirs, to tell,
And ſhew the World this Parallel:
Fixt and Contemplative their Looks,
Still turning over Nature's Books:
Their Works Chaſt, Moral, and Divine,
Where Profit and Delight combine;
They gilding Dirt, in noble Verſe
Ruſtick Philoſophy rehearſe.
When Heroes, Gods, or God-like Kings
They praiſe, on their exalted Wings
To the Celeſtial Orbs they climb,
And with th' Harmonious Spheres keep time:
Nor did their Actions fall behind
Their Word, but with like Candour ſhin'd;
Each drew fair Characters, yet none
Of theſe they feign'd, excels their own.
Both by two generous Princes lov'd,
Who knew, and judg'd what they approv'd:
Yet having each the ſame Deſire,
Both from the buſie Throng retire.
Their Bodies, to their Minds reſign'd,
Car'd not to propagate their Kind:
Yet though both fell before their Hour,
Time on their Off-ſpring hath no Pow'r,
Nor Fire, nor Fate their Bays ſhall blaſt,
Nor Death's dark Vail their Day o'ercaſt.

A

SPEECH *againſt* PEACE *at the cloſe* COMMITTEE.

To the Tune of, *I went from* England.

BUT will you now to Peace incline,
And languiſh in the main Deſign,
And leave us in the lurch?
I would not Monarchy deſtroy,
But as the only way t' enjoy
The Ruin of the Church.

Is not the Biſhops Bill deny'd,
And we ſtill threaten'd to be try'd?
You ſee the King embraces
Thoſe Counſels he approv'd before:
Nor doth he promiſe, which is more,
That we ſhall have their Places.

Did I for this bring in the *Scot?*
(For 'tis no Secret) now the Plot
Was *Saye*'s and mine together:
Did I for this return again,
And ſpend a Winter there in vain,
Once more t' invite them hither?

Though more our Mony than our Cauſe
Their Brotherly Aſſiſtance draws,
My Labour was not loſt.
At my return I brought you thence
Neceſſity, their ſtrong Pretence,
And theſe ſhall quit the Coſt.

Did I for this my County bring
To help their Knight againſt their King,
And raiſe the firſt Sedition?
Though I the Buſineſs did decline,
Yet I contriv'd the whole Deſign,
And ſent them their Petition.

So many Nights ſpent in the City
In that inviſible Committee,
The Wheel that governs all.
From thence the Change in Church and State,
And all the Miſchief bears the Date
From *Haberdaſhers* Hall.

Did we force *Ireland* to deſpair,
Upon the King to caſt the War,
To make the World abhor him,
Becauſe the Rebels us'd his Name?
Though we our ſelves can do the ſame,
While both alike were for him.

Then the ſame Fire we kindled here
With that was given to quench it there,
And wiſely loſt that Nation:
To do as crafty Beggars uſe,
To maim themſelves, thereby t' abuſe
The ſimple Man's Compaſſion.

Have I ſo often paſt between
Windſor and *Weſtminſter*,
And did my ſelf divide:
To keep his Excellence in awe,
And give the Parliament the Law?
For they knew none beſide.

Did I for this take pains to teach
Our zealous Ignorants to preach,
And did their Lungs inſpire;
Gave them their Texts, ſhew'd them their Parts,
And taught them all their little Arts,
To fling abroad the Fire?

Sometimes to beg, ſometimes to threaten,
And ſay the Cavaliers are beaten,
To ſtroke the Peoples Ears;
Then ſtraight when Victory grows cheap,
And will no more advance the Heap,
To raiſe the Price of Fears.

And now the Books, and now the Bells,
And now our Act the Preacher tells,
To edifie the People;
All our Divinity is News,
And we have made of equal uſe
The Pulpit and the Steeple.

And ſhall we kindle all this Flame
Only to put it out again,
And muſt we now give o'er,
And only end where we begun?
In vain this Miſchief we have done,
If we can do no more.

If Men in Peace can have their Right,
Where's the Neceſſity to fight,
That breaks both Law, and Oath?
They'll ſay they fight not for the Cauſe,
Nor to defend the King and Laws,
But us againſt them both.

Either the Cauſe at firſt was ill,
Or being good, it is ſo ſtill;
And thence they will infer,
That either now or at the firſt
They were deceiv'd; or, which is worſt,
That we our ſelves may err.

But Plague and Famine will come in,
For they and we are near of kin,
And cannot go aſunder:
But while the Wicked ſtarve, indeed
The Saints have ready at their need
God's Providence, and Plunder.

Princes we are if we prevail,
And Gallant Villains if we fail:
When to our Fame 'tis told,
It will not be our leaſt of Praiſe,
Since a new State we could not raiſe,
To have deſtroy'd the old.

Then let us ſtay and Fight, and Vote,
Till *London* is not worth a Groat;
Oh 'tis a patient Beaſt!
When we have gall'd and tyr'd the Mule,
And can no longer have the Rule,
We'll have the Spoil at leaſt.

TO THE

FIVE MEMBERS *of the Honourable* HOUSE *of* COMMONS.

The Humble Petition of the POETS.

AFTER ſo many concurring Peritions
From all Ages and Sexes, and all Conditions,
We come in the rear to preſent our Follies
To *Pym*, *Stroude*, *Haſlerig*, *H.* and *H.*
Though Set-Form of *Prayer* be an *Abomination*,
Set-Forms of *Petitions* find great Approbation:
Therefore, as others from th' bottom of their Souls,
So we from the depth and bottom of our *Bowls*,
According unto the bleſſed Form you have taught us,
We thank you firſt for the *Ills* you have brought us:
For the *Good* we receive we thank him that gave it,
And you for the Confidence only to crave it.
Next in courſe, we complain of the great *Violation*
Of *Privilege* (like the reſt of our Nation)
But 'tis none of yours of which we have ſpoken,
Which never had being, until they were broken:
But ours is a *Privilege* Ancient and Native,
Hangs not on an *Ordinance*, or Power *Legiſlative*.
And firſt, 'tis to ſpeak whatever we pleaſe,
Without fear of a *Priſon* or *Purſuivants* Fees.
Next, that we only may *lye* by Authority;
But in that alſo you have got the Priority.

Next, an old Cuſtom, our Fathers did name it
Poetical Licenſe, and always did claim it.
By this we have Power to change Age into Youth,
Turn *Non-ſenſe* to Senſe, and Falſhood to Truth;
In brief, to make good whatſoever is faulty;
This Art ſome *Poet*, or the *Devil* has taught ye:
And this our Property you have invaded,
And a *Privilege* of both Houſes have made it.
But that Truſt above all in Poets repoſed,
That *Kings* by them only are Made and Depoſed;
This though you cannot do, yet you are willing:
But when we undertake Depoſing or Killing,
They're *Tyrants* and *Monſters*; and yet then the Poet
Takes full Revenge on the Villains that do it:
And when we reſume a *Scepter* or a *Crown*,
We are Modeſt, and ſeek not to make it our own.
But is't not Preſumption to write Verſes to you,
Who make the better *Poems* of the two?
For all thoſe pretty Knacks you compoſe,
Alas, what are they but *Poems* in Proſe?
And between thoſe and ours there's no difference,
But that yours want the Rhime, the Wit and the Senſe:
But for lying (the moſt noble Part of a *Poet*)
You have it abundantly, and your ſelves know it;
And though you are Modeſt and ſeem to abhor it,
'T has done you good Service, and thank *Hell* for it:
Although the old Maxim remains ſtill in Force,
That a Sanctified Cauſe muſt have a Sanctified Courſe.

If Poverty be a part of our Trade,
So far the whole Kingdom *Poets* you have made,
Nay even ſo far as undoing will do it,
You have made King *Charles* himſelf a Poet:
But provoke not his Muſe, for all the World knows,
Already you have had too much of his *Proſe*.

A
WESTERN WONDER.

DO you not know, not a Fortnight ago,
How they brag'd of a Weſtern Wonder?
When a Hundred and Ten ſlew five Thouſand Men
With the help of Lightning and Thunder?

There *Hopton* was ſlain, again and again,
Or elſe my Author did lye;
With a new *Thankſgiving*, for the Dead who are Living,
To God, and his Servant *Chidleigh*.

But now on which ſide was this Miracle try'd,
I hope we at laſt are even;
For Sir *Ralph* and his Knaves are riſen from their Graves,
To Cudgel the Clowns of *Devon*.

And there *Stamford* came, for his Honour was lame
Of the Gout three Months together;
But it prov'd, when they fought, but a running Gout,
For his Heels were lighter than ever.

For now he out-runs his Arms and his Guns,
And leaves all his Mony behind him;
But they follow after; unleſs he take Water,
At *Plymouth* again they will find him.

What *Reading* hath coſt, and *Stamford* hath loſt,
Goes deep in the Sequeſtrations;
Theſe Wounds will not heal, with your new Great [Seal,
Nor *Jepſon*'s Declarations.

Now, *Peters*, and *Caſe*, in your Prayer and Grace
Remember the new *Thankſgiving*;
Iſaac and his Wife, now dig for your Life,
Or ſhortly you'll dig for your Living.

A
Second Weſtern Wonder.

YOU heard of that Wonder, of the *Lightning* and *Thunder*,
Which made the Lye ſo much the louder:
Now liſt to another, that Miracle's Brother,
Which was done with a *Firkin* of *Powder*.

Oh what a Damp it ſtruck through the Camp!
But as for honeſt Sir *Ralph*,
It blew him to the *Vies*, without Beard, or Eyes,
But at leaſt three Heads and a half.

When out came the Book, which the *News-Monger* took
From the *Preaching Ladies* Letter,
Where in the firſt place, ſtood the *Conqueror*'s Face,
Which made it ſhew much the better.

But now without lying, you may paint him flying,
At *Briſtol* they ſay you may find him,
Great *William* the *Con*, ſo faſt he did run,
That he left half his Name behind him.

And now came the Poſt, ſaves all that was loſt,
But alas, we are paſt deceiving
By a Trick ſo Stale, or elſe ſuch a Tale
Might amount to a new *Thankſgiving*.

This made Mr. *Caſe*, with a pitiful Face,
In the Pulpit to fall a weeping, Eyes,
Though his Mouth utter'd *Lyes*, *Truth* fell from his
Which kept the *Lord-Mayor* from ſleeping.

Now ſhut up Shops, and ſpend your laſt Drops,
For the Laws nor your Cauſe, you that loath 'em,
Leſt *Eſſex* ſhould ſtart, and play the *ſecond Part*
Of *Worſhipful* Sir *John Hotham*.

NEWS *from* COLCHESTER.

Or, A proper New Ballad of certain Carnal Paſſages betwixt a Quaker *and a* Colt, *at* Horſly *near* Colcheſter *in* Eſſex.

To the Tune of *Tom of Bedlam.*

I.

ALL in the Land of *Eſſex*,
Near *Colcheſter* the Zealous,
On the ſide of a Bank
Was play'd ſuch a Prank,
As would make a Stone-horſe jealous.

II.

Help *Woodcock*, *Fox* and *Naylor*,
For Brother *Green*'s a Stallion:
Now alas what hope
Of converting the Pope,
When a Quaker turns *Italian?*

III.

Even to our whole Profeſſion
A Scandal 'twill be counted,
When 'tis talk'd with Diſdain,
Amongſt the Profane,
How Brother *Green* was mounted.

IV.

And in the good time of Chriſtmas,
Which though our Saints have damn'd all,

Yet when did they hear
That a damn'd Cavalier
E'er play'd ſuch a Chriſtmas Gambal?

V.

Had thy Fleſh, O *Green*, been pamper'd
With any Cates unhallow'd,
Hadſt thou ſweetned thy Gums
With Pottage of Plums,
Or profane minc'd Pie hadſt ſwallow'd:

VI.

Roll'd up in wanton Swine's Fleſh,
The Fiend might have crept into thee;
Then fullneſs of Gut
Might have caus'd thee to Rut,
And the Devil have ſo rid through thee.

VII.

But alas he had been feaſted
With a Spiritual Collation,
By our frugal Mayor,
Who can dine on a Prayer,
And ſup on an Exhortation.

VIII.

'Twas meer Impulſe of Spirit,
Though he us'd the Weapon carnal:
Filly Foal, quoth he,
My Bride thou ſhalt be:
And how this is Lawful, learn all.

IX.

For if no reſpect of Perſons
Be due 'mongſt Sons of *Adam*,

In a large Extent
Thereby may be meant
That a *Mare*'s as good as a *Madam*.

X.

Then without more Ceremony,
Not Bonnet vail'd, nor kiſt her,
But took her by Force,
For Better for Worſe,
And us'd her like a Siſter.

XI.

Now when in ſuch a Saddle
A Saint will needs be riding,
Though we dare not ſay
'Tis a falling away,
May there not be ſome Back-ſliding?

XII.

No ſurely, quoth *James Naylor*,
'Twas but an Inſurrection
Of the Carnal Part,
For a Quaker in Heart
Can never loſe Perfection.

XIII.

For (as our * Maſters teach us)
The Intent being well directed,
Though the Devil trepan
The Adamical Man,
The Saint ſtands un-infected.

XIV.

But alas a Pagan Jury
Ne'er judges what's intended;

* *The Jeſuits.*

Then ſay what we can,
Brother *Green*'s outward Man
I fear will be ſuſpended.

XV.

And our Adopted Siſter
Will find no better Quarter,
But when him we inrol
For a Saint, Filly Foal
Shall paſs her ſelf for a Martyr.

XVI.

Rome, that Spiritual *Sodom*,
No longer is thy Debtor,
O *Colcheſter*, now
Who's *Sodom* but thou,
Even according to the Letter?

A SONG.

MOrpheus, the humble God, that dwells
In Cottages and ſmoaky Cells,
Hates Gilded Roofs and Beds of Down;
And though he fears no Prince's Frown,
Flies from the Circle of a Crown.

Come, I ſay, thou pow'rful God,
And thy Leaden charming Rod,
Dipt in the *Lethean* Lake,
O'er his wakeful Temples ſhake,
Leſt he ſhould ſleep, and never wake.

Nature (alas) why art thou ſo
Obliged to thy greateſt Foe?
Sleep that is thy beſt Repaſt,
Yet of Death it bears a Taſte,
And both are the ſame thing at laſt.

ON

Mr. JOHN FLETCHER's *Works.*

SO ſhall we joy, when all whom Beaſts and Worms
Had turn'd to their own Subſtances and Forms,
Whom Earth to Earth, or Fire hath chang'd to Fire,
We ſhall behold more than at firſt entire;
As now we do, to ſee all thine thy own
In this my Muſe's Reſurrection,
Whoſe ſcatter'd Parts from thy own Race, more [Wounds
Hath ſuffer'd, than *Acteon* from his Hounds;
Which firſt their Brains, and then their Belly fed,
And from their Excrements new Poets bred.
But now thy Muſe enraged, from her Urn
Like Ghoſts of murder'd Bodies does return
T' accuſe the Murderers, to right the Stage,
And undeceive the long abuſed Age,
Which caſts thy Praiſe on them, to whom thy Wit
Gives not more Gold than they give Droſs to it:

Who

Who not content like Felons to purloin,
Add Treaſon to it, and debaſe the Coin.
But whither am I ſtraid? I need not raiſe
Trophies to thee from other Mens Diſpraiſe;
Nor is thy Fame on leſſer Ruins built,
Nor needs thy juſter Title the foul Guilt
Of Eaſtern Kings, who to ſecure their Reign,
Muſt have their Brothers, Sons, and Kindred ſlain.
Then was Wit's Empire at the fatal height,
When labouring and ſinking with its weight,
From thence a thouſand leſſer Poets ſprung,
Like petty Princes from the Fall of *Rome*;
When *Johnſon*, *Shakeſpear*, and thy ſelf did ſit,
And ſway'd in the Triumvirate of Wit-----
Yet what from *Johnſon*'s Oil and Sweat did flow,
Or what more eaſie Nature did beſtow
On *Shakeſpear*'s gentler Muſe, in thee full grown
Their Graces both appear, yet ſo that none
Can ſay here Nature ends, and Art begins,
But mixt like th' Elements and born like Twins,
So interweav'd, ſo like, ſo much the ſame,
None, this meer Nature, that meer Art can name:
'Twas this the Ancients meant; Nature and Skill
Are the two Tops of their *Parnaſſus*' Hill.

TO
Sir *RICHARD FANSHAW*,
Upon his Tranſlation of
PASTOR FIDO.

SUCH is our Pride, our Folly, or our Fate,
That few but ſuch as cannot write, tranſlate.
But what in them is want of Art or Voice,
In thee is either Modeſty or Choice.
While this great Piece, reſtor'd by thee, doth ſtand
Free from the Blemiſh of an Artleſs Hand.
Secure of Fame, thou juſtly doſt eſteem
Leſs Honour to create, than to redeem.
Nor ought a Genius leſs than his that writ,
Attempt Tranſlation; for tranſplanted Wit,
All the Defects of Air and Soil doth ſhare,
And colder Brains like colder Climates are:
In vain they toil, ſince nothing can beget
A vital Spirit but a vital Heat.
That ſervile Path thou nobly doſt decline
Of tracing Word by Word, and Line by Line.
Thoſe are the labour'd Births of ſlaviſh Brains,
Not the Effect of Poetry, but Pains;
Cheap vulgar Arts, whoſe Narrowneſs affords
No flight for Thoughts, but poorly ſticks at Words.
A new and nobler Way thou doſt purſue
To make Tranſlations and Tranſlators too.

They but preſerve the Aſhes, thou the Flame,
True to his Senſe, but truer to his Fame.
Forcing his Current, where thou find'ſt it low
Lend'ſt in thine own to make it riſe and flow;
Wiſely reſtoring whatſoever Grace
It loſt by change of Times, or Tongues, or Place.
Not fetter'd to his Numbers and his Times,
Betray'ſt his Muſick to unhappy Rhimes.
Nor are the Nerves of his compacted Strength
Stretch'd and diſſolv'd into unſinew'd length:
Yet after all, (leſt we ſhould think it thine)
Thy Spirit to his Circle doſt confine.
New Names, new Dreſſings, and the Modern caſt,
Some Scenes, ſome Perſons alter'd, and outfac'd
The World, it were thy Work; for we have known
Some thank'd and prais'd for what was leſs their own.
That Maſter's Hand which to the Life can trace
The Airs, the Lines, and Features of the Face,
May with a free and bolder Stroke expreſs
A vary'd Poſture, or a flatt'ring Dreſs;
He could have made thoſe like, who made the reſt,
But that he knew his own Deſign was beſt.

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

Sir *JOHN POOLEY*

AND

Mr. *THOMAS KILLIGREW.*

Pool. TO thee, dear *Thom.* my ſelf addreſſing,
Moſt queremoniouſly confeſſing,
That I, of late have been compreſſing.

Deſtitute of my wonted Gravity,
I perpetrated Arts of Pravity,
In a contagious Concavity.

Making Efforts with all my Puiſſance,
For ſome Venereal Rejouiſſance,
I got (as one may ſay) a Nuyſance.

Kil. Come leave this fooling, Couſin *Pooley*,
And in plain Engliſh tell us truly
Why under th' Eyes you look ſo bluely?

'Tis not your hard Words will avail you;
Your Latin and your Greek will fail you,
Till you ſpeak plainly what doth ail you.

When young, you led a Life Monaſtick,
And wore a Veſt Eccleſiaſtick;
Now in your Age you grow Fantaſtick.

Pool. Without more Preface or Formality,
A Female of malignant Quality
Set fire on Label of Mortality.

The Fæces of which Ulceration
Brought o'er the Helm a Diſtillation,
Through th' Inſtrument of Propagation.

Kil. Then Couſin, (as I gueſs the Matter)
You have been an old Fornicator,
And now are ſhot 'twixt Wind and Water.

Your Style has ſuch an ill Complexion,
That from your Breath I fear Infection,
That even your Mouth needs an Injection.

You that were once ſo Oeconomick,
Quitting the thrifty Style Laconick,
Turn Prodigal in Makeronick.

Yet be of Comfort, I ſhall ſend a
Perſon of Knowledge, who can mend a
Diſaſter in your Nether end-a-----

Whether it *Pullen* be or *Shanker*,
Cordee and crooked like an Anchor,
Your Cure too coſts you but a Spanker.

Or though your Piſs be ſharp as Razor,
Do but confer with Dr. *Frazer*,
He'll make your Running Nag a Pacer.

Nor ſhall you need your Silver quick Sir,
Take *Mongo Murrey's Black Elixir*,
And in a Week it cures your P----- Sir.

But you that are a Man of Learning,
So read in *Virgil*, ſo diſcerning,
Methinks towards Fifty ſhould take warning.

Once in a Pit you did * miſcarry,
That Danger might have made one wary;
This Pit is deeper than the Quarry.

Pool. Give me not ſuch Diſconſolation,
Having now cur'd my Inflammation,
To ulcerate my Reputation.

* *Hunting near* Paris *he and his Horſe fell into a Quarry.*

Though it may gain the Ladies Favour,
Yet it may raiſe an evil Savour
Upon all grave and ſtaid Behaviour.

And I will rub my *Mater Pia*,
To find a Rhime to *Gonorrheia*,
And put it in my *Litania*.

An Occaſional Imitation of a Modern Author upon the GAME *of* CHESS.

A Tablet ſtood of that abſterſive Tree,
Where *Æthiop*'s ſwarthy Bird did build her Neſt,
Inlaid it was with *Libyan* Ivory,
Drawn from the Jaws of *Africk*'s prudent Beaſt.
Two Kings like *Saul*, much taller than the reſt,
Their equal Armies draw into the Field;
Till one take th' other Priſoner they conteſt;
Courage and Fortune muſt to Conduct yield.
This Game the *Perſian Magi* did invent,
The Force of Eaſtern Wiſdom to expreſs;
From thence to buſie *Europeans* ſent,
And ſtyl'd by *Modern Lumbards* Penſive Cheſs.
Yet ſome that fled from *Troy* to *Rome* report,
Pentheſilea Priam did oblige;
Her *Amazons*, his *Trojans* taught this Sport,
To paſs the tedious Hours of ten Years Siege.

There ſhe preſents her ſelf, whilſt King and Peers
Look gravely on whilſt fierce *Bellona* fights;
Yet Maiden Modeſty her Motions ſteers,
Nor rudely skips o'er *Biſhops* Heads like *Knights*.

THE

Paſſion of DIDO *for* ÆNEAS.

HAving at large declar'd *Jove*'s Embaſſy,
* *Cyllenius* from *Æneas* ſtraight doth fly;
He loth to diſobey the God's Command,
Nor willing to forſake this pleaſant Land,
Aſham'd the kind *Eliza* to deceive,
But more afraid to take a ſolemn Leave;
He many ways his lab'ring Thoughts revolves,
But Fear o'ercoming Shame, at laſt reſolves
(Inſtructed by the * God of Thieves) to ſteal
Himſelf away, and his Eſcape conceal.
He calls his Captains, bids them rig the Fleet,
That at the Port they privately ſhould meet;
And ſome diſſembled Colour to project,
That *Dido* ſhould not their Deſign ſuſpect:
But all in vain he did his Plot diſguiſe;
No Art a watchful Lover can ſurprize.
She the firſt Motion finds; Love though moſt ſure,
Yet always to it ſelf ſeems unſecure.
That wicked Fame which their firſt Love proclaim'd,
Fore-tells the End: the Queen with Rage inflam'd

* *Mercury.*

Thus greets him: Thou Diſſembler, wouldſt thou fly
Out of my Arms by Stealth perfidiouſly?
Could not the Hand I plighted, nor the Love,
Nor thee the Fate of dying *Dido* move?
And in the Depth of Winter in the Night,
Dark as thy black Deſigns to take thy Flight,
To plow the raging Seas to Coaſts unknown,
The Kingdom thou pretend'ſt to, not thine own!
Were *Troy* reſtor'd, thou ſhouldſt miſtruſt a Wind.
Falſe as thy Vows, and as thy Heart unkind.
Fly'ſt thou from me? By theſe dear Drops of Brine
I thee adjure, by that right Hand of thine,
By our Eſpouſals, by our Marriage-bed,
If all my Kindneſs ought have merited;
If ever I ſtood fair in thy Eſteem,
From Ruin, me, and my loſt Houſe redeem.
Cannot my Prayers a free Acceptance find?
Nor my Tears ſoften an obdurate Mind?
My Fame of Chaſtity, by which the Skies
I reacht before, by thee extinguiſht dies.
Into my Borders now *Iarbas* falls,
And my revengeful Brother ſcales my Walls;
The wild *Numidians* will Advantage take,
For thee both *Tyre* and *Carthage* me forſake.
Hadſt thou before thy Flight but left with me
A young *Æneas*, who, reſembling thee,
Might in my ſight have ſported, I had then
Not wholly loſt, nor quite deſerted been;
By thee, no more my Husband, but my Gueſt,
Betray'd to Miſchiefs, of which Death's the leaſt,

With fixed Looks he ſtands, and in his Breaſt
By *Jove*'s Command his ſtruggling Care ſuppreſt.
Great Queen, your Favours and Deſerts ſo great,
Though numberleſs, I never ſhall forget;
No Time, until my ſelf I have forgot,
Out of my Heart *Eliza*'s Name ſhall blot:
But my unwilling Flight the Gods inforce,
And that muſt juſtifie our ſad Divorce.
Since I muſt you forſake, would Fate permit,
To my Deſires I might my Fortune fit;
Troy to her ancient Splendour I would raiſe,
And where I firſt began, would end my Days.
But ſince the *Lycian* Lots, and *Delphick* God
Have deſtin'd *Italy* for our Abode;
Since you proud *Carthage* (fled from *Tyre*) enjoy,
Why ſhould not *Latium* us receive from *Troy*?
As for my Son, my Father's angry Ghoſt
Tells me his Hopes by my Delays are croſt,
And mighty *Jove*'s Ambaſſador appear'd
With the ſame Meſſage, whom I ſaw and heard;
We both are griev'd when you or I complain,
But much the more when all Complaints are vain;
I call to Witneſs all the Gods, and thy
Beloved Head, the Coaſt of *Italy*
Againſt my Will I ſeek.
Whilſt thus he ſpeaks, ſhe rowls her ſparkling Eyes,
Surveys him round, and thus incens'd replies;
Thy Mother was no Goddeſs, nor thy Stock
From *Dardanus*, but in ſome horrid Rock,

Perfidious Wretch, rough *Caucaſus* thee bred,
And with their Milk *Hyrcanian* Tygers fed.
Diſſimulation I ſhall now forget,
And my Reſerves of Rage in order ſet.
Could all my Prayers and ſoft Entreaties force
Sighs from his Breaſt, or from his Look Remorſe.
Where ſhall I firſt complain? can mighty *Jove*
Or *Juno* ſuch Impieties approve?
The juſt *Aſtræa* ſure is fled to Hell;
Nor more in Earth, nor Heav'n it ſelf will dwell.
Oh Faith! him on my Coaſts by Tempeſt caſt,
Receiving madly, on my Throne I plac'd;
His Men from Famine, and his Fleet from Fire
I reſcu'd: Now the *Lycian Lots* conſpire
With *Phœbus*; now *Jove*'s *Envoyé* through the Air
Brings diſmal Tydings; as if ſuch low Care
Could reach their Thoughts, or their Repoſe diſturb!
Thou art a falſe Impoſtor, and a Fourbe;
Go, go, purſue thy Kingdom through the Main,
I hope, if Heav'n her Juſtice ſtill retain,
Thou ſhalt be wrackt, or caſt upon ſome Rock,
Where thou the Name of *Dido* ſhalt invoke;
I'll follow thee in Fun'ral Flames, when dead
My Ghoſt ſhall thee attend at Board and Bed,
And when the Gods on thee their Vengeance ſhow,
That welcome News ſhall comfort me below.
This ſaying, from his hated Sight ſhe fled;
Conducted by her Damſels to her Bed;
Yet reſtleſs ſhe aroſe, and looking out,
Beholds the Fleet, and hears the Sea-men ſhout:

When great *Æneas* paſs'd before the Guard,
To make a view how all things were prepar'd.
Ah cruel Love! to what doſt thou inforce
Poor mortal Breaſts? Again ſhe hath recourſe
To Tears, and Prayers, again ſhe feels the Smart
Of a freſh Wound from his Tyrannick Dart.
That ſhe no Ways nor Means may leave untry'd,
Thus to her Siſter ſhe her ſelf apply'd:
Dear Siſter, my Reſentment had not been
So moving, if this Fate I had fore-ſeen;
Therefore to me this laſt kind Office do,
Thou haſt ſome Intereſt in our ſcornful Foe,
He truſts to thee the Counſels of his Mind,
Thou his ſoft Hours, and free Acceſs canſt find;
Tell him I ſent not to the *Ilian* Coaſt
My Fleet to aid the *Greeks*; his Father's Ghoſt
I never did diſturb; ask him to lend
To this, the laſt Requeſt that I ſhall ſend,
A gentle Ear; I wiſh that he may find
A happy Paſſage, and a proſp'rous Wind.
That Contract I not plead, which he betray'd,
Nor that his promis'd Conqueſt be delay'd;
All that I ask, is but a ſhort Reprieve,
Till I forget to Love, and learn to Grieve;
Some Pauſe and Reſpite only I require,
Till with my Tears I ſhall have quench'd my Fire.
If thy Addreſs can but obtain one Day
Or two, my Death that Service ſhall repay.
Thus ſhe intreats; ſuch Meſſages with Tears
Condoling *Anne* to him, and from him bears;

But him no Prayers, no Arguments can move;
The Fates reſiſt, his Ears are ſtopt by *Jove*.
As when fierce Northern Blaſts from th' *Alpes* deſcend,
From his firm Roots with ſtrugling Guſts to rend
An Aged ſturdy Oak, the ratling Sound
Grows loud, with Leaves and ſcatter'd Arms the Ground
Is over-laid; yet he ſtands fixt, as high
As his proud Head is rais'd towards the Sky,
So low tow'rds Hell his Roots deſcend. With Pray'rs
And Tears the *Hero* thus aſſail'd, great Cares
He ſmothers in his Breaſt, yet keeps his Poſt,
All their Addreſſes and their Labour loſt.
Then ſhe deceives her Siſter with a Smile:
Anne in the Inner Court erect a Pile;
Thereon his Arms and once-lov'd Portraict lay,
Thither our fatal Marriage-bed convey;
All curſed Monuments of him with Fire
We muſt aboliſh (ſo the Gods require.)
She gives her Credit, for no worſe Effect
Than from *Sichæus'* Death ſhe did ſuſpect,
And her Commands obeys.
Aurora now had left *Tithonus'* Bed,
And o'er the World her bluſhing Rays did ſpread;
The Queen beheld, as ſoon as Day appear'd,
The Navy under Sail, the Haven clear'd;
Thrice with her Hand her naked Breaſt ſhe knocks,
And from her Forehead tears her Golden Locks.
O *Jove*, ſhe cry'd, and ſhall he thus delude
Me and my Realm! why is he not purſu'd?

Arm, arm, she cry'd, and let our *Tyrians* board
With ours his Fleet, and carry Fire and Sword;
Leave nothing unattempted to destroy
That perjur'd Race, then let us die with Joy.
What if th' Event of War uncertain were?
Nor Death, nor Danger, can the Desp'rate fear.
But oh too late! This thing I should have done,
When first I plac'd the Traytor on my Throne.
Behold the Faith of him who sav'd from Fire
His honour'd Houshold Gods, his Aged Sire
His pious Shoulders from *Troy*'s Flames did bear;
Why did I not his Carcass piece-meal tear,
And cast it in the Sea? why not destroy
All his Companions, and beloved Boy
Ascanius? and his tender Limbs have drest,
And made the Father on the Son to feast?
Thou Sun, whose Lustre all things here below
Surveys; and *Juno*, conscious of my Woe;
Revengeful Furies, and Queen *Hecate*,
Receive and grant my Pray'r! If he the Sea
Must needs escape, and reach th' *Ausonian* Land,
If *Jove* decree it, *Jove*'s Decree must stand;
When landed, may he be with Arms oppress
By his rebelling People, be distrest
By Exile from his Country, be divorc'd
From young *Ascanius*' sight, and be enforc'd
To implore Foreign Aids, and lose his Friends
By violent and undeserved Ends:
When to Conditions of unequal Peace
He shall submit, then may he not possess

Kingdom nor Life, and find his Funeral
I'th' Sands, when he before his Day ſhall fall:
And ye, oh *Tyrians*, with immortal Hate
Purſue this Race, this Service dedicate
To my deplored Aſhes; let there be
'Twixt us and them no League nor Amity.
May from my Bones a new *Achilles* riſe,
That ſhall infeſt the *Trojan* Colonies
With Fire, and Sword, and Famine, when at length
Time to our great Attempts contributes Strength;
Our Seas, our Shores, our Armies theirs oppoſe,
And may our Children be for ever Foes.
A ghaſtly Paleneſs Death's Approach portends,
Then trembling ſhe the fatal Pile aſcends;
Viewing the *Trojan* Reliques, ſhe unſheath'd
Æneas' Sword, not for that Uſe bequeath'd:
Then on the guilty Bed ſhe gently lays
Her ſelf, and ſoftly thus lamenting prays;
Dear Reliques, whilſt that Gods and Fates gave leave,
Free me from Care, and my glad Soul receive.
That Date which Fortune gave, I now muſt end,
And to the Shades a noble Ghoſt deſcend.
Sichæus' Blood, by his falſe Brother ſpilt,
I have reveng'd, and a proud City built;
Happy, alas! too happy I had liv'd,
Had not the *Trojan* on my Coaſt arriv'd.
But ſhall I die without Revenge? yet die
Thus, thus with Joy to thy *Sichæus* fly.
My conſcious Foe my Funeral Fire ſhall view
From Sea, and may that Omen him purſue.

Her fainting Hand let fall the Sword beſmear'd
With Blood, and then the mortal Wound appear'd;
Through all the Court the Fright and Clamours riſe,
Which the whole City fills with Fears and Cries,
As loud as if her *Carthage*, or old *Tyre*
The Foe had entred, and had ſet on Fire.
Amazed *Anne* with Speed aſcends the Stairs,
And in her Arms her dying Siſter rears:
Did you for this, your ſelf, and me beguile?
For ſuch an End did I erect this Pile?
Did you ſo much deſpiſe me, in this Fate
My ſelf with you not to aſſociate?
Your ſelf and me, alas! this fatal Wound,
The Senate, and the People, doth confound.
I'll waſh her Wound with Tears, and at her Death,
My Lips from hers ſhall draw her parting Breath.
Then with her Veſt the Wound ſhe wipes and dries;
Thrice with her Arm the Queen attempts to riſe,
But her Strength failing, falls into a Swound,
Life's laſt Efforts yet ſtriving with her Wound;
Thrice on her Bed ſhe turns, with wandring ſight
ſeeking, ſhe groans when ſhe beheld the Light.
Then *Juno* pitying her diſaſtrous Fate,
Sends *Iris* down, her Pangs to mitigate.
(Since if we fall before th' appointed Day,
Nature and Death continue long their Fray.)
Iris deſcends; This fatal Lock (ſays ſhe)
To *Pluto* I bequeath, and ſet thee free;
Then clips her Hair: Cold Numbneſs ſtrait bereaves
Her Corps of Senſe, and th' Air her Soul receives.

A PREFACE TO THE Following Tranſlation.

GOING *this laſt Summer to viſit the* Wells, *I took an occaſion (by the way) to wait upon an Ancient and Honourable Friend of mine, whom I found diverting his (then ſolitary) Retirement with the Latin Original of this Tranſlation, which (being out of Print) I had never ſeen before: when I looked upon it, I ſaw that it had formerly paſſed through two Learned Hands, not without Approbation; which were* Ben Johnſon, *and Sir* Kenelme Digby; *but I found it, (where I ſhall never find my ſelf) in the Service of a better Maſter, the* Earl *of* Briſtol, *of whom I ſhall ſay no more; for I love not to improve the Honour of the Living, by impairing that of the Dead; and my own Profeſſion hath taught me, not to erect new Superſtructions upon an old Ruin. He was pleaſed to recommend it to me for my Companion at the* Wells, *where I lik'd the Entertainment it gave me ſo well, that I undertook to redeem it from*

from an obſolete Engliſh *Diſguiſe, wherein an o*
Monk *had cloathed it, and to make as becomi*
a new Veſt for it, as I could.

The Author was a Perſon of Quality in Italy, *h*
Name Mancini, *which Family matched ſince wi*
the Siſter of Cardinal Mazarine; *he was C*
temporary to Petrarch, *and* Mantuan, *and w*
long before Torquato Taſſo; *which ſhews, tha*
the Age they lived in, was not ſo unlearned, a
that which preceded, or that which followed.

The Author writ upon the four Cardinal Virtue
but I have tranſlated only the two firſt, not to tu
the Kindneſs I intended to him into an Injury; ſ
the two laſt are little more than Repetitions a
Recitals of the firſt; and (to make a juſt Excu
for him) they could not well be otherwiſe, ſince t
two laſt Virtues are but Deſcendants from the firſt
Prudence being the true Mother of Temperance, a
true Fortitude the Child of Juſtice.



OF PRUDENCE.

Wiſdom's firſt Progreſs is, to take a view
What's decent or undecent, falſe or true.
He's truly Prudent, who can ſeparate
Honeſt from Vile, and ſtill adhere to that;
Their Difference to meaſure, and to reach,
Reaſon well rectify'd muſt Nature teach.
And theſe high Scrutinies are Subjects fit
For Man's all-ſearching and enquiring Wit;
That Search of Knowledge did from *Adam* flow;
Who wants it, yet abhors his Wants to ſhow.
Wiſdom of what her ſelf approves, makes Choice,
Nor is led Captive by the common Voice.
Clear-ſighted Reaſon Wiſdom's Judgment leads,
And Senſe, her Vaſſal, in her Footſteps treads.
That thou to Truth the perfect way may'ſt know;
To thee all her ſpecifick Forms I'll ſhow:
He that the way to Honeſty will learn,
Firſt what's to be avoided muſt diſcern.
Thy ſelf from flatt'ring Self-conceit defend,
Nor what thou doſt not know, to know pretend.
Some Secrets deep in abſtruſe Darkneſs lie;
To ſearch them, thou wilt need a piercing Eye.
Not raſhly therefore to ſuch things aſſent,
Which undeceiv'd, thou after may'ſt repent;

Study and Time in theſe muſt thee inſtruct,
And others old Experience may conduct.
Wiſdom her ſelf her Ear doth often lend
To Counſel offer'd by a faithful Friend.
In equal Scales two doubtful Matters lay,
Thou may'ſt chuſe ſafely that which moſt doth weigh;
'Tis not ſecure, this Place, or that to guard,
If any other Entrance ſtand unbarr'd;
He that eſcapes the Serpents Teeth, may fail,
If he himſelf ſecure not from his Tail.
Who ſaith, Who could ſuch ill Events expect?
With ſhame on his own Counſels doth reflect.
Moſt in the World doth Self-conceit deceive,
Who Juſt and Good, whate'er they act, believe;
To their Wills wedded, to their Errors Slaves,
No Man (like them) they think himſelf behaves.
This ſtiff-neckt Pride, nor Art nor Force can bend,
Nor high-flown Hopes to Reaſon's Lure deſcend.
Fathers ſometimes their Childrens Faults regard
With Pleaſure, and their Crimes with Gifts reward.
Ill Painters, when they draw, and Poets write,
Virgil and *Titian* (ſelf admiring) ſlight;
Then all they do, like Gold and Pearl appears,
And others Actions are but Dirt to theirs.
They that ſo highly think themſelves above
All other Men, themſelves can only love;
Reaſon and Virtue, all that Man can boaſt
O'er other Creatures, in thoſe Brutes are loſt.

Obſerve (if thee this fatal Errour touch,
Thou to thy ſelf contributing too much)
Thoſe who are Generous, Humble, Juſt and Wiſe,
Who nor their Gold, nor themſelves Idolize;
To form thy ſelf by their Example, learn,
(For many Eyes can more than one diſcern)
But yet beware of Counſels when too full,
Number makes long Diſputes and Graveneſs dull;
Though their Advi ce be good, their Counſel wiſe,
Yet Length ſtill loſes Opportunities:
Debate deſtroys Diſpatch; as Fruits we ſee
Rot, when they hang too long upon the Tree;
In vain that Husbandman his Seed doth ſow,
If he his Crop not in due Seaſon mow.
A Gen'ral ſets his Army in Array
In vain, unleſs he fight, and win the Day.
'Tis virtuous Action that muſt Praiſe bring forth,
Without which, ſlow Advice is little worth.
Yet they who give good Counſel, Praiſe deſerve,
Though in the active part they cannot ſerve:
In Action, Learned Counſellors their Age,
Profeſſion, or Diſeaſe, forbids t'ingage.
Nor to Philoſophers is Praiſe deny'd,
Whoſe wiſe Inſtructions After-ages guide;
Yet vainly moſt their Age in Study ſpend;
No end of writing Books, and to no end:
Beating their Brains for ſtrange and hidden things,
Whoſe Knowledge, nor Delight, nor Profit brings;
Themſelves with Doubts both Day and Night perplex,
Nor gentle Readers pleaſe, or teach, but vex.

Books ſhould to one of theſe four Ends conduce,
For Wiſdom, Piety, Delight, or Uſe.
What need we gaze upon the ſpangled Sky?
Or into Matter's hidden Cauſes pry?
To deſcribe ev'ry City, Stream, or Hill
I'th' World, our Fancy with vain Arts to fill?
What is't to hear a Sophiſter, that pleads,
Who by the Ears the deceiv'd Audience leads?
If we were Wiſe, theſe Things we ſhould not mind,
But more Delight in eaſie Matters find.
Learn to Live well, that thou may'ſt Die ſo too;
To Live and Die is all we have to do:
The way (if no Digreſſion's made) is ev'n,
And free Acceſs, if we but ask, is giv'n.
Then ſeek to know thoſe things which make us bleſt,
And having found them, lock them in thy Breaſt;
Enquiring then the way, go on, nor ſlack,
But mend thy Pace, nor think of going back.
Some their whole Age in theſe Enquiries waſte,
And die like Fools before one Step they paſt;
'Tis ſtrange to know the way, and not t' advance,
That Knowledge is far worſe than Ignorance.
The Learned teach, but what they teach, not do;
And ſtanding ſtill themſelves, make others go.
In vain on Study Time away we throw,
When we forbear to act the Things we know.
The Soldier that Philoſopher well blam'd,
Who long and loudly in the Schools declaim'd;
Tell (ſaid the Soldier) venerable Sir,
Why all theſe Words, this Clamour, and this Stir

Why do Diſputes in wrangling ſpend the Day?
Whilſt one ſays only Yea, and t'other Nay.
Oh, ſaid the Doctor, we for Wiſdom toil'd,
For which none toils too much: The Soldier ſmil'd;
You're Gray and Old, and to ſome pious Uſe
This Maſs of Treaſure you ſhould now reduce:
But you your Store have hoarded in ſome Bank,
For which th' Infernal Spirits ſhall you thank.
Let what thou learneſt be by Practice ſhown,
'Tis ſaid that Wiſdom's Children make her known.
What's good doth open to th' Enquirer ſtand,
And it ſelf offers to th' accepting Hand;
All things by Order and true Meaſures done,
Wiſdom will end, as well as ſhe begun.
Let early Care thy main Concerns ſecure,
Things of leſs Moment may Delays endure:
Men do not for their Servants firſt prepare,
And of their Wives and Children quit the Care;
Yet when we're ſick, the Doctor's fetcht in haſte,
Leaving our great Concernment to the laſt.
When we are well, our Hearts are only ſet
(Which way we care not) to be Rich, or Great;
What ſhall become of all that we have got;
We only know that us it follows not;
And what a Trifle is a Moment's Breath,
Laid in the Scale with everlaſting Death?
What's Time, when on Eternity we think?
A thouſand Ages in that Sea muſt ſink;
Time's nothing but a Word, a Million
Is full as far from Infinite as one.

To whom thou much doſt owe, thou much muſt pay,
Think on the Debt againſt th' accompting-day;
God who to thee Reaſon and Knowledge lent,
Will ask how theſe two Talents have been ſpent.
Let not low Pleaſures thy high Reaſon blind,
He's mad, that ſeeks what no Man e'er could find.
Why ſhould we fondly pleaſe our Senſe, wherein
Beaſts us exceed, nor feel the Stings of Sin?
What Thoughts Man's Reaſon better can become,
Than th' Expectation of his welcome Home?
Lords of the World have but for Life their Leaſe,
And that too (if the Leſſor pleaſe) muſt ceaſe.
Death cancels Nature's Bonds, but for our Deeds
(That Debt firſt paid) a ſtrict Account ſucceeds;
If here not clear'd, no Suretyſhip can Bail
Condemned Debtors from th' Eternal Goal;
Chriſt's Blood's our Balſom, if that cure us here,
Him, when our Judge, we ſhall not find ſevere;
His Yoke is eaſie when by us embrac'd,
But loads and galls, if on our Necks 'tis caſt.
Be juſt in all thy Actions, and if join'd
With thoſe that are not, never change thy Mind:
If ought obſtruct thy Courſe, yet ſtand not ſtill,
But wind about, till thou have topp'd the Hill;
To the ſame End Men ſev'ral Paths may tread,
As many Doors into one Temple lead;
And the ſame Hand into a Fiſt may cloſe,
Which inſtantly a Palm expanded ſhows:
Juſtice and Faith never forſake the Wiſe,
Yet may Occaſion put him in Diſguiſe;

Not

Not turning like the Wind, but if the State
Of Things muſt change, he is not obſtinate;
Things paſt, and future, with the preſent weighs,
Nor credulous of what vain Rumour ſays.
Few things by Wiſdom are at firſt believ'd;
An eaſie Ear deceives, and is deceiv'd:
For many Truths have often paſt for Lies,
And Lies as often put on Truth's Diſguiſe:
As Flattery too oft like Friendſhip ſhows,
So them who ſpeak plain Truth we think our Foes.
No quick Reply to dubious Queſtions make,
Suſpence and Caution ſtill prevent Miſtake.
When any great Deſign thou doſt intend,
Think on the Means, the Manner, and the End:
All great Concernments muſt Delays endure;
Raſhneſs and Haſte make all things unſecure;
And if uncertain thy Pretenſions be,
Stay till fit time wear out Uncertainty;
But if to unjuſt Things thou doſt pretend,
E'er they begin let thy Pretenſions end.
Let thy Diſcourſe be ſuch, that thou may'ſt give
Profit to others, or from them receive:
Inſtruct the Ignorant; to thoſe that live
Under thy Care, good Rules and Patterns give;
Nor is't the leaſt of Virtues, to relieve
Thoſe whom Afflictions or Oppreſſions grieve.
Commend but ſparingly whom thou doſt love:
But leſs condemn whom thou doſt not approve;

Thy Friend, like Flattery, too much Praiſe doth
wrong,
And too ſharp Cenſure ſhews an evil Tongue:
But let inviolate Truth be always dear
To thee; even before Friendſhip, Truth prefer.
Than what thou mean'ſt to give, ſtill promiſe leſs
Hold faſt the Pow'r thy Promiſe to increaſe.
Look forward what's to come, and back what's paſt
Thy Life will be with Praiſe and Prudence grac'd:
What Loſs or Gain may follow, thou may'ſt gueſs,
Thou then wilt be ſecure of the Succeſs;
Yet be not always on Affairs intent,
But let thy Thoughts be eaſie, and unbent:
When our Minds Eyes are diſ-engag'd and free,
They clearer, farther, and diſtinctly ſee;
They quicken Sloth, Perplexities unty,
Make Roughneſs ſmooth, and Hardneſs mollifie;
And though our Hands from Labour are releaſt,
Yet our Minds find (even when we ſleep) no Reſt.
Search not to find how other Men offend,
But by that Glaſs thy own Offences mend;
Still ſeek to learn, yet care not much from whom,
(So it be Learning) or from whence it come.
Of thy own Actions, others Judgments learn;
Often by ſmall, great Matters we diſcern:
Youth, what Man's Age is like to be, doth ſhow;
We may our Ends by our Beginnings know.
Let none direct thee what to do or ſay,
Till thee thy Judgment of the Matter ſway;

Let not the pleaſing many thee delight,
Firſt judge, if thoſe whom thou doſt pleaſe, judge right.
Search not to find what lies too deeply hid,
Nor to know Things, whoſe Knowledge is forbid;
Nor climb on Pyramids, which thy Hea d turn round
Standing, and whence no ſafe Deſcent is found:
In vain his Nerves and Faculties he ſtrains
To riſe, whoſe raiſing unſecure remains:
They whom Deſert and Favour forwards thruſt,
Are wiſe, when they their Meaſures can adjuſt.
When well at Eaſe, and Happy, live content,
And then conſider why that Life was lent;
When Wealthy, ſhew thy Wiſdom not to be
To Wealth a Servant, but make Wealth ſerve thee.
Though all alone, yet nothing think or do,
Which nor a Witneſs, nor a Judge might know.
The higheſt Hill is the moſt ſlipp'ry place,
And Fortune mocks us with a ſmiling Face;
And her unſteady Hand hath often plac'd
Men in high Pow'r, but ſeldom holds them faſt;
Againſt her then her Forces Prudence joins,
And to the Golden Mean her ſelf confines.
More in Proſperity is Reaſon toſt,
Than Ships in Storms, their Helms and Anchors loſt;
Before fair Gales not all our Sails we bear,
But with ſide Winds into ſafe Harbours ſteer;
More Ships in Calms on a deceitful Coaſt,
Or unſeen Rocks, than in high Storms are loſt.
Who caſts out Threats and Frowns, no Man deceives,
Time for Reſiſtance and Defence he gives;

But Flatt'ry ſtill in ſugar'd Words betrays,
And Poiſon in high-taſted Meats conveys;
So Fortune's Smiles unguarded Man ſurprize,
But when ſhe frowns, he arms, and her defies.

OF
JUSTICE.

'TIS the firſt Sanction Nature gave to Man,
Each other to aſſiſt in what they can;
Juſt or Unjuſt, this Law for ever ſtands,
All things are good by Law which ſhe commands;
The firſt Step, Man tow'rds Chriſt muſt juſtly live,
Who t'us himſelf, and all we have, did give;
In vain doth Man the Name of Juſt expect,
If his Devotions he to God neglect;
So muſt we reverence God, as firſt to know
Juſtice from him, not from our ſelves doth flow;
God thoſe accepts who to Mankind are Friends,
Whoſe Juſtice far as their own Power extends;
In that they imitate the Pow'r Divine,
The Sun alike on Good and Bad doth ſhine;
And he that doth no Good, although no Ill,
Does not the Office of the Juſt fulfill:
Virtue doth Man to virtuous Actions ſteer,
'Tis not enough that he ſhould Vice forbear;
We live not only for our ſelves to care,
Whilſt they that want it are deny'd their Share.

Wiſe *Plato* ſaid, the World with Men was ſtor'd,
That Succour each to other might afford;
Nor are thoſe Succours to one ſort confin'd,
But ſev'ral Parts to ſev'ral Men conſign'd;
He that of his own Stores no part can give,
May with his Counſel or his Hands relieve.
If Fortune make thee Pow'rful, give Defence
'Gainſt Fraud, and Force, to naked Innocence:
And when our Juſtice doth her Tributes pay,
Method and Order muſt direct the way:
Firſt to our God we muſt with Reverence bow,
The ſecond Honour to our Prince we owe;
Next to Wives, Parents, Children, fit Reſpect,
And to our Friends and Kindred we direct:
Then we muſt thoſe, who groan beneath the Weight
Of Age, Diſeaſe, or Want, commiſerate:
'Mongſt thoſe whom honeſt Lives can recommend,
Our Juſtice more Compaſſion ſhould extend;
To ſuch, who thee in ſome Diſtreſs did aid,
Thy Debt of Thanks with Int'reſt ſhould be paid:
As *Heſiod* ſings, ſpread Waters o'er thy Field,
And a moſt juſt and glad Increaſe 'twill yield,
But yet take heed, leſt doing good to one,
Miſchief and Wrong be to another done;
Such Moderation with thy Bounty join,
That thou may'ſt nothing give that is not thine;
That Liberality is but caſt away,
Which makes us borrow what we cannot pay:
And no Acceſs to Wealth let Rapine bring;
Do nothing that's not Juſt, to be a King.

Juſtice muſt be from Violence exempt,
But Fraud's her only Object of Contempt.
Fraud in the Fox, Force in the Lion dwells;
But Juſtice both from Human Hearts expels;
But he's the greateſt Monſter (without doubt)
Who is a Wolf within, a Sheep without.
Nor only ill injurious Actions are,
But evil Words and Slanders bear their Share.
Truth Juſtice loves, and Truth Injuſtice fears,
Truth above all things a juſt Man reveres:
Though not by Oaths we God to Witneſs call,
He ſees and hears, and ſtill remembers all;
And yet our Atteſtations we may wreſt,
Sometimes to make the Truth more manifeſt;
If by a Lye a Man preſerve his Faith,
He Pardon, Leave, and Abſolution hath;
Or if I break my Promiſe, which to thee
Would bring no Good, but Prejudice to me.
All things committed to thy Truſt conceal,
Nor what's forbid by any Means reveal.
Expreſs thy ſelf in plain, not doubtful Words,
That ground for Quarrels or Diſputes affords:
Unleſs thou find Occaſion, hold thy Tongue;
Thy ſelf or others, careleſs Talk may wrong.
When thou art called into publick Pow'r,
And when a Crowd of Suitors throng thy Door,
Be ſure no great Offenders 'ſcape their Dooms;
Small Praiſe from Lenity and Remiſsneſs comes:
Crimes pardon'd, others to thoſe Crimes invite,
Whilſt Lookers on, ſevere Examples fright:

When by a pardon'd Murderer Blood is ſpilt,
The Judge that pardon'd hath the greateſt Guilt;
Who accuſe Rigour, make a groſs Miſtake,
One Criminal pardon'd, may an hundred make;
When Juſtice on Offenders is not done,
Law, Government, Commerce, are overthrown;
As beſieg'd Traitors with the Foe conſpire,
T'unlock the Gates, and ſet the Town on Fire.
Yet leſt the Puniſhment th' Offence exceed,
Juſtice with Weight and Meaſure muſt proceed:
Yet when pronouncing Sentence, ſeem not glad,
Such Spectacles, though they are Juſt, are Sad;
Though what thou doſt, thou ought'ſt not to repent,
Yet Human Bowels cannot but relent:
Rather than all muſt ſuffer, ſome muſt dye;
Yet Nature muſt condole their Miſery.
And yet if many equal Guilt involve,
Thou may'ſt not theſe condemn, and thoſe abſolve.
Juſtice, when equal Scales ſhe holds, is blind,
Nor Cruelty, nor Mercy, change her Mind;
When ſome eſcape for that which others die,
Mercy to thoſe, to theſe is Cruelty.
A fine and ſlender Net the Spider weaves,
Which little and light Animals receives;
And if ſhe catch a common Bee or Fly,
They with a piteous Groan and Murmur dye;
But if a Waſp or Hornet ſhe entrap,
They tear her Cords like *Sampſon*, and eſcape;
So like a Fly the poor Offender dies;
But like the Waſp, the Rich eſcapes, and flies.

Do not, if one but lightly thee offend,
The Puniſhment beyond the Crime extend;
Or after warning the Offence forget;
So God himſelf our Failings doth remit.
Expect not more from Servants than is Juſt,
Reward them well, if they obſerve their Truſt;
Nor them with Cruelty or Pride invade,
Since God and Nature them our Brothers made;
If his Offence be great, let that ſuffice;
If light, forgive, for no Man's always wiſe.



THE

PREFACE.

MY early Miſtreſs, now my Antient Muſe,
That ſtrong Circæan *Liquor ceaſe t' infuſe,*
Wherewith thou didſt intoxicate my Youth,
Now ſtoop with diſ-inchanted Wings to Truth;
As the Doves Flight did guide Æneas, *now*
May thine conduct me to the Golden Bough;
Tell (like a Tall Old Oak) how Learning ſhoots
To Heav'n her Branches, and to Hell her Roots.

The Progreſs of

LEARNING.

WHEN God from Earth form'd *Adam* in the East,
He his own Image on the Clay impreſt;
As Subjects then the whole Creation came,
And from their Natures *Adam* them did name,
Not from Experience, (for the World was new)
He only from their Cauſe their Natures knew.
Had Memory been loſt with Innocence,
We had not known the Sentence nor th' Offence;
'Twas his chief Puniſhment to keep in Store
The ſad Remembrance what he was before;
And though th' offending Part felt mortal Pain,
Th' immortal Part its Knowledge did retain.
After the Flood, Arts to *Chaldæa* fell,
The Father of the Faithful there did dwell,
Who both their Parent and Inſtructer was;
From thence did Learning into *Ægypt* paſs:
Moſes in all th' *Ægyptian* Arts was skill'd,
When Heav'nly Pow'r that choſen Veſſel fill'd;
And we to his high Inſpiration owe,
That what was done before the Flood, we know.
From *Ægypt*, Arts their Progreſs made to *Greece*,
Wrapt in the Fable of the Golden Fleece.
Muſæus firſt, then *Orpheus* civilize
Mankind, and gave the World their Deities;

To many Gods they taught Devotion,
Which were the diſtinct Faculties of one;
Th' Eternal Cauſe, in their immortal Lines
Was taught, and Poets were the firſt Divines:
God *Moſes* firſt, then *David* did inſpire,
To compoſe Anthems for his Heav'nly Quire;
To th' one the Style of Friend he did impart,
On th' other ſtampt the Likeneſs of his Heart:
And *Moſes*, in the Old Original,
Ev'n God the Poet of the World doth call.
Next thoſe old *Greeks*, *Pythagoras* did riſe,
Then *Socrates*, whom th' Oracle call'd Wiſe;
The Divine *Plato* Moral Virtue ſhows,
Then his Diſciple *Ariſtotle* roſe,
Who Nature's Secrets to the World did teach,
Yet that great Soul our Noveliſts impeach;
Too much manuring fill'd that Field with Weeds,
While Sects, like Locuſts, did deſtroy the Seeds;
The Tree of Knowledge blaſted by Diſputes,
Produces ſapleſs Leaves inſtead of Fruits;
Proud *Greece*, all Nations elſe *Barbarians* held,
Boaſting her Learning all the World excell'd.
Flying from thence, * to *Italy* it came,
And to the Realm of *Naples* gave the Name,
Till both their Nation and their Arts did come
A welcome Trophy to Triumphant *Rome*;
Then whereſoe'er her conqu'ring Eagles fled,
Arts, Learning, and Civility were ſpread;
And as in this our *Microcoſm*, the Heart
Heat, Spirit, Motion gives to ev'ry Part;

* *Gracia Major.*

So *Rome*'s Victorious Influence did diſperſe
All her own Virtues through the Univerſe.
Here ſome Digreſſion I muſt make, t' accuſe
Thee, my forgetful, and ingrateful Muſe:
Couldſt thou from *Greece* to *Latium* take thy Flight,
And not to thy great Anceſtor do right?
I can no more believe Old *Homer* blind,
Than thoſe, who ſay the Sun hath never ſhin'd;
The Age wherein he liv'd was dark, but he
Could not want Sight, who taught the World to ſee:
They who *Minerva* from *Jove*'s Head derive,
Might make Old *Homer*'s Skull the Muſes Hive;
And from his Brain, that *Helicon* diſtil,
Whoſe Racy Liquor did his Off-ſpring fill.
Nor old *Anacreon*, *Heſiod*, *Theocrite*,
Muſt we forget, nor *Pindar*'s lofty Flight.
Old *Homer*'s Soul at laſt from *Greece* retir'd;
In *Italy* the *Mantuan* Swain inſpir'd.
When Great *Auguſtus* made Wars Tempeſts ceaſe,
His *Halcyon* Days brought forth the Arts of Peace;
He ſtill in his Triumphant Chariot ſhines,
By *Horace* drawn, and *Virgil*'s mighty Lines.
'Twas certainly myſterious * that the Name
Of Prophets and of Poets is the ſame;
What the *Tragedian* wrote, † the late Succeſs
Declares was Inſpiration, and not Gueſs:
As dark a Truth that Author did unfold,
As Oracles, or Prophets e'er fore-told:
At laſt the Ocean ſhall unlock ‡ *the Bound*
Of Things, and a New World by Tiphys *found*,

* *Vates.* † *Seneca.* ‡ *The Prophecy.*

Then Ages far remote ſhall underſtand
The Iſle *of* Thule *is not the fartheſt Land.*
Sure God, by theſe Diſcov'ries, did deſign
That his clear Light through all the World ſhould
ſhine,
But the Obſtruction from that Diſcord ſprings
The Prince of Darkneſs makes 'twixt Chriſtian
Kings;
That peaceful Age, with Happineſs to crown,
From Heav'n the Prince of Peace himſelf came down.
Then the true Son of Knowledge firſt appear'd,
And the old dark myſterious Clouds were clear'd.
The heavy Cauſe of th' old accurſed Flood
Sunk in the ſacred Deluge of his Blood.
His Paſſion, Man from his firſt Fall redeem'd;
Once more to Paradiſe reſtor'd we ſeem'd;
Satan himſelf was bound, till th' Iron Chain
Our Pride did break, and let him looſe again.
Still the old Sting remain'd, and Man began
To tempt the Serpent, as he tempted Man;
Then Hell ſends forth her Furies, Avarice, Pride,
Fraud, Diſcord, Force, Hypocriſie their Guide;
Though the Foundation on a Rock were laid,
The Church was undermin'd, and then betray'd;
Though the *Apoſtles* theſe Events foretold,
Yet even the Shepherd did devour the Fold:
The Fiſher to convert the World began,
The Pride convincing of vain-glorious Man;
But ſoon his Follower grew a Sov'raign Lord,
And *Peter*'s Keys exchang'd for *Peter*'s Sword,

Which ſtill maintains for his adopted Son
Vaſt Patrimonies, though himſelf had none;
Wreſting the Text to the old Gyant's Senſe,
That Heav'n, once more, muſt ſuffer Violence.
Then ſubtle Doctors, Scriptures made their Prize,
Caſuiſts, like Cocks, ſtruck out each others Eyes;
Then dark Diſtinctions Reaſon's Light diſguis'd,
And into Atoms Truth Anatomiz'd.
Then *Mahomet*'s Creſcent by our Fewds encreaſt,
Blaſted the learn'd Remainders of the Eaſt:
That Project, when from *Greece* to *Rome* it came,
Made Mother Ignorance Devotion's Dame;
Then, he whom *Lucifer*'s own Pride did ſwell,
His faithful Emiſſary, roſe from Hell
To poſſeſs *Peter*'s Chair, that *Hildebrand*
Whoſe Foot on Miters, then on Crowns did ſtand,
And before that exalted Idol, all
(Whom we call Gods on Earth) did proſtrate fall.
Then Darkneſs *Europe*'s Face did over-ſpread,
From lazy Cells, where Superſtition bred,
Which, link'd with blind Obedience, ſo encreaſt,
That the whole World, ſome Ages, they oppreſt;
Till through thoſe Clouds the Sun of Knowledge
brake,
And *Europe* from her Lethargy did wake:
Then, firſt our Monarchs were acknowledg'd here,
That they their Churches Nurſing-Fathers were,
When *Lucifer* no longer could advance
His Works on the falſe Ground of Ignorance,

New Arts he tries, and new Deſigns he lays,
Then his well-ſtudy'd Maſter-piece he plays;
Loyola, *Luther*, *Calvin* he inſpires,
And kindles, with infernal Flames, their Fires,
Sends their Fore-runner (conſcious of th' Event)
Printing, his moſt pernicious Inſtrument:
Wild Controverſie then, which long had ſlept,
Into the Preſs from ruin'd Cloyſters leapt;
No longer by implicit Faith we err,
Whilſt ev'ry Man's his own Interpreter;
No more conducted now by *Aaron*'s Rod,
Lay-Elders, from their Ends, create their God.
But ſeven wiſe Men the Ancient World did know,
We ſcarce know ſeven, who think themſelves not ſo.
When Man learn'd undefil'd Religion,
We were commanded to be all as one;
Fiery Diſputes that Union have calcin'd,
Almoſt as many Minds as Men we find,
And when that Flame finds combuſtible Earth,
Thence *Fatuus* Fires, and Meteors take their Birth,
Legions of Sects, and Inſects come in throngs;
To name them all would tire a hundred Tongues.
So were the Centaures of *Ixion*'s Race,
Who a bright Cloud for *Juno* did embrace;
And ſuch the Monſters of *Chimæra*'s kind,
Lions before, and Dragons were behind.
Then from the Claſhes between Popes and Kings,
Debate, like Sparks from Flints Colliſion, ſprings:
As *Jove*'s loud Thunder-bolts were forg'd by Heat,
The like, our Cyclops on their Anvils beat;

All the rich Mines of Learning ranſackt are,
To furniſh Ammunition for this War:
Uncharitable Zeal our Reaſon whets,
And double Edges on our Paſſion ſets;
'Tis the moſt certain Sign, the World's accurſt,
That the beſt Things corrupted, are the worſt;
'Twas the corrupted Light of Knowledge, hurl'd
Sin, Death, and Ignorance o'er all the World;
That Sun like this, (from which our ſight we have)
Gaz'd on too long, reſumes the Light he gave;
And when thick Miſts of Doubts obſcure his Beams,
Our Guide is Errour, and our Viſions, Dreams;
'Twas no falſe Heraldry, when Madneſs drew
Her Pedigree from thoſe, who too much knew;
Who in deep Mines, for hidden Knowledge toils,
Like Guns o'er-charg'd, breaks, miſſes, or recoils;
When ſubtle Wits have ſpun their Thread too fine,
'Tis weak and fragile like *Arachnes*'s Line:
True Piety, without Ceſſation toſt
By *Theories*, the Practick Part is loſt,
And like a Ball bandy'd 'twixt Pride and Wit,
Rather than yield, both ſides the Prize will quit:
Then whilſt his Foe each Gladiator foils,
The Atheiſt looking on, enjoys the Spoils.
Through Seas of Knowledge we our Courſe advance,
Diſcov'ring ſtill new Worlds of Ignorance;
And theſe Diſcov'ries make us all confeſs
That ſublunary Science is but Gueſs,
Matters of Fact to Man are only known,
And what ſeems more, is meer Opinion;

The Standers-by ſee clearly this Event,
All Parties ſay they're ſure, yet all diſſent;
With their new Light our bold Inſpectors preſs
Like *Cham*, to ſhew their Father's Nakedneſs,
By whoſe Example, After-ages may
Diſcover, we more Naked are than they;
All Human Wiſdom to Divine, is Folly;
This Truth, the wiſeſt Man made Melancholly;
Hope, or Belief, or Gueſs, gives ſome Relief,
But to be ſure we are deceiv'd, brings Grief:
Who thinks his Wife is Virtuous, though not ſo,
Is pleas'd, and patient, till the Truth he know.
Our God, when Heav'n and Earth he did create,
Form'd Man, who ſhould of both partícipate;
If our Lives Motions theirs muſt imitate,
Our Knowledge, like our Blood, muſt circulate.
When, like a Bride-groom from the Eaſt, the Sun
Sets forth, he thither, whence he came, doth run;
Into Earth's ſpungy Veins the Ocean ſinks,
Thoſe Rivers to repleniſh which he drinks;
So Learning which from Reaſon's Fountain ſprings,
Back to the Source, ſome ſecret Channel brings.
'Tis happy when our Streams of Knowledge flow
To fill their Banks, but not to overthrow.

Vt metit Autumnus fruges quas parturit Æſtas,
Sic Ortum Natura, dedit Deus his quoque Finem.

CATO MAJOR

OF

OLD AGE.

A

POEM.

By the Honourable

Sir *JOHN DENHAM,*

Knight of the BATH.

LONDON:

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TO THE READER.

I Can neither call this Piece *Tully*'s nor my own, being much altered from the Original, not only by the Change of the Style, but by Addition and Subſtraction. I believe you will be better pleas'd to receive it, as I did, at the firſt ſight; for to me *Cicero* did not ſo much appear to write, as *Cato* to ſpeak; and to do right to my Author, I believe no Character of any Perſon was ever better drawn to the Life than this. Therefore neither conſider *Cicero*, nor me, but *Cato* himſelf, who being then rais'd from the Dead to ſpeak the Language of that Age and Place, neither the diſtance of Place or Time makes it leſs poſſible to raiſe him now to ſpeak ours.

Though I dare not compare my Copy with the Original, yet you will find it mention'd here, how much Fruits are improv'd by

Graffing; and here, by Graffing Verſe upon Proſe, ſome of theſe ſeverer Arguments may receive a more mild and pleaſant Taſte.

Cato ſays (in another place) of himſelf, that he learn'd to ſpeak Greek between the Seventieth and Eightieth Year of his Age; beginning that ſo late, he may not yet be too Old to learn Engliſh, being now but between his Seventeenth and Eighteenth Hundred Year. For theſe Reaſons I ſhall leave to this Piece no other Name than what the Author gave it, of

CATO MAJOR.

THE PREFACE.

THAT Learned Critick, the younger Scaliger, *comparing the two great Orators, ſays, that nothing can be taken from* Demoſthenes, *nor added to* Tully; *and if there be any Fault in the laſt, it is the Reſumption, or dwelling too long upon his Arguments: for which reaſon having intended to tranſlate this Piece into Proſe, (where Tranſlation ought to be ſtrict) finding the Matter very proper for Verſe, I took the liberty to leave out what was only neceſſary to that Age, and Place, and to take, or add, what was proper to this preſent Age, and Occaſion; by laying his Senſe cloſer, and in fewer Words, according to the Style and Ear of theſe Times. The three firſt Parts I dedicate to my old Friends, to take off thoſe melancholy Reflections, which the Senſe of Age, Infirmity, and Death may give them. The laſt Part I think neceſſary for the Conviction of thoſe many, who believe not, or at leaſt mind not the Immortality of the Soul, of which the Scripture ſpeaks only poſitively, as a Law-giver, with an* Ipſe dixit; *but it may be, they neither believe that (from which they either make Doubts, or Sport,) nor thoſe,*

whoſe Buſineſs it is to interpret it, ſuppoſing they do it only for their own Ends: But if a Heathen Philoſopher bring ſuch Arguments from Reaſon, Nature and Second Cauſes, which none of our Atheiſtical Sophiſters can confute, if they may ſtand convinced, that there is an Immortality of the Soul, I hope they will ſo weigh the Conſequences, as neither to talk, nor live, as if there was no ſuch Thing.



OF

OF

OLD AGE.

CATO, SCIPIO, LÆLIUS.

SCIPIO *to* CATO.

THough all the Actions of your Life are crown'd
With Wiſdom, nothing makes them more Renown'd,
Than that thoſe Years, which others think extreme,
Nor to your ſelf, nor us, uneaſie ſeem;
Under which Weight, moſt like th' old Giants groan,
When *Ætna* on their Backs by *Jove* was thrown.

Cat. What you urge, *Scipio*, from right Reaſon flows;
All Parts of Age ſeem burthenſome to thoſe,
Who Virtue's and true Wiſdom's Happineſs
Cannot diſcern; but they who thoſe poſſeſs,
In what's impos'd by Nature find no Grief,
Of which our Age is (next our Death) the chief,
Which though all equally deſire t' obtain,
Yet *when they have obtain'd it*, they complain;
Such our Inconſtancies and Follies are,
We ſay it ſteals upon us unaware:

Our want of Reas'ning theſe falſe Meaſures makes,
Youth runs to Age, as Childhood Youth o'ertakes.
How much more grievous would our Lives appear,
To reach th' eighth Hundred, than the Eightieth Year?
Of what, in that long ſpace of Time hath paſt,
To fooliſh Age will no Remembrance laſt.
My Age's Conduct when you ſeem t' admire,
(Which that it may deſerve, I much deſire)
'Tis my firſt Rule, on Nature, as my Guide
Appointed by the Gods, I have rely'd;
And Nature, (which all Acts of Life deſigns)
Not like ill Poets, in the laſt declines:
But ſome one part muſt be the laſt of all,
Which like ripe Fruits, muſt either rot, or fall.
And this from Nature muſt be gently born,
Elſe her (as Giants did the Gods) we ſcorn.

Læl. But Sir, 'tis *Scipio*'s, and my Deſire,
Since to long Life we gladly would aſpire,
That from your grave Inſtructions we might hear,
How we, like you, may this great Burthen bear.

Cat. This I reſolv'd before, but now ſhall do
With great Delight, ſince 'tis requir'd by you.

Læl. If to your ſelf it will not tedious prove,
Nothing in us a greater Joy can move,
That as old Travellers the young inſtruct,
Your long, our ſhort Experience may conduct.

Cat. 'Tis true, (as the old Proverb doth relate)
Equals with Equals often congregate.

Two Conſuls (who * in Years my Equals were)
When Senators, lamenting I did hear,
That Age from them had all their Pleaſures torn,
And them their former Suppliants now ſcorn:
They, what is not to be accus'd, accuſe,
Not others, but themſelves their Age abuſe;
Elſe this might me concern, and all my Friends,
Whoſe chearful Age, with Honour, Youth attends,
Joy'd that from Pleaſure's Slav'ry they are free,
And all Reſpects due to their Age they ſee.
In its true Colours, this Complaint appears
The ill Effect of Manners, not of Years;
For on their Life no grievous Burthen lies,
Who are Well-natur'd, Temperate, and Wiſe:
But an inhumane, and ill-temper'd Mind,
Not any eaſie Part in Life can find.

Lal. This I believe; yet others may diſpute,
Their Age (as yours) can never bear ſuch Fruit
Of Honour, Wealth, and Pow'r, to make them ſweet,
Not every one ſuch Happineſs can meet.

Cat. Some Weight your Argument, my *Lælius*,
But not ſo much, as at firſt ſight appears. [bears;
This Anſwer by *Themiſtocles* was made,
(When a *Seriphian* thus did him upbraid,
You thoſe great Honours to your Country owe,
Not to your ſelf) Had I at † *Seripho*
Been born, ſuch Honour I had never ſeen,
Nor you, if an *Athenian* you had been:

* *Cajus Salinator, Spurius Albinus.*
† *An Iſle to which condemn'd Men were baniſh'd.*

So Age, cloath'd in undecent Poverty,
To the moſt prudent cannot eaſie be;
But to a Fool, the greater his Eſtate,
The more uneaſie is his Age's Weight.
Age's chief Arts, and Arms, are to grow wiſe,
Virtue to know, and known, to exerciſe;
All juſt Returns to Age then Virtue makes,
Nor her in her Extremity forſakes;
The ſweeteſt Cordial we receive at laſt,
Is Conſcience of our virtuous Actions paſt.
I (when a Youth) with Reverence did look
On *Quintus Fabius*, who *Tarentum* took;
Yet in his Age ſuch Chearfulneſs was ſeen,
As if his Years and mine had equal been;
His Gravity was mixt with Gentleneſs,
Nor had his Age made his good Humour leſs;
Then was he well in Years (the ſame that he
Was Conſul, that of my Nativity)
(A Stripling then) in his fourth Conſulate
On him at *Capua* I in Arms did wait.
I five Years after at *Tarentum* wan
The Quæſtorſhip, and then our Love began;
And four Years after, when I Prætor was,
He pleaded, and the * *Cincian* Law did paſs.
With youthful Diligence he us'd t' ingage,
Yet with the temperate Arts of patient Age
He breaks fierce *Hannibal*'s inſulting Heats;
Of which Exploit thus our Friend *Ennius* treats,
He by Delay reſtor'd the Common-wealth,
Nor preferr'd Rumour before publick Health.

* *Againſt Bribes.*

The ARGUMENT.

When I reflect on Age, I find there are
Four Cauſes, which its Miſery declare.
1. *Becauſe our Body's Strength it much impairs;*
2. *That it takes off our Minds from great Affairs:*
3. *Next, That our Senſe of Pleaſures it deprives:*
4. *Laſt, That approaching Death attends our Lives.*
Of all theſe ſev'ral Cauſes I'll diſcourſe,
And then of each, in Order, weigh the Force.

THE
FIRST PART.

THE Old from ſuch Affairs is only freed,
Which vigorous Youth, and Strength of Body need;
But to more high Affairs our Age is lent,
Moſt properly when Heats of Youth are ſpent.
Did *Fabius*, and your Father *Scipio*
(Whoſe Daughter my Son married) nothing do?
Fabricii, *Coruncani*, *Curii*;
Whoſe Courage, Counſel, and Authority,
The *Roman* Common-wealth reſtor'd, did boaſt,
Nor *Appius*, with whoſe Strength his Sight was loſt,
Who when the Senate was to Peace inclin'd
With *Pyrrhus*, ſhew'd his Reaſon was not blind.

Whither's our Courage and our Wiſdom come?
When *Rome* it ſelf conſpires the Fate of *Rome*.
The reſt with ancient Gravity and Skill
He ſpake (for his Oration's extant ſtill.)
'Tis ſeventeen Years ſince he had Conſul been
The ſecond time, and there were ten between;
Therefore their Argument's of little Force,
Who Age from great Imployments would divorce.
As in a Ship ſome climb the Shrouds, t' unfold
The Sail, ſome ſweep the Deck, ſome pump the Hold;
Whilſt he that guides the Helm, imploys his Skill,
And gives the Law to them, by ſitting ſtill.
Great Actions leſs from Courage, Strength and Speed,
Than from wiſe Counſels and Commands proceed;
Thoſe Arts Age wants not, which to Age belong,
Not Heat, but cold Experience makes us ſtrong.
A Conſul, Tribune, General, I have been,
All ſorts of War I have paſt through, and ſeen;
And now grown old, I ſeem t' abandon it,
Yet to the Senate I preſcribe what's fit.
I ev'ry Day 'gainſt *Carthage* War proclaim,
(For *Rome*'s Deſtruction hath been long her Aim)
Nor ſhall I ceaſe till I her Ruin ſee,
Which Triumph may the Gods deſign for thee;
That *Scipio* may revenge his Grandſire's Ghoſt,
Whoſe Life at *Cannæ* with great Honour loſt
Is on Record, nor had he wearied been
With Age, if he an hundred Years had ſeen,

He had not us'd Excurſions, Spears, or Darts,
But Counſel, Order, and ſuch aged Arts,
Which, if our Anceſtors had not retain'd,
The *Senate's* Name our Council had not gain'd.
The *Spartans* to their higheſt Magiſtrate
The Name of *Elder* did appropriate:
Therefore his Fame for ever ſhall remain,
How gallantly *Tarentum* he did gain,
With vigilant Conduct, when that ſharp Reply
He gave to *Salinator*, I ſtood by,
Who to the Caſtle fled, the Town being loſt,
Yet he to *Maximus* did vainly boaſt,
'Twas by my Means *Tarentum* you obtain'd;
'Tis true, had you not loſt, I had not gain'd.
And as much Honour on his Gown did wait,
As on his Arms, in his Fifth Conſulate,
When his Colleague *Carvilius* ſtept aſide,
The Tribune of the People would divide
To them the *Gallick*, and the *Picene* Field,
Againſt the Senate's Will, he will not yield;
When, being angry, boldly he declares
Thoſe Things were acted under happy Stars,
From which the Commonwealth found good Effects,
But otherwiſe they came from bad Aſpects.
Many great Things of *Fabius* I could tell,
But his Son's Death did all the reſt excel;
(His Gallant Son, though young, had Conſul been)
His Funeral Oration I have ſeen
Often, and when on that I turn my Eyes,
I all the Old Philoſophers deſpiſe.

Though he in all the Peoples Eyes ſeem'd great,
Yet greater he appear'd in his Retreat;
When feaſting with his private Friends at home
Such Counſel, ſuch Diſcourſe from him did come,
Such Science in his Art of Augury,
No *Roman* ever was more learn'd than he;
Knowledge of all Things preſent, and to come,
Remembring all the Wars of ancient *Rome*,
Nor only there, but all the World's beſide;
Dying in extreme Age, I propheſy'd
That which is come to paſs, and did diſcern
From his Survivors I could nothing learn.
This long Diſcourſe was but to let you ſee,
That his long Life could not uneaſie be.
Few like the *Fabii* or the *Scipio's* are
Takers of Cities, Conquerors in War.
Yet others to like happy Age arrive,
Who Modeſt, Quiet, and with Virtue live:
Thus *Plato* writing his Philoſophy,
With Honour after ninety Years did die.
Th' *Athenian Story* writ at Ninety-four
By *Iſocrates*, who yet liv'd five Years more;
His Maſter *Gorgias* at the hundredth Year
And ſeventh, not his Studies did forbear:
And, askt, why he no ſooner left the Stage,
Said, He ſaw nothing to accuſe Old Age.
None but the Fooliſh, who their Lives abuſe,
Age, of their own Miſtakes and Crimes, accuſe.
All Common-wealths (as by Records is ſeen)
As by' Age preſerv'd, by Youth deſtroy'd have been.

When the Tragedian *Nævius* did demand,
Why did your Common-wealth no longer ſtand?
'Twas anſwer'd, that their Senators were new,
Fooliſh, and Young, and ſuch as nothing knew;
Nature to Youth hot Raſhneſs doth diſpence,
But with cold Prudence Age doth recompence;
But Age, 'tis ſaid, will Memory decay,
So (if it be not exercis'd) it may;
Or, if by Nature it be dull and ſlow:
Themiſtocles (when aged) the Names did know
Of all th' *Athenians*; and none grow ſo old,
Not to remember where they hid their Gold.
From Age ſuch Art of Memory we learn,
To forget nothing, which is our Concern;
Their Intereſt no Prieſt nor Sorcerer
Forgets, nor Lawyer, nor Philoſopher;
No underſtanding Memory can want,
Where Wiſdom ſtudious Induſtry doth plant.
Nor does it only in the Active live,
But in the Quiet and Contemplative;
When *Sophocles* (who Plays when aged wrote)
Was by his Sons before the Judges brought,
Becauſe he pay'd the Muſes ſuch Reſpect,
His Fortune, Wife, and Children to neglect;
Almoſt condemn'd, he mov'd the Judges thus,
Hear, but inſtead of me, my *Oedipus*:
The Judges hearing with Applauſe, at th' end
Freed him, and ſaid, No Fool ſuch Lines had penn'd.
What Poets and what Orators can I
Recount? what Princes in Philoſophy?

Whoſe conſtant Studies with their Age did ſtrive,
Nor did they thoſe, though thoſe did them ſurvive.
Old Husbandmen I at *Sabinum* know,
Who for another Year dig, plough, and ſow.
For never any Man was yet ſo old,
But hop'd his Life one Winter more might hold.
Cæcilius vainly ſaid, Each Day we ſpend
Diſcovers ſomething, which muſt needs offend;
But ſometimes Age may pleaſant Things behold,
And nothing that offends: He ſhould have told
This not to Age, but Youth, who oftner ſee
What not alone offends, but hurts, than we:
That, I in him, which he in Age condemn'd,
That us it renders odious, and contemn'd.
He knew not Virtue, if he thought this Truth;
For Youth delights in Age, and Age in Youth.
What to the Old can greater Pleaſure be,
Than hopeful and ingenious Youth to ſee?
When they with Rev'rence follow where we lead,
And in ſtrait Paths by our Directions tread;
And even my Converſation here I ſee,
As well receiv'd by you, as yours by me.
'Tis diſ-ingenuous to accuſe our Age
Of Idleneſs, who all our Powers ingage
In the ſame Studies, the ſame Courſe to hold;
Nor think our Reaſon for new Arts too old.
Solon the Sage his Progreſs never ceas'd,
But ſtill his Learning with his Days increas'd;
And I with the ſame Greedineſs did ſeek,
As Water when I thirſt, to ſwallow *Greek*;

Which I did only learn, that I might know
Thoſe great Examples, which I follow now:
And I have heard that *Socrates*, the Wiſe,
Learn'd on the Lute for his laſt Exerciſe.
Though many of the Antients did the ſame,
To improve Knowledge was my only Aim.

THE
SECOND PART.

NOW int' our ſecond Grievance I muſt break,
That loſs of Strength makes Underſtanding weak.
I grieve no more my youthful Strength to want,
Than Young, that of a Bull, or Elephant;
Then with that Force content, which Nature gave,
Nor am I now diſpleas'd with what I have.
When the young Wreſtlers at their Sport grew warm,
Old *Milo* wept, to ſee his naked Arm;
And cry'd, 'twas dead: Trifler, thine Heart, and Head,
And all that's in them (not thy Arm) are dead;
This Folly ev'ry Looker-on derides,
To glory only in thy Arms and Sides.
Our gallant Anceſtors let fall no Tears,
Their Strength decreaſing by increaſing Years;
But they advanc'd in Wiſdom ev'ry Hour,
And made the Common-wealth advance in Pow'r.

But Orators may grieve, for in their Sides,
Rather than Heads, their Faculty abides;
Yet I have heard old Voices loud and clear,
And ſtill my own ſometimes the Senate hear.
When th' Old with ſmooth and gentle Voices plead,
They by the Ear their well-pleas'd Audience lead:
Which, if I had not Strength enough to do,
I could (my *Lælius*, and my *Scipio*)
What's to be done, or not be done, inſtruct,
And to the Maxims of good Life conduct.
Cneius and *Publius Scipio*, and (that Man
Of Men) your Grandſire the great *African*,
Were joyful, when the Flower of Noble Blood
Crowded their Dwellings, and attending ſtood,
Like Oracles their Counſels to receive,
How in their Progreſs they ſhould act, and live.
And they whoſe high Examples Youth obeys,
Are not deſpiſed, though their Strength decays,
And thoſe Decays (to ſpeak the naked Truth,
Though the Defects of Age) were Crimes of Youth.
Intemp'rate Youth (by ſad Experience found)
Ends in an Age imperfect, and unſound.
Cyrus, though aged, (if *Xenophon* ſay true)
Lucius Metellus (whom when Young I knew)
Who held (after his Second Conſulate)
Twenty Two Years the high Pontificate;
Neither of theſe in Body, or in Mind,
Before their Death the leaſt Decay did find.
I ſpeak not of my ſelf, though none deny
To Age, to praiſe their Youth, the Liberty:

Such an unwaſted Strength I cannot boaſt,
Yet now my Years are Eighty-four almoſt:
And though from what it was my Strength is far,
Both in the firſt and ſecond *Punick* War,
Nor at *Thermopylæ*, under *Glabrio*,
Nor when I Conſul into *Spain* did go;
But yet I feel no Weakneſs, nor hath length
Of Winters quite enervated my Strength;
And I, my Gueſt, my Client, or my Friend,
Still in the Courts of Juſtice can defend:
Neither muſt I that Proverb's Truth allow,
Who would be Antient, muſt be early ſo.
I would be Youthful ſtill, and find no need
To appear Old, till I was ſo indeed.
And yet you ſee my Hours not idle are,
Though with your Strength I cannot mine compare;
Yet this Centurion's doth yours ſurmount,
Not therefore him the better Man I count.
Milo when entring the Olympick Game,
With a huge Oxe upon his Shoulder came.
Would you the Force of *Milo*'s Body find,
Rather than of *Pythagoras*'s Mind?
The Force which Nature gives with Care retain,
But when decay'd, 'tis Folly to complain;
In Age to wiſh for Youth is full as vain,
As for a Youth to turn a Child again.
Simple and certain Nature's ways appear,
As ſhe ſets forth the Seaſons of the Year.
So in all parts of Life we find her Truth,
Weakneſs to Childhood, Raſhneſs to our Youth;

To elder Years to be Diſcreet and Grave,
Then to old Age Maturity ſhe gave.
(*Scipio*) you know, how *Maſſiniſſa* bears
His Kingly Port, at more than ninety Years;
When marching with his Foot, he walks till Night;
When with his Horſe, he never will alight;
Though cold, or wet, his Head is always bare;
So hot, ſo dry, his aged Members are.
You ſee how Exerciſe and Temperance
Even to old Years a Youthful Strength advance.
Our Law (becauſe from Age our Strength retires)
No Duty which belongs to Strength requires.
But Age doth many Men ſo feeble make,
That they no great Deſign can undertake;
Yet, that to Age not ſingly is apply'd,
But to all Man's Infirmities beſide.
That *Scipio*, who adopted you did fall
Into ſuch Pains, he had no Health at all;
Who elſe had equall'd *Affricanus'* Parts,
Exceeding him in all the Lib'ral Arts:
Why ſhould thoſe Errors then imputed be
To Age alone, from which our Youth's not free?
Ev'ry Diſeaſe of Age we may prevent,
Like thoſe of Youth, by being diligent.
When ſick ſuch mod'rate Exerciſe we uſe,
And Diet, as our vital Heat renews;
And if our Body thence Refreſhment finds,
Then muſt we alſo exerciſe our Minds.
If with continual Oil we not ſupply
Our Lamp, the Light for want of it will die:

Though Bodies may be tir'd with Exerciſe,
No Wearineſs the Mind could e'er ſurprize.
Cecilius the Comedian, when of Age
He repreſents the Follies on the Stage;
They're Credulous, Forgetful, Diſſolute,
Neither thoſe Crimes to Age he doth impute,
But to old Men to whom thoſe Crimes belong.
Luſt, Petulance, Raſhneſs, are in Youth more ſtrong
Than Age, and yet young Men thoſe Vices hate,
Who Virtuous are, Diſcreet, and Temperate:
And ſo what we call Dotage, ſeldom breeds
In Bodies, but where Nature ſow'd the Seeds.
There are five Daughters, and four gallant Sons,
In whom the Blood of Noble *Appius* runs,
With a moſt num'rous Family beſide;
Whom he alone, though Old and Blind, did guide.
Yet his clear-ſighted Mind was ſtill intent,
And to his Buſineſs like a Bow ſtood bent:
By Children, Servants, Neighbours ſo eſteem'd,
He not a Maſter, but a Monarch ſeem'd.
All his Relations his Admirers were,
His Sons paid Reverence, and his Servants Fear:
The Order and the ancient Diſcipline
Of *Romans*, did in all his Actions ſhine.
Authority kept up Old Age ſecures,
Whoſe Dignity as long as Life endures.
Something of Youth I in Old Age approve,
But more the Marks of Age in Youth I love.
Who this obſerves, may in his Body find
Decrepit Age, but never in his Mind.

The ſeven Volumes of my own Reports,
Wherein are all the Pleadings of our Courts;
All noble Monuments of *Greece* are come
Unto my Hands, with thoſe of ancient *Rome*.
The Pontificial, and the Civil Law,
I ſtudy ſtill, and thence Orations draw.
And to confirm my Memory, at Night,
What I hear, ſee, do, by Day, I ſtill recite.
Theſe Exerciſes for my Thoughts I find,
Theſe Labours are the Chariots of my Mind.
To ſerve my Friends, the Senate I frequent,
And there what I before digeſted, vent.
Which only from my Strength of Mind proceeds,
Not any outward Force of Body needs:
Which, if I could not do, I ſhould delight
On what I would to ruminate at Night.
Who in ſuch Practices their Minds engage,
Nor fear, nor think of their approaching Age;
Which by degrees inviſibly doth creep:
Nor do we ſeem to die, but fall aſleep.

THE THIRD PART.

NOW muſt I draw my Forces 'gainſt that Hoſt
Of Pleaſures, which i' th' Sea of Age are loſt.
Oh, thou moſt high tranſcendent Gift of Age!
Youth from its Folly thus to diſengage.
And now receive from me that moſt divine
Oration of that noble * *Tarentine*,
Which at *Tarentum* I long ſince did hear;
When I attended the great *Fabius* there.
Ye Gods, was it Man's Nature, or his Fate,
Betray'd him with ſweet Pleaſure's poiſon'd Bait?
Which he, with all Deſigns of Art, or Pow'r,
Doth with unbridled Appetite devour:
And as all Poiſons ſeek the nobleſt Part,
Pleaſure poſſeſſes firſt the Head and Heart;
Intoxicating both, by them, ſhe finds,
And burns the Sacred Temples of our Minds.
Furies, which Reaſon's divine Chains had bound,
(That being broken) all the World confound.
Luſt, Murder, Treaſon, Avarice, and Hell
It ſelf broke looſe, in Reaſon's Palace dwell;
Truth, Honour, Juſtice, Temperance, are fled,
All her Attendants into Darkneſs led.
But why all this Diſcourſe? when Pleaſure's Rage
Hath conquer'd Reaſon, we muſt treat with Age.

* Archytas *much praiſed by* Horace.

Age undermines, and will in time ſurprize
Her ſtrongeſt Forts, and cut off all Supplies;
And join'd in League with ſtrong Neceſſity,
Pleaſure muſt flie, or elſe by Famine die.
Flaminius, whom a Conſulſhip had grac'd,
(Then Cenſor) from the Senate I diſplac'd;
When he in *Gaul*, a Conſul, made a Feaſt,
A beauteous Curteſan did him requeſt
To ſee the cutting off a Pris'ner's Head;
This Crime I could not leave unpuniſhed,
Since by a private Villany he ſtain'd
That publick Honour, which at *Rome* he gain'd.
Then to our Age (when not to Pleaſures bent)
This ſeems an Honour, not Diſparagement.
We, not all Pleaſures like the Stoicks hate;
But love and ſeek thoſe which are moderate,
(Though Divine *Plato* thus of Pleaſures thought,
They us, with Hooks and Baits, like Fiſhes caught)
When Queſtor, to the Gods, in publick Halls
I was the firſt, who ſet up Feſtivals.
Not with high Taſtes our Appetites did force,
But fill'd with Converſation and Diſcourſe;
Which Feaſts, *Convivial Meetings* we did name:
Not like the Antient *Greeks*, who to their ſhame,
Call'd it a *Compotation*, not a Feaſt;
Declaring the worſt part of it the beſt.
Thoſe Entertainments I did then frequent
Sometimes with Youthful Heat and Merriment:
But now I thank my Age, which gives me Eaſe
From thoſe Exceſſes; yet my ſelf I pleaſe

With chearful Talk to entertain my Gueſts,
(Diſcourſes are to Age continual Feaſts)
The Love of Meat and Wine they recompence,
And chear the Mind, as much as thoſe the Senſe.
I'm not more pleas'd with Gravity among
The Ag'd, than to be Youthful with the Young;
Nor 'gainſt all Pleaſures proclaim open War,
To which, in Age, ſome nat'ral Motions are.
And ſtill at my *Sabinum* I delight
To treat my Neighbours till the Depth of Night.
But we the Senſe of Guſt and Pleaſure want,
Which Youth at full poſſeſſes, this I grant;
But Age ſeeks not the Things which Youth requires,
And no Man needs that, which he not deſires.
When *Sophocles* was ask'd, if he deny'd
Himſelf the Uſe of Pleaſures, he reply'd,
I humbly thank th' Immortal Gods, who me
From that fierce Tyrant's Inſolence ſet free.
But they whom preſſing Appetites conſtrain,
Grieve when they cannot their Deſires obtain.
Young Men the Uſe of Pleaſure underſtand,
As of an Object new, and near at hand:
Though this ſtands more remote from Age's ſight,
Yet they behold it not without Delight:
As antient Soldiers, from their Duties eas'd,
With Senſe of Honour and Rewards are pleas'd;
So from ambitious Hopes and Luſts releaſt,
Delighted with it ſelf, our Age doth reſt.
No part of Life's more Happy, when with Bread
Of ancient Knowledge, and new Learning fed,

All Youthful Pleaſures by degrees muſt ceaſe;
But thoſe of Age, ev'n with our Years increaſe.
We love not loaded Boards, and Goblets crown'd,
But free from Surfeits our Repoſe is ſound.
When Old *Fabritius* to the *Samnites* went
Ambaſſador, from *Rome* to *Pyrrhus* ſent,
He heard a grave Philoſopher maintain,
That all the Actions of our Life were vain,
Which with our Senſe of Pleaſure not conſpir'd;
Fabritius the Philoſopher deſir'd,
That he to *Pyrrhus* would that Maxim teach,
And to the *Samnites* the ſame Doctrine preach;
Then of their Conqueſt he ſhould doubt no more,
Whom their own Pleaſures overcame before.
Now into ruſtick Matters I muſt fall,
Which Pleaſure ſeems to me the Chief of all.
Age no Impediment to thoſe can give,
Who wiſely by the Rules of Nature live.
Earth (though our Mother) chearfully obeys
All the Commands her Race upon her lays.
For whatſoever from our Hand ſhe takes,
Greater, or leſs, a vaſt Return ſhe makes.
Nor am I only pleas'd with that Reſource,
But with her Ways, her Method, and her Force,
The Seed her Boſom (by the Plough made fit)
Receives, where kindly ſhe embraces it,
Which with her genuine Warmth diffus'd, and ſpread,
Sends forth betimes a green and tender Head,
Then gives it Motion, Life, and Nouriſhment,
Which from the Root thro' Nerves and Veins are
ſent,

Streight in a hollow Sheath upright it grows,
And, Form receiving, doth it ſelf diſcloſe:
Drawn up in Ranks, and Files, the bearded Spikes
Guard it from Birds as with a Stand of Pikes.
When of the Vine I ſpeak, I ſeem inſpir'd,
And with Delight, as with her Juice, am fir'd;
At Nature's God-like Pow'r I ſtand amaz'd,
Which ſuch vaſt Bodies hath from Atoms rais'd.
The Kernel of a Grape, the Fig's ſmall Grain,
Can cloath a Mountain, and o'erſhade a Plain:
But thou (dear Vine) forbid'ſt me to be long,
Although thy Trunk be neither large, nor ſtrong,
Nor can thy Head (not helpt) it ſelf ſublime,
Yet, like a Serpent, a tall Tree can climb;
Whate'er thy many Fingers can intwine,
Proves thy Support, and all its Strength is thine.
Though Nature gave not Legs, it gave thee Hands,
By which thy Prop the proudeſt Cedar ſtands:
As thou haſt Hands, ſo hath thy Off-ſpring Wings,
And to the higheſt part of Mortals ſprings.
But leſt thou ſhouldſt conſume thy Wealth in vain,
And ſtarve thy ſelf to feed a num'rous Train,
Or like the Bee (ſweet as thy Blood) deſign'd
To be deſtroy'd to propagate his kind,
Leſt thy redundant, and ſuperfluous Juyce,
Should fading Leaves inſtead of Fruits produce,
The Pruner's Hand, with letting Blood, muſt quench
Thy Heat, and thy exub'rant Parts retrench:
Then from the Joints of thy prolifick Stem
A ſwelling Knot is raiſed, (call'd a Gem)

Whence, in ſhort ſpace, it ſelf the Cluſter ſhows,
And from Earth's Moiſture mixt with Sun-beams grows.
I' th' Spring, like Youth, it yields an acid Taſte,
But Summer doth, like Age, the Sourneſs waſte;
Then cloath'd with Leaves, from Heat and Cold ſecure,
Like Virgins, Sweet, and Beauteous, when mature.
On Fruits, Flow'rs, Herbs, and Plants, I long could dwell,
At once to pleaſe my Eye, my Taſte, my Smell;
My Walks of Trees, all planted by my Hand,
Like Children of my own begetting ſtand.
To tell the ſev'ral Nature of each Earth,
What Fruits from each moſt properly take Birth:
And with what Arts to enrich ev'ry Mold,
The Dry to moiſten, and to warm the Cold.
But when we graft, or Buds inoculate,
Nature by Art we nobly meliorate;
As *Orpheus*'s Muſick wildeſt Beaſts did tame,
From the ſour Crab the ſweeteſt Apple came:
The Mother to the Daughter goes to School,
The Species changed, doth her Laws over-rule;
Nature her ſelf doth from her ſelf depart,
(Strange Tranſmigration) by the Power of Art.
How little Things give Law to great? we ſee
The ſmall Bud captivates the greateſt Tree.
Here even the Pow'r Divine we imitate,
And ſeem not to beget, but to create.

Much was I pleas'd with Fowls and Beaſts, the Tame
For Food and Profit, and the Wild for Game.
Excuſe me when this pleaſant String I touch,
(For Age, of what delights it, ſpeaks too much.)
Who twice Victorious *Pyrrhus* conquered,
The *Sabines* and the *Samnites* captive led,
Great *Curius*, his remaining Days did ſpend,
And in this happy Life his Triumphs end.
My Farm ſtands near, and when I there retire,
His, and that Age's Temper I admire:
The *Samnites* Chiefs, as by his Fire he ſate,
With a vaſt Sum of Gold on him did wait;
Return, ſaid he, your Gold I nothing weigh,
When thoſe, who can command it, me obey:
This my Aſſertion proves, he may be Old,
And yet not ſordid, who refuſes Gold.
In Summer to ſit ſtill, or walk, I love,
Near a cool Fountain, or a ſhady Grove.
What can in Winter render more Delight,
Than the high Sun at Noon, and Fire at Night?
While our old Friends and Neighbours feaſt and play,
And with their harmleſs Mirth turn Night to Day,
Unpurchas'd Plenty our full Tables loads,
And part of what they lent, return t' our Gods.
That Honour and Authority which dwells
With Age, all Pleaſures of our Youth excels.
Obſerve, that I that Age have only prais'd
Whoſe Pillars were on Youth's Foundations rais'd,

And that (for which I great Applauſe receiv'd)
As a true Maxim hath been ſince believ'd.
That moſt unhappy Age great Pity needs,
Which to defend it ſelf, new Matter pleads;
Not from Gray Hairs Authority doth flow,
Nor from bald Heads, nor from a wrinkled Brow,
But our paſt Life, when virtuouſly ſpent,
Muſt to our Age thoſe happy Fruits preſent.
Thoſe Things to Age moſt Honourable are,
Which eaſie, common, and but light appear,
Salutes, Conſulting, Complement, Reſort,
Crouding Attendance to, and from the Court:
And not on *Rome* alone this Honour waits,
But on all civil, and well-govern'd States.
Lyſander pleading in his City's Praiſe,
From thence his ſtrongeſt Argument did raiſe,
That *Sparta* did with Honour Age ſupport,
Paying them juſt Reſpect at Stage, and Court.
But at proud *Athens* Youth did Age out-face,
Nor at the Plays would riſe, or give them place.
When an *Athenian* Stranger of great Age,
Arriv'd at *Sparta*, climbing up the Stage,
To him the whole Aſſembly roſe, and ran
To place and eaſe this Old and Reverend Man,
Who thus his Thanks returns, Th' *Athenians* know
What's to be done, but what they know, not do.
Here our great Senate's Orders I may quote,
The firſt in Age is ſtill the firſt in Vote.
Nor Honour, nor High-birth, nor great Command
In Competition with great Years may ſtand.

Why

Why ſhould our Youths ſhort, tranſient Pleaſures,
With Age's laſting Honours to compare? [dare
On the World's Stage, when our Applauſe grows high,
For acting here Life's Tragick-Comedy,
The Lookers-on will ſay we act not well,
Unleſs the laſt the former Scenes excel:
But Age is froward, uneaſie, ſcrutinous,
Hard to be pleas'd, and parcimonious;
But all thoſe Errors from our Manners riſe,
Not from our Years; yet ſome Moroſities
We muſt expect, ſince Jealouſie belongs
To Age, of Scorn, and tender Senſe of Wrongs:
Yet thoſe are mollify'd, or not diſcern'd,
Where civil Arts and Manners have been learn'd:
So the * Twins Humours, in our *Terence*, are
Unlike, this Harſh and Rude, that Smooth and Fair.
Our Nature here is not unlike our Wine,
Some ſorts, when Old, continue Brisk and Fine;
So Age's Gravity may ſeem ſevere,
But nothing harſh or bitter ought t' appear.
Of Age's Avarice I cannot ſee
What Colour, Ground, or Reaſon there ſhould be;
Is it not Folly, when the way we ride
Is ſhort, for a long Voyage to provide?
To Avarice ſome Title Youth may own,
To reap in Autumn, what the Spring had ſown;
And with the Providence of Bees, or Ants,
Prevents with Summer's Plenty, Winter's Wants.

* *In his Comedy called* Adelphy.

But Age ſcarce Sows, till Death ſtands by to Reap,
And to a Stranger's Hand transfers the Heap;
Afraid to be ſo once, ſhe's always Poor,
And to avoid a Miſchief makes it ſure.
Such Madneſs, as for Fear of Death to die,
Is, to be Poor for Fear of Poverty.

THE
FOURTH PART.

NOW againſt (that which terrifies our Age)
The laſt, and greateſt Grievance, we engage;
To her, grim Death appears in all her Shapes,
The hungry Grave for her due Tribute gapes.
Fond, Fooliſh Man! with fear of Death ſurpriz'd,
Which either ſhould be wiſht for, or deſpis'd;
This, if our Souls with Bodies Death deſtroy;
That, if our Souls a ſecond Life enjoy.
What elſe is to be fear'd? when we ſhall gain
Eternal Life, or have no Senſe of Pain.
The youngeſt in the Morning are not ſure,
That till the Night their Life they can ſecure;
Their Age ſtands more expos'd to Accidents
Than ours, nor common Care their Fate prevents;
Death's Force (with Terror) againſt Nature ſtrives,
Nor one of many to ripe Age arrives.
From this ill Fate the World's Diſorders riſe,
For if all Men were Old, they would be Wiſe;

Years and Experience our Fore-fathers taught,
Them under Laws, and into Cities brought:
Why only ſhould the Fear of Death belong
To Age? which is as common to the Young:
Your hopeful Brothers, and my Son, to you
(*Scipio*) and me, this Maxim makes too true:
But vig'rous Youth may his gay Thoughts erect
To many Years, which Age muſt not expect,
But when he ſees his airy Hopes deceiv'd,
With Grief he ſays, Who this would have believ'd?
We happier are than they, who but deſir'd
To poſſeſs that, which we long ſince acquir'd.
What if our Age to *Neſtor*'s could extend?
'Tis vain to think that laſting, which muſt end;
And when 'tis paſt, not any part remains
Thereof, but the Reward which Virtue gains.
Days, Months, and Years, like running Waters flow,
Nor what is paſt, nor what's to come, we know:
Our Date, how ſhort ſo e'er, muſt us content;
When a good Actor doth his Part preſent,
In ev'ry Act he our Attention draws,
That at the laſt he may find juſt Applauſe;
So (though but ſhort) yet we muſt learn the Art
Of Virtue, on this Stage to act our part;
True Wiſdom muſt our Actions ſo direct,
Not only the laſt Plaudite to expect:
Yet grieve no more, tho' long that Part ſhould laſt,
Than Husbandmen, becauſe the Spring is paſt.

The Spring, like Youth, freſh Bloſſoms doth produce,
But Autumn makes them ripe, and fit for Uſe:
So Age a mature Mellowneſs doth ſet
On the green Promiſes of youthful Heat.
All things which Nature did ordain, are good,
And ſo muſt be receiv'd, and underſtood.
Age, like ripe Apples, on Earth's Boſom drops,
While Force our Youth, like Fruits untimely, crops;
The ſparkling Flame of our warm Blood expires,
As when huge Streams are pour'd on raging Fires;
But Age unforc'd falls by her own Conſent,
As Coals to Aſhes, when the Spirit's ſpent;
Therefore to Death I with ſuch Joy reſort,
As Seamen from a Tempeſt to their Port.
Yet to that Port our ſelves we muſt not force,
Before our Pilot, Nature, ſteers our Courſe.
Let us the Cauſes of our Fear condemn,
Then Death at his Approach we ſhall contemn.
Though to our heat of Youth our Age ſeems cold,
Yet when reſolv'd, it is more brave and bold.
Thus *Solon* to *Piſiſtratus* reply'd,
Demanded, on what Succour he rely'd,
When with ſo few he boldly did engage;
He ſaid, he took his Courage from his Age.
Then Death ſeems welcome, and our Nature kind,
When leaving us a perfect Senſe and Mind,
She (like a Workman in his Science skill'd)
Pulls down with eaſe, what her own Hand did
build.
That Art which knew to join all Parts in one,
Makes the leaſt violent Separation.

Yet though our Ligaments betimes grow weak,
We muſt not force them till themſelves they break.
Pythagoras bids us in our Station ſtand,
Till God, our General, ſhall us disband.
Wiſe *Solon* dying, wiſht his Friends might grieve,
That in their Memories he ſtill might live.
Yet wiſer *Ennius* gave Command to all
His Friends, not to bewail his Funeral;
Your Tears for ſuch a Death in vain you ſpend,
Which ſtrait in Immortality ſhall end.
In Death if there be any Senſe of Pain,
But a ſhort Space, to Age it will remain.
On which, without my Fears, my Wiſhes wait,
But tim'rous Youth on this ſhould meditate:
Who for light Pleaſure this Advice rejects,
Finds little, when his Thoughts he recollects.
Our Death (though not its certain Date) we know,
Nor whether it may be this Night, or no:
How then can they contented live, who fear
A Danger certain? and none knows how near.
They err, who for the Fear of Death diſpute,
Our gallant Actions this Miſtake confute.
Thee, *Brutus*, *Rome*'s firſt Martyr I muſt name,
The *Curtii* bravely div'd the Gulph of Flame:
Attilius ſacrific'd himſelf, to ſave
That Faith, which to his barb'rous Foes he gave;
With the two *Scipio's* did thy Uncle fall,
Rather than fly from Conqu'ring *Hannibal*.
The great *Marcellus* (who reſtored *Rome*)
His greateſt Foes with Honour did intomb.

Their Lives how many of our Legions threw
Into the Breach? whence no return they knew:
Muſt then the Wiſe, the Old, the Learned fear,
What not the Rude, the Young, th'Unlearn'd forbear?
Satiety from all Things elſe doth come,
Then Life muſt to it ſelf grow weariſome.
Thoſe Trifles wherein Children take delight,
Grow nauſeous to the young Man's Appetite;
And from thoſe Gayeties our Youth requires
To exerciſe their Minds, our Age retires.
And when the laſt Delights of Age ſhall die,
Life in it ſelf will find Satiety.
Now you (my Friends) my Senſe of Death ſhall hear
Which I can well deſcribe, for he ſtands near.
Your Father *Lælius*, and yours *Scipio*,
My Friends, and Men of Honour, I did know;
As certainly as we muſt die, they live
That Life which juſtly may that Name receive:
Till from theſe Priſons of our Fleſh releas'd,
Our Souls with heavy Burdens lie oppreſs'd;
Which part of Man from Heaven falling down,
Earth, in her low Abyſs, doth hide, and drown,
A place ſo dark to the Cœleſtial Light,
And pure, eternal Fire's quite oppoſite,
The Gods through human Bodies did diſperſe
An Heav'nly Soul, to guide this Univerſe;
That Man, when he of Heav'nly Bodies ſaw
The Order, might from thence a Pattern draw:
Nor this to me did my own Dictates ſhow,
But to the old Philoſophers I owe.

I heard *Pythagoras*, and thoſe who came
With him, and from our Country took their Name;
Who never doubted but the Beams divine,
Deriv'd from Gods, in mortal Breaſts did ſhine.
Nor from my Knowledge did the Antients hide
What *Socrates* declar'd, the Hour he dy'd;
He th' Immortality of Souls proclaim'd,
(Whom th' Oracle of Men the wiſeſt nam'd)
Why ſhould we doubt of that, whereof our Senſe
Finds Demonſtration from Experience?
Our Minds are here, and there, below, above;
Nothing that's Mortal can ſo ſwiftly move.
Our Thoughts to future Things their Flight direct,
And in an inſtant all that's paſt collect.
Reaſon, Remembrance, Wit, inventive Art,
No Nature, but immortal, can impart.
Man's Soul in a perpetual Motion flows,
And to no outward Cauſe that Motion owes;
And therefore that, no end can overtake,
Becauſe our Minds cannot themſelves forſake.
And ſince the Matter of our Soul is pure,
And ſimple, which no Mixture can endure
Of Parts, which not among themſelves agree;
Therefore it never can divided be.
And Nature ſhews (without Philoſophy)
What cannot be divided, cannot die.
We even in early Infancy diſcern,
Knowledge is born with Babes before they learn;
E'er they can ſpeak, they find ſo many ways
To ſerve their Turn, and ſee more Arts than Days:

Before their Thoughts they plainly can expreſs,
The Words and Things they know are numberleſs;
Which Nature only, and no Art could find,
But what ſhe taught before, ſhe call'd to mind.
Theſe to his Sons (as *Xenophon* records)
Of the great *Cyrus* were the dying Words;
Fear not when I depart (nor therefore mourn)
I ſhall be no where, or to nothing turn:
That Soul, which gave me Life, was ſeen by none,
Yet by the Actions it deſign'd, was known;
And though its Flight no mortal Eye ſhall ſee,
Yet know, for ever it the ſame ſhall be.
That Soul, which can immortal Glory give,
To her own Virtues muſt for ever live.
Can you believe, that Man's all-knowing Mind
Can to a Mortal Body be confin'd?
Though a foul fooliſh Priſon her immure
On Earth, ſhe (when eſcap'd) is Wiſe, and Pure.
Man's Body when diſſolv'd is but the ſame
With Beaſts, and muſt return from whence it came;
But whence into our Bodies Reaſon flows,
None ſees it, when it comes, or where it goes.
Nothing reſembles Death ſo much as Sleep,
Yet then our Minds themſelves from Slumber keep:
When from their fleſhly Bondage they are free,
Then what divine and future Things they ſee!
Which makes it moſt apparent whence they are,
And what they ſhall hereafter be, declare.
This Noble Speech the dying *Cyrus* made.
Me (*Scipio*) ſhall no Argument perſwade,

Thy Grandſire, and his Brother, to whom Fame
Gave, from two conquer'd Parts o' th' World, their Name,
Nor thy great Grandſire, nor thy Father *Paul*,
Who fell at *Cannæ* againſt *Hannibal*;
Nor I (for 'tis permitted to the Ag'd
To boaſt their Actions) had ſo oft engag'd
In Battels, and in Pleadings, had we thought,
That only Fame our virtuous Actions bought;
'Twere better in ſoft Pleaſure and Repoſe
Inglorioufly our peaceful Eyes to cloſe:
Some high Aſſurance hath poſſeſt my Mind,
After my Death, an happier Life to find.
Unleſs our Souls from the Immortals came,
What end have we to ſeek Immortal Fame?
All virtuous Spirits ſome ſuch Hope attends,
Therefore the Wiſe his Days with Pleaſure ends.
The Fooliſh and Short-ſighted die with Fear,
That they go no where, or they know not where.
The Wiſe and Virtuous Soul, with clearer Eyes,
Before ſhe parts, ſome happy Port deſcries.
My Friends, your Fathers I ſhall ſurely ſee;
Nor only thoſe I lov'd; or who lov'd me,
But ſuch as before ours did end their Days;
Of whom we hear, and read, and write their Praiſe.
This I believe; for were I on my way,
None ſhould perſwade me to return, or ſtay:
Should ſome God tell me, that ſhould I be born,
And cry again, his Offer I ſhould ſcorn;

Aſham'd, when I have ended well my Race,
To be led back to my firſt Starting-place.
And ſince with Life we are more griev'd than joy'd,
We ſhould be either ſatisfy'd, or cloy'd:
Yet will not I my Length of Days deplore,
As many Wiſe and Learn'd have done before:
Nor can I think ſuch Life in vain is lent,
Which for our Country and our Friends is ſpent.
Hence from an Inn, not from my Home I paſs,
Since Nature meant us here no Dwelling-place:
Happy when I, from this Turmoil ſet free,
That peaceful and divine Aſſembly ſee:
Not only thoſe I nam'd I there ſhall greet,
But my own Gallant, Virtuous *Cato*, meet.
Nor did I weep, when I to Aſhes turn'd
His belov'd Body, who ſhould mine have burn'd.
I in my Thoughts beheld his Soul aſcend,
Where his fixt Hopes our Interview attend:
Then ceaſe to wonder that I feel no Grief
From Age, which is of my Delights the chief.
My Hopes, if this Aſſurance hath deceiv'd,
(That I Man's Soul Immortal have believ'd)
And if I err, no Pow'r ſhall diſpoſſeſs
My Thoughts of that expected Happineſs.
Though ſome minute Philoſophers pretend,
That with our Days our Pains and Pleaſures end,
If it be ſo, I hold the ſafer ſide,
For none of them my Error ſhall deride.
And if hereafter no Rewards appear,
Yet Virtue hath it ſelf rewarded here.

If thoſe who this Opinion have deſpis'd,
And their whole Life to Pleaſure ſacrific'd,
Should feel their Error, they, when undeceiv'd,
Too late will wiſh, that me they had believ'd.
If Souls no Immortality obtain,
'Tis fit our Bodies ſhould be out of Pain.
The ſame Uneaſineſs which ev'ry thing
Gives to our Nature, Life muſt alſo bring.
Good Acts, if long, ſeem tedious; ſo is Age,
Acting too long upon this Earth her Stage.
Thus much for Age, to which when you arrive,
That Joy to you, which it gives me, 'twill give.



THE

THE SOPHY.

As it was Acted at the

PRIVATE HOUSE

IN

BLACK FRYARS.

BY

His MAJESTY's Servants.

LONDON:
Printed in the YEAR 1719.

THE
PROLOGUE.

Hither ye come, diſlike, and ſo undo
The Players, and diſgrace the Poet too;
But he proteſts againſt your Votes, and ſwears
He'll not be try'd by any, but his Peers;
He claims his Privilege, and ſays 'tis fit
Nothing ſhould be the Judge of Wit, but Wit.
Now you will all be Wits; and be, I pray;
And you that diſcommend it, mend the Play;
'Tis the beſt Satisfaction he knows, then
His Turn will come to laugh at you again.
But, Gentlemen, if ye diſlike the Play,
Pray make no Words on't till the ſecond Day,
Or third, be paſt: For we would have you know it,
The Loſs will fall on us, not on the Poet:
For he writes not for Mony, nor for Praiſe,
Nor to be call'd a Wit, nor to wear Bays:
Cares not for Frowns, or Smiles: ſo now you'll ſay,
Then why the Devil did he write a Play?
He ſays, 'twas then with him, as now with you,
He did it when he had nothing elſe to do.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Abas, King of *Perſia*.
Merza, the Prince, his Son.
Erythæa, the Princeſs, his Wife.

Haly, the King's Favourite, } Enemies to the Prince.
Mirvan, *Haly*'s Confident, }

Abdall, } Two Lords, Friends to the Prince.
Morat, }

Caliph.
Solyman, a fooliſh Courtier.
Sophy, the Prince's Son, now King of *Perſia*.
Fatyma, his Daughter.
Two *Turkiſh Baſhaws*.
Three *Captains*.
Two *Women*.
Phyſician.
Tormentors.

SCENE *PERSIÆ*.

THE SOPHY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter ABDALL *and* MORAT.

MORAT.

MY Lord, you have good Intelligence,
What News from the Army,
Any Certainty of their Deſign or Strength?

Abd. We know not their Deſign: But for their Strength, The Diſproportion is ſo great, we cannot but Expect a fatal Conſequence.

Mor. How great, my Lord?

Abd. The *Turks* are fourſcore thouſand Foot, And fifty thouſand Horſe. And we in the whole Exceed not forty Thouſand.

Mor. Methinks the Prince ſhould know That Judgment's more eſſential to a General, Than Courage; if he prove Victorious, 'Tis but a happy Raſhneſs.

Abd. But if he loſe the Battel, 'tis an Error
Beyond Excuſe, or Remedy, conſidering
That half the leſſer *Aſia* will follow
The Victor's Fortune.

Mor. 'Tis his ſingle Virtue,
And Terror of his Name, that walls us in
From Danger; were he loſt, the naked Empire
Would be a Prey expos'd to all Invaders.

Abd. But is't not neceſſary
The King ſhould know his Danger?

Mor. To tell him of ſo great a Danger,
Were but to draw a greater on our ſelves:
For though his Eye is open as the Morning's,
Towards Luſts and Pleaſures, yet ſo faſt a Lethargy
Has ſeiz'd his Pow'rs towards publick Cares and Dangers,
He ſleeps like Death.

Abd. He's a Man of that ſtrange Compoſition,
Made up of all the worſt Extremities
Of Youth, and Age.

Mor. And though
He feels the Heats of Youth, and Colds of Age,
Yet neither tempers, nor corrects the other;
As if there were an Ague in his Nature
That ſtill inclines to one Extream.

Abd. But the *Caliph*, or *Haly*, or ſome that know
His ſofter Hours, might beſt acquaint him with it.

Mor. Alas, they ſhew him nothing
But in the Glaſs of Flattery; if any thing
May bear a Shew of Glory, Fame, or Greatneſs,
'Tis multiplied to an immenſe Quantity,
And ſtretcht even to Divinity:
But if it tend to Danger, or Diſhonour,
They turn about the Perſpective, and ſhew it
So little, at ſuch diſtance, ſo like nothing,
That he can ſcarce diſcern it.

Abd. 'Tis the Fate of Princes, that no Knowledge
Comes pure to them, but paſſing through the Eyes
And Ears of other Men, it takes a Tincture
From ev'ry Channel; and ſtills bears a Reliſh
Of Flattery, or private Ends.
Mor. But Danger and Neceſſity
Dare ſpeak the Truth.
Abd. But commonly
They ſpeak not till it is too late:
And for *Haly*,
He that ſhall tell him of the Prince's Danger,
But tells him that himſelf is ſafe.

SCENE II.

Enter King, Princeſs, *and* Solyman.

King. Clear up, clear up, ſweet *Erythæa*,
That Cloud that hangs upon thy Brow preſages
A greater Storm than all the *Turkiſh* Power
Can throw upon us; methinks I ſee my Fortune
Settling her Looks by thine, and in thy Smile
Sits Victory, and in thy Frown our Ruin:
Why ſhould not Hope
As much erect our Thoughts, as Fear deject them?
Why ſhould we
Anticipate our Sorrows? 'tis like thoſe
That die for fear of Death:
What is't you doubt, his Courage, or his Fortune?
Princeſs. Envy it ſelf could never doubt his Courage.
King. Then let not Love do worſe, by doubting that
Which is but Valour's Slave; a wiſe well-temper'd Valour,
For ſuch is his, thoſe Giants Death and Danger,
Are but his Miniſters, and ſerve a Maſter

More to be fear'd than they; and the blind Goddess
Is led amongst the Captives in his Triumph.

Princess. I had rather she had Eyes; for if she saw him,
Sure she would love him better; but admit
She were at once a Goddess, and his Slave,
Yet Fortune, Valour, all is overborn
By Numbers: as the long resisting Bank
By the impetuous Torrent.

King. That's but Rumor:
Ne'er did the *Turk* invade our Territory,
But Fame and Terror doubled still their Files:
But when our Troops encountred, then we found
Scarce a sufficient Matter for our Fury.

[*One brings word of a Messenger.*

Solyman, Conduct him in.
'Tis surely from the Prince.

Enter Post, and delivers a Letter.

King. Give it our Secretaries: I hope the Prince is well.

Post. The Letter will inform you. [*Enter a Mess.*

Mess. Sir, the Lords attend you.

[*Ex. Princess. Enter Lords.*

King. What News from the Army?

Lord. Please you to hear the Letter?

King. Read it.

Lord. The *Turk*, enrag'd with his last Year's Overthrow,
Hath re-inforc'd his Army with the Choice of all his
And the Flow'r of his whole Empire; [Janizars,
We understand by some Fugitives, that he hath commanded
The Generals to return with Victory, or expect
A shameful Death: what I shall further do,
(Their Numbers five times exceeding ours)
I desire to receive Directions from Your Majesty's Command.

King. Send away all our Guards,
Let freſh Supplies of Victuals, and of Mony-----
Lord. Your Treaſures
Are quite exhauſted, the Exchequer's empty.
King. Send to the Bankers.
Abd. Sir, upon your late Demands
They anſwered they were Poor.
King. Sure the Villains hold a Coreſpondence
With the Enemy, and thus they would betray us:
Firſt give us up to Want, then to Contempt,
And then to Ruin; but tell thoſe Sons of Earth
I'll have their Mony, or their Heads.
'Tis my Command; when ſuch Occaſions are,
No Plea muſt ſerve; 'tis Cruelty to ſpare.
[*Exeunt Lords.*

Enter another Meſſenger.

King. The Prince, tranſported with his youthful Heat,
I fear, hath gone too far: 'tis ſome Diſaſter,
Or elſe he would not ſend ſo thick: well, bring him in:
I am prepar'd to hear the worſt of Evils.

Enter Solyman *and two Captains. Captains kiſs his Hand.*

King. What, is the Prince beſieged in his Trenches,
And loſt his Army, or his Liberty?
Tell me what Province they demand for Ranſom?
Or if the worſt of all Miſhaps hath fallen,
Speak, for he could not die unlike himſelf:
Speak freely; and yet methinks I read
Something of better Fortune in thy Looks,
But dare not hope it.
Capt. Sir, the Prince lives.
King. And hath not loſt his Honour?
Capt. As ſafe in Honour as in Life.
King. Nor Liberty?
Capt. Free as the Air he breathes.

King. Return with ſpeed:
Tell him he ſhall have Mony, Victuals, Men,
With all the Haſte they can be levied. Farewel.
[*Offers to go.*

Capt. But Sir, I have one Word more.

King. Then be brief.

Capt. So now you are prepar'd; and I may venture.

King. What is't?

Capt. Sir, a Father's Love mixt with a Father's Care,
This ſhewing Dangers greater, and that nearer,
Have rais'd your Fears too high; and thoſe remov'd
Too ſuddenly, would let in ſuch a Deluge
Of Joy, as might oppreſs your Aged Spirits,
Which made me gently firſt remove your Fears,
That ſo you might have room to entertain
Your Fill of Joy: Your Son's a Conqueror.

King. Delude me not with feigned Hopes, falſe Joys,
It cannot be. And if he can but make
A fair Retreat, I ſhall account it more
Than all his former Conqueſts; thoſe huge Numbers
Arm'd with Deſpair, the Flow'r of all the Empire.

Capt. Sir, I have not us'd to tell you Tales, or Fables,
And why ſhould you ſuſpect your Happineſs,
Being ſo conſtant? On my Life 'tis true, Sir.

King. Well, I'll no more ſuſpect
My Fortune, nor thy Faith:
Thou and thy News moſt welcome: *Solyman*,
Go call the *Princeſs* and the *Lords*, they ſhall
Participate our Joys, as well as Cares.

Enter Princeſs *and* Lords.

King. Fair Daughter, blow away thoſe Miſts and Clouds

And let thy Eyes ſhine forth in their full Luſtre;
Inveſt them with thy loveliest Smiles, put on
Thy choiceſt Looks: his coming will deſerve them.

Princeſs. What, is the Prince return'd with Safety?
'Tis beyond Belief, or Hope.

King. Ay, ſweet *Erythæa*;
Laden with Spoils and Honour: all thy Fears,
Thy wakeful Terrors, and affrighting Dreams,
Thy Morning Sighs, and Evening Tears, have now
Their full Rewards. And you my Lords,
Prepare for Maſques and Triumphs: Let no Cir-
Be wanting, that becomes [cumſtance
The Greatneſs of our State, or Joy.
Behold he comes.

Enter Prince *with Captain, and two Captive* Baſhaws.

King. Welcome brave Son, as welcome to thy Father
As *Phœbus* was to *Jove*, when he had ſlain
Th' ambitious Giants that aſſail'd the Sky;
And as my Power reſembles that of *Jove*'s,
So ſhall thy Glory like high *Phœbus* ſhine
As bright and as immortal.

Prince. Great Sir, all Acquiſition
Of Glory as of Empire, here I lay before
Your Royal Feet, happy to be the Inſtrument
To advance either: Sir, I challenge nothing,
But am an humble Suitor for theſe Priſoners,
The late Commanders of the *Turkiſh* Powers,
Whoſe Valours have deſerv'd a better Fortune.

King. Then what hath thine deſerv'd? they're thine, brave *Mirza*.
Worthy of all thy Royal Anceſtors,
And all thoſe many Kingdoms, which their Virtue,
Or got, or kept, though thou hadſt not been born to't.

But Daughter, ſtill your Looks are ſad,
No longer I'll defer your Joys, go take him
Into thy chaſt Embrace, and whiſper to him
That Welcome which thoſe Bluſhes promiſe. [*Ex.*

Prince. My *Erythaa*, why entertain'ſt thou with
ſo ſad a Brow
My long deſir'd Return? thou waſt wont
With Kiſſes and ſweet Smiles, to welcome home
My Victories, though bought with Sweat and Blood,
And long expected.

Princeſs. Pardon, Sir;
'Tis with our Souls
As with our Eyes, that after a long Darkneſs
Are dazled at the Approach of ſudden Light:
When i'th' midſt of Fears we are ſurpriz'd
With unexpected Happineſs: the firſt
Degrees of Joy are meer Aſtoniſhment.
And 'twas ſo lately in a dreadful Dream
I ſaw my Lord ſo near Deſtruction,
Deprived of his Eyes, a wretched Captive;
Then ſhriekt my ſelf awake, then ſlept again
And dreamt the ſame; my ill preſagin g Fancy
Suggeſting ſtill 'twas true.

Prince. Then I forgive thy Sadneſs, ſince Love
caus'd it,
For Love is full of Fears; and Fear the Shadow
Of Danger, like the Shadow of our Bodies,
Is greater then, when that which is the Cauſe
Is fartheſt off.

Princeſs. But ſtill there's ſomething
That checks my Joys,
Nor can I yet diſtinguiſh
Which is an Apparition, this, or that.

Prince. An Apparition?
At Night I ſhall reſolve that Doubt, and make
Thy Dreams more pleaſing. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Haly *and* Mirvan.

Mir. The Time has been, my Lord,
When I was no ſuch Stranger to your Thoughts.
You were not wont to wear upon your Brow
A Frown or Smile, but ſtill have thought me worthy,
At leaſt to know the Cauſe.

Ha. 'Tis true,
Thy Breaſt hath ever been the Cabinet
Where I have lockt my Secrets.

Mir. And did you ever find
That any Art could pick the Lock, or Pow'r
Could force it open?

Ha. No, I have ever found thee
Truſty and ſecret. But is't obſerv'd i' th' Court
That I am ſad?

Mir. Obſerv'd? 'tis all Mens Wonder and Diſ-
That in a Joy ſo great, ſo univerſal, [courſe,
You ſhould not bear a part.

Ha. Diſcourſt of too?

Mir. Nothing but Treaſon
More commonly, more boldly ſpoken.
So ſingular a Sadneſs
Muſt have a Cauſe as ſtrange as the Effect:
And Grief conceal'd, like hidden Fire, conſumes;
Which flaming out, would call in help to quench it.

Ha. But ſince thou canſt not mend it,
To let thee know it, will but make it worſe;
Silence and Time ſhall cure it.

Mir. But in Diſeaſes when the Cauſe is known,
'Tis more than half the Cure: you have, my Lord,
My Heart to counſel, and my Hand to act,
And my Advice and Actions both have met
Succeſs in things unlikely.

Ha. But this
Is ſuch a Secret, I dare hardly truſt it
To my own Soul. And though it be a Crime

In Friendſhip to betray a truſted Counſel,
Yet to conceal this were a greater Crime,
And of a higher Nature.
Mir. Now I know it,
And your Endeavour to conceal it
Speaks it more plainly. 'Tis ſome Plot upon the Prince.
Ha. Oh thou haſt touch'd my Sore, and having ſearch'd it,
Now heal it if thou canſt: The Prince hates me,
Or loves me not, or loves another better;
Which is all one. This being known in Court,
Has rendred me deſpis'd, and ſcorn'd of all:
For I that in his Abſence
Blaz'd like a Star of the firſt Magnitude,
Now in his brighter Sun-ſhine am not ſeen:
No Applications now, no Troops of Suitors;
No Power, no not ſo much as to do Miſchief.
Mir. My Lord, I am aſham'd of you;
So ill a Maſter in an Art, ſo long
Profeſt, and practis'd by you, to be angry,
And angry with a Prince. And yet to ſhew it
In a ſad Look, or womaniſh Complaint:
How can you hope to compaſs your Deſigns,
And not diſſemble 'em? go flatter and adore him,
Stand firſt among the Crowd of his Admirers.
Ha. Oh I have often ſpread thoſe Nets, but he
Hath ever been too wiſe to think them real.
Mir. However,
Diſſemble ſtill, thank him for all his Injuries;
Take 'em for Favours; if at laſt
You cannot gain him, ſome pretty nimble Poiſon
May do the Feat. Or if he will abroad,
Find him ſome brave and honourable Danger.
Ha. Have I not found him out as many Dangers
As *Juno* did for *Hercules?* yet he returns

Like *Hercules*, doubled in Strength and Honour.

Mir. If Danger cannot do it, then try Pleaſure,
Which when no other Enemy ſurvives,
Still conquers all the Conquerors. Endeavour
To ſoften his Ambition into Luſt,
Contrive fit Opportunities, and lay
Baits for Temptation.

Ha. I'll leave nothing unattempted:
But ſure this will not take; for all his Paſſions,
Affections, and Faculties, are Slaves
Only to his Ambition.

Mir. Then let him fall by his own Greatneſs,
And puff him up with Glory, till it ſwell
And break him. Firſt, betray him to himſelf,
Then to his Ruin: From his Virtues ſuck a Poyſon,
As Spiders do from Flowers; praiſe him to his Father,
You know his Nature: Let the Prince's Glory
Seem to eclipſe, and caſt a Cloud on his;
And let fall ſomething that may raiſe his Jealouſie:
But leſt he ſhould ſuſpect it, draw it from him
As Fiſhers do the Bait, to make him follow it.

Ha. But the old King is ſo ſuſpicious.

Mir. But withal
Moſt fearful: He that views a Fort to take it,
Plants his Artillery 'gainſt the weakeſt part:
Work on his Fears, till Fear hath made him cruel;
And Cruelty ſhall make him fear again.
Methinks (my Lord) you that ſo oft have ſounded
And fathom'd all his Thoughts, that know the Deeps
And Shallows of his Heart, ſhould need no Inſtruments
To advance your Ends; his Paſſions, and his Fears
Lie Liegers for you in his Breaſt, and there
Negotiate your Affairs.

Enter King, Solyman, *and Lords, to them.*

King. Solyman, be it your Care to entertain the Captains,
And the Priſoners, and uſe them kindly.

Sol. Sir, I am not for Entertainments now I am Melancholy.

King. What, griev'd for your good Fortune?

Sol. No Sir, but now the Wars are done, we have no Pretences
To put off Creditors: I am haunted, Sir.

King. Not with Ghoſts?

Sol. No, Sir,
Material and Subſtantial Devils.

King. I know the Cauſe. What is't thou ow'ſt them?

Sol. Not much Sir, but ſo much as ſpoils me for a good Fellow;
'Tis but 2000 Dollars. A ſmall Sum----to you, Sir.

King. Well, it ſhall be paid.

Sol. Then if the Devil come, for drinking let me alone with him.
Well, Drink, I love thee but too well already,
But I ſhall love thee better hereafter: I having often
Drunk my ſelf into Debt, but never out of Debt till now. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Prince, Haly, Captains, Priſoners, *and* Baſhaws.

Prince. PRay let theſe Strangers find ſuch Entertainment
As you would have deſir'd,
Had but the Chance of War determin'd it

For them, as now for us. And you, brave Enemies,
Forget your Nation, and ungrateful Master;
And know that I can set so high a Price
On Valour, though in Foes, as to reward it
With Trust and Honour.

1 *Bashaw.* Sir, your twice-conquered Vassals,
First by your Courage, then your Clemency,
Here humbly vow to sacrifice their Lives,
(The Gift of this your unexampled Mercy)
To your Command and Service.

Prince to Haly. I pray, my Lord, second my Suit;
I have already mov'd the King in private,
That in our next Year's Expedition they may have
Some Command.

Ha. I shall, my Lord,
And glad of the Occasion. [*Aside.*
I wonder, Sir, you'll leave the Court, the Sphere
Where all your Graces in full Lustre shine.

Prince. Ay, *Haly*, but the Reputation
Of virtuous Actions past, if not kept up
With an Access, and fresh Supply of new ones,
Is lost and soon forgotten; and like Palaces,
For want of Habitation and Repair,
Dissolve to Heaps of Ruin.

Ha. But can you leave, Sir,
Your Old Indulgent Father, and forsake
The Embraces of so fair, so chast a Wife?
And all the Beauties of the Court besides,
Are mad in Love, and dote upon your Person:
And is't not better sleeping in their Arms,
Than in a cold Pavilion in the Camp;
Where your short Sleeps are broke and interrupted
With Noises and Alarms?

Prince. *Haly*, thou know'st not me, how I despise
These short and empty Pleasures; and how low-

They ſtand in my Eſteem, which ev'ry Peaſant,
The meaneſt Subject in my Father's Empire,
Enjoys as fully, in as high Perfection
As he or I; and which are had in common
By Beaſts as well as Men: wherein they equal,
If not exceed us; Pleaſures to which we're led
Only by Senſe, thoſe Creatures which have leaſt
Of Reaſon, moſt enjoy.

Ha. Is not
The Empire you are born to, a Scene large enough
To exerciſe your Virtues? There are Virtues
Civil as well as Military; for the one
You have given the World an ample Proof already:
Now exerciſe the other, 'tis no leſs
To Govern juſtly, make your Empire flouriſh
With wholeſome Laws, in Riches, Peace, and Plenty,
Than by the Expence of Wealth and Blood to make
New Acquiſitions.

Prince. That I was born ſo great, I owe to Fortune,
And cannot pay that Debt, till Virtue ſet me
High in Example, as I ſtand in Title;
Till what the World calls Fortune's Gifts, my Actions
May ſtile their own Rewards, and thoſe too little.
Princes are then themſelves, when they ariſe
More Glorious in Mens Thoughts than in their Eyes.

Ha. Sir, your Fame
Already fills the World, and what is infinite
Cannot receive Degrees, but will ſwallow
All that is added: as our *Caſpian* Sea
Receives our Rivers, and yet ſeems not fuller:
And if you tempt her more, the Wind of Fortune
May come about, and take another Point,
And blaſt your Glories.

Prince. No,

My Glories are paſt Danger, they're full blown:
Things that are blaſted, are but in the Bud;
And as for Fortune, I nor love, nor fear her:
I am reſolv'd; go *Haly*, flatter ſtill your Aged Maſter,
Still ſooth him in his Pleaſures, and ſtill grow
Great by thoſe Arts.
Well, farewel Court,
Where Vice not only hath uſurpt the Place,
But the Reward, and even the Name of Virtue.
Ha. Still, ſtill
Slighted and ſcorn'd; yet this Affront
Hath ſtampt a noble Title on my Malice,
And married it to Juſtice. The King is Old,
And when the Prince ſucceeds
I'm loſt paſt all Recovery: then I
Muſt meet my Danger, and deſtroy him firſt;
But cunningly, and cloſely, or his Son
And Wife, like a fierce Tygreſs will devour me.
There's Danger ev'ry way; and ſince 'tis ſo,
'Tis brave, and noble, when the falling Weight
Of my own Ruin cruſhes thoſe I hate:
But how to do it, that's the Work, he ſtands
So high in Reputation with the People.
There's but one way, and that's to make his Father
The Inſtrument, to give the Name, and Envy
To him; but to my ſelf the Prize and Glory.
He's Old and Jealous, apt for Suſpicions, 'gainſt which Tyrants Ears
Are never clos'd. The Prince is Young,
Fierce, and Ambitious. I muſt bring together
All theſe Extreams; and then remove all Mediums,
That each may be the others Object.

Enter Mirvan.

Mir. My Lord,
Now if your Plots be ripe, you are befriended

With Opportunity; the King is melancholy,
Apted for any ill Impreſſions.
Make an Advantage of the Prince's Abſence,
Urge ſome ſuſpected Cauſe of his Departure,
Uſe all your Art: he's coming. [*Exit Mir.*

Enter King.

Ha. Sir, have you known an Action of ſuch Glory
Leſs ſwell'd with Oſtentation, or a Mind
Leſs tainted with Felicity? 'tis a rare Temper in the Prince.

King. Is it ſo rare to ſee a Son ſo like
His Father? Have not I performed Actions
As great, and with as great a Moderation?

Ha. Ay Sir, but that's forgotten.
Actions o' th' laſt Age, are like Almanacks o' th' laſt Year.

King. 'Tis well; but with all his Conqueſts, what I get in Empire
I loſe in Fame: I think my ſelf no Gainer.
But am I quite forgotten?

Ha. Sir, you know
Age breeds Neglect in all, and Actions
Remote in Time, like Objects
Remote in Place, are not beheld at half their Greatneſs;
And what is new finds better Acceptation,
Than what is good or great: yet ſome Old Men
Tell Stories of you in their Chimney-corners.

King. No otherwiſe?

Ha. They're all ſo full of him: ſome magnifie
His Courage, ſome his Wit, but all admire
A Greatneſs ſo familiar.

King. Sure *Haly*
Thou haſt forgot thy ſelf: art thou a Courtier,
Or I a King? my Ears are unacquainted

With ſuch bold Truths; eſpecially from thee.

Ha. Sir, when I am call'd to't, I muſt ſpeak
Boldly and plainly.

King. But with what Eagerneſs, what Circumſtance,
Unaskt, thou tak'ſt ſuch Pains to tell me only
My Son's the better Man!

Ha. Sir, where Subjects want the Privilege
To ſpeak; there Kings may have the Privilege
To live in Ignorance.

King. If 'twere a Secret that concern'd my Life
Or Empire, then this Boldneſs might become thee;
But ſuch unneceſſary Rudeneſs ſavours
Of ſome Deſign.
And this is ſuch a falſe and ſquint-ey'd Praiſe,
Which ſeeming to look upwards on his Glories,
Looks down upon my Fears; I know thou hat'ſt him;
And like infected Perſons fain wouldſt rub
The Ulcer of thy Malice upon me.

Ha. Sir, I almoſt believe you ſpeak your Thoughts,
But that I want the Guilt to make me fear it.

King. What mean theſe guilty Bluſhes then?

Ha. Sir, if I bluſh, it is becauſe you do not,
To upbraid ſo try'd a Servant, that ſo often
Have wak'd that you might ſleep; and been expos'd
To Dangers for your Safety.

King. And therefore think'ſt
Thou art ſo wrapt, ſo woven into all
My Truſts and Counſels, that I now muſt ſuffer
All thy Ambition aims at.

Ha. Sir, if your Love grows weary,
And thinks you have worn me long enough, I'm willing
To be left off; but he's a fooliſh Seaman,
That when his Ship is ſinking, will not
Unlade his Hopes into another Bottom.

King. I underſtand no Allegories.

Ha. And he's as ill a Courtier, that when
His Maſter's old, deſires not to comply
With him that muſt ſucceed.

King. But if
He will not be comply'd with?

Ha. Oh Sir,
There's one ſure way, and I have known it pra-
In other States. [ctis'd

King. What's that?

Ha. To make
The Father's Life the Price of the Son's Favour,
To walk upon the Graves of our dead Maſters
To our own Security.

[*King ſtarts and ſcratches his Head.*

Ha. 'Tis this muſt take: [*aſide.*] Does this
Plainneſs pleaſe you, Sir?

King. Haly, thou know'ſt my Nature, too too apt
To theſe Suſpicions; but I hope the Queſtion
Was never mov'd to thee?

Ha. In other Kingdoms, Sir.

King. But has my Son no ſuch Deſign?

Ha. Alas,
You know I hate him; and ſhould I tell you
He had, you'd ſay it was but Malice.

King. No more of that good *Haly*, I know thou
lov'ſt me:
But leſt the Care of future Safety tempt thee
To forfeit preſent Loyalty; or preſent Loyalty
Forfeit thy future Safety,
I'll be your Reconciler: call him hither.

Ha. Oh Sir, I wiſh he were within my call, or yours.

King. Why, where is he?

Ha. He has left the Court, Sir.

King. I like not theſe Excurſions: why ſo ſud-
denly?

Ha. 'Tis but a Sally of Youth, yet ſome ſay he's diſcontented.

King. That grates my Heart-ſtrings. What ſhould diſcontent him?
Except he thinks I live too long.

Ha. Heav'n forbid:
And yet I know no Cauſe of his Departure;
I'm ſure he's honoured, and lov'd by all;
The Soldiers God, the Peoples Idol.

King. Ay, *Haly*,
The *Perſians* ſtill worſhip the riſing Sun.
But who went with him?

Ha. None but the Captains

King. The Captains? I like not that.

Ha. Never fear it, Sir:
'Tis true, they love him but as their General, not their Prince.
And though he be moſt forward and ambitious,
'Tis temper'd with ſo much Humility.

King. And ſo much the more dangerous;
There are ſome that uſe
Humility to ſerve their Pride, and ſeem
Humble upon their way, to be the prouder
At their wiſht Journey's end.

Ha. Sir, I know not
What Ways or Ends you mean; 'tis true
In popular States, or where the Prince's Title
Is weak, and muſt be propt by the Peoples Powers
There by familiar ways 'tis neceſſary
To win on Mens Affections. But none of theſe
Can be his end.

King. But there's another end;
For if his Glories riſe upon the Ruins
Of mine, why not his Greatneſs too?

Ha. True Sir,
Ambition is like Love, impatient

Both of Delays and Rivals. But Nature----

King. But Empire----

Ha. I had almoſt forgot, Sir, he has
A Suit to your Majeſty.

King. What is't?

Ha. To give the *Turkiſh* Priſoners ſome Command
In the next Action.

King. Nay, then 'tis too apparent,
He fears my Subjects Loyalty,
And now muſt call in Strangers; come deal plainly,
I know thou can'ſt diſcover more.

Ha. I can diſcover, Sir,
The depth of your great Judgment in ſuch Dangers.

King. What ſhall I do, *Haly?*

Ha. Your Wiſdom is ſo great, it were Preſumption for me to adviſe.

King. Well, we'll conſider more of that, but for the preſent
Let him with Speed be ſent for. *Mahomet* I thank thee,
I have one faithful Servant, honeſt *Haly.* [*Exit King.*

Enter Mirvan.

Mir. How did he take it?

Ha. Swallow'd it as greedily
As parched Earth drinks Rain.
Now the firſt part of our Deſign is over,
His Ruin; but the ſecond, our Security,
Muſt now be thought on.

Mir. My Lord, you are too ſudden; though his Fury
Determine raſhly, yet his colder Fear,
Before it executes, conſults with Reaſon,
And that not ſatisfied with Shews, or Shadows,
Will ask to be convinc'd by ſomething real;
Now muſt we frame ſome Plot, and then diſcover it.

Ha. Or intercept ſome Letter, which our ſelves
Had forg'd before.

Mir. And ſtill admire the Miracle,
And thank the Providence.
Ha. Then we muſt draw in ſome-body
To be the publick Agent, that may ſtand
'Twixt us and Danger, and the Peoples Envy.
Mir. Who fitter than the grand *Caliph?*
And he will ſet a grave religious Face
Upon the Buſineſs.
Ha. But if we cannot work him,
For he's ſo full of fooliſh Scruples;
Or if he ſhould prove falſe, and then betray us.
Mir. Betray us? ſure, my Lord, your Fear has blinded
Your Underſtanding; for what ſerves the King?
Will not his threats work more than our Perſwaſions,
While we look on, and laugh, and ſeem as ignorant
As unconcern'd; and thus appearing Friends
To either ſide, on both may work our Ends.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My Lord, the Turkiſh *Baſhaws*
Deſire Acceſs.
Ha. Admit 'em, I know their Buſineſs.
Mir. They long to hear with what Succeſs you [mov'd
The King in their Behalf.
Ha. But now they're come, I'll make 'em do my [Buſineſs
Better than I did theirs.
Mir. Leave us a while.

Enter two Baſhaws.

Ha. My Lords, my Duty and Affection to the [Prince,
And the Reſpects I owe to Men of Honour,
Extort a Secret from me, which I yet grieve to utter:
The Prince departing, left to me the Care
Of your Affairs, which I, as he commanded,
Have recommended to the King, but with ſo unlookt [for
A Succeſs----
1 *Baſ.* My Lord, fear not to ſpeak our Doom, while we

Fear not to hear it: we were loſt before,
And can be ready now to meet that Fate
We then expected.

Ha. Though he that brings unwelcome News
Has but a loſing Office, yet he that ſhews
Your Danger firſt, and then your way to Safety,
May heal that wound he made. You know the King
With jealous Eyes hath ever lookt awry
On his Son's Actions, but the Fame and Glory
Of the laſt War hath rais'd another Spirit;
Envy and Jealouſie are twin'd together,
Yet both lay hid in his diſſembled Smiles,
Like two concealed Serpents, till I, unhappy I,
Moving this Queſtion, trod upon them both,
And rouz'd their ſleeping Angers; then caſting from him
His Doubts, and ſtraight confirm'd in all his Fears,
Decrees to you a ſpeedy Death, to his own Son
A cloſe Reſtraint: but what will follow
I dare not think; you by a ſudden Flight may find your Safety.

2 *Baſ.* Sir, Death and we are not ſuch Strangers,
That we ſhould make Diſhonour, or Ingratitude,
The Price of Life; it was the Prince's Gift,
And we but wear it for his Sake and Service.

Ha. Then for his Sake and Service,
Pray follow my Advice: though you have loſt the Favour
Of your unworthy Maſter; yet in the Provinces
You lately governed, you have thoſe Dependences
And Intereſts, that you may raiſe a Power
To ſerve the Prince: I'll give him timely notice
To ſtand upon his Guard.

1 *Baſ.* My Lord, we thank you.
But we muſt give the Prince Intelligence,
Both when, and how to imploy us.

Ha. If you will write,
Commit it to my Care and Secrecy,
To ſee it ſafe convey'd.
2 *Baſ.* We ſhall, my Lord. [*Ex.*
Ha. Theſe Men were once the Prince's Foes, and then
Unwillingly they made him great: but now
Being his Friends, ſhall willingly undo him;
And which is more, be ſtill his Friends.
What little Arts govern the World! we need not
An armed Enemy, or corrupted Friend;
When Service but miſplac'd, or Love miſtaken
Performs the Work: Nor is this all the Uſe
I'll make of them; when once they are in Arms,
Their Maſter ſhall be wrought to think theſe Forces
Rais'd againſt him; and this ſhall ſo endear me
To him, that though dull Virtue and the Gods
O'ercome my ſubtle Miſchief, I may find
A ſafe Retreat, and may at leaſt be ſure,
If not more mighty, to be more ſecure. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter King *and* Haly.

King. BUT *Haly*, what Confederates has the Prince
In his Conſpiracy?
Ha. Sir, I can yet ſuſpect
None but the *Turkiſh* Priſoners, and that only
From their late ſudden Flight.
King. Are they fled? For what?
Ha. That, their own Fears beſt know; the Entertainment
I'm ſure was ſuch as could not miniſter

Suſpicion or Diſlike: but ſure they're conſcious
Of ſome intended Miſchief, and are fled
To put it into act.

King. This ſtill confirms me more;
But let 'em be purſu'd: let all the Paſſages
Be well ſecur'd, that no Intelligence
May paſs between the Prince and them.

Ha. It ſhall be done, Sir.

King. Is the *Caliph* prepar'd?

Ha. He's without, Sir,
And waits your Pleaſure.

King. Call him.

Enter Caliph.

King. I have a great Deſign to act, in which
The greateſt part is thine. In brief 'tis this,
I fear my Son's high Spirit; and ſuſpect
Deſigns upon my Life and Crown.

Ca. Sure, Sir, your Fears are cauſeleſs;
Such Thoughts are Strangers to his noble Soul.

King. No, 'tis too true; I muſt prevent my Danger,
And make the firſt Attempt: there's no ſuch way
To avoid a Blow, as to ſtrike firſt, and ſure.

Ca. But, Sir, I hope my Function ſhall exempt me
From bearing any part in ſuch Deſigns.

King. Your Function! [*Laughs*] Do you think that Princes
Will raiſe ſuch Men ſo near themſelves for nothing?
We but advance you to advance our Purpoſes:
Nay, even in all Religions,
Their Learned'ſt, and their ſeeming holieſt Men,
but ſerve
To work their Maſters Ends; and varniſh o'er
Their Actions, with ſome ſpecious pious Colour.
No Scruples; do't, or by our holy Prophet,
The Death my Rage intends to him, is thine.

Ca. Sir, 'tis your part to will, mine to obey.

King. Then be wiſe and ſudden.

Enter Lords as to Council. Abdal, Morat.

Ca. My Lords, it grieves me to relate the Cauſe
Of this Aſſembly; and 'twill grieve you all:
The Prince you know ſtands high in all thoſe Graces
Which Nature, ſeconded by Fortune, gives:
Wiſdom he has, and to his Wiſdom Courage;
Temper to that, and unto all Succeſs. But
Ambition, the Diſeaſe of Virtue, bred
Like Surfeits from an undigeſted Fulneſs,
Meets Death in that which is the Means of Life.
Great *Mahomet*, to whom our Sov'raign's Life
And Empire is moſt dear, appearing, thus
Adviſ'd me in a Viſion; Tell the King,
The Prince his Son attempts his Life and Crown;
And though no Creature lives that more admires
His Virtues, nor affects his Perſon more
Than I; yet Zeal and Duty to my Soveraign
Have cancell'd all Reſpects; nor muſt we ſlight
The Prophet's Revelations.

Abd. Remember, Sir, he is your Son,
Indeared to you by a double Bond,
As to his King, and Father.

King. And the remembrance of that double Bond
Doubles my Sorrows. 'Tis true,
Nature and Duty bind him to Obedience;
But thoſe being placed in a lower Sphere,
His fierce Ambition, like the higheſt Mover,
Has hurried with a ſtrong impulſive Motion
Againſt their proper Courſe. But ſince he has forgot
The Duty of a Son, I can forget
The Affections of a Father.

Abd. But Sir, in the Beginning of Diſeaſes
None try the extreameſt Remedies.

King. But when they're ſudden,
The Cure muſt be as quick; when I'm dead, you'll
ſay,

My Fears have been too ſlow: Treaſons are acted,
As ſoon as thought, though they are ne'er believ'd
Until they come to act.
Mor. But conſider, Sir,
The Greatneſs of the Attempt, the People love him;
The Lookers-on, and the enquiring Vulgar
Will talk themſelves to Action: thus by avoiding
A Danger but ſuppos'd, you tempt a real one.
King. Thoſe Kings whom Envy, or the Peoples Murmur
Deter from their own Purpoſes, deſerve not
Nor know not their own Greatneſs:
The Peoples Murmur, 'tis a ſulphurous Vapour
Breath'd from the Bowels of the baſeſt Earth;
And it may ſoil and blaſt Things near it ſelf:
But e'er it reach the Region we are plac'd in,
It vaniſhes to Air; we are above
The Senſe or Danger of ſuch Storms.
Cap. True, Sir, they are but Storms while Royalty
Stands like a Rock, and the tumultuous Vulgar,
Like Billows rais'd with Wind (that's with Opinion)
May roar, and make a Noiſe, and threaten;
But if they rowl too near, they're daſh'd in pieces
While they ſtand firm.
Abd. Yet, Sir, Crowns are not plac'd ſo high,
But vulgar Hands may reach 'em.
King. Then 'tis when they are plac'd on vulgar Heads.
Abd. But, Sir,
Look back upon your ſelf; why ſhould your Son
Anticipate a Hope ſo near, ſo certain? we may wiſh and pray
For your long Life: but neither Prayers nor Power
Can alter Fate's Decree, or Nature's Law.
Why ſhould he raviſh then that Diadem
From your gray Temples, which the Hand of Time
Muſt ſhortly plant on his?

King. My Lords,
I ſee you look upon me as a Sun
Now in his Weſt, half buried in a Cloud,
Whoſe Rays the Vapours of approaching Night
Have render'd weak and faint: But you ſhall find
That I can yet ſhoot Beams, whoſe Heat can melt
The waxen Wings of this ambitious Boy.
Nor runs my Blood ſo cold, nor is my Arm
So feeble yet, but he that dares defend him,
Shall feel my Vengeance, and ſhall uſher me
Into my Grave.

Abd. Sir, we defend him not,
Only deſire to know his Crime: 'Tis poſſible
It may be ſome Miſtake, or Miſ-report,
Some falſe Suggeſtion, or malicious Scandal:
Or if Ambition be his fault, 'twas yours;
He had it from you when he had his Being:
Nor was't his fault, nor yours, for 'tis in Princes
A Crime to want it; from a noble Spirit
Ambition can no more be ſeparated,
Than Heat from Fire: Or if you fear the Viſion,
Will you ſuſpect the noble Prince, becauſe
This holy Man is troubled in his ſleep?
Becauſe his crazy Stomach wants Concoction,
And breeds ill Fumes; or his melancholy Spleen
Sends up fantaſtick Vapours to his Brain?
Dreams are but Dreams, theſe cauſleſs Fears become
Your noble Soul. [not

King. Who ſpeaks another Word
Hath ſpoke his laſt: Great *Mahomet* we thank thee,
Protector of this Empire, and this Life,
Thy Cares have met my Fears; this on Preſumpti-
Strong and apparent, I have long preſag'd: [ons
And though a Prince may puniſh what he fears,
Without account to any but the Gods;
Wiſe States as often cut off Ills may be,
As thoſe that are; and prevent Purpoſes

Before they come to Practice; and foul Practices
Before they grow to act. You cannot but obſerve
How he diſlikes the Court, his rude Departure,
His Honour from the People and the Soldiers,
His ſeeking to oblige the *Turks*, his Priſoners,
Their ſudden and ſuſpected Flight,
And above all, his reſtleſs towring Thoughts.

[*One brings Word of a Meſſenger.*

King. If the Buſineſs be important,
Admit him.

Enter Meſſenger *with a Letter.*

Meſſ. Sir, upon your late Command
To guard the Paſſages, and ſearch all Packets,
This to the Prince was intercepted.

[*King opens it, and reads it to himſelf.*

King. Here *Abdal*, read it.

Abdal reads. Sir, we are aſſured how unnatural
your Father's Intentions
Are towards you, and how cruel towards us; we have
Made an Eſcape, not ſo much to ſeek our own,
As to be Inſtruments of your Safety: We will be
In Arms upon the Borders, upon your Command,
Either to ſeek Danger with you, or to receive you
If you pleaſe, to ſeek Safety with us.

King. Now my Lords,
Alas my Fears are cauſeleſs and ungrounded,
Fantaſtick Dreams, and melancholy Fumes
Of crazy Stomachs, and diſtemper'd Brains:
Has this convinc'd you?

Mor. Sir, we ſee
Some reaſon you ſhould fear, but whom, we know
not;
'Tis poſſible theſe *Turks* may play the Villains,
Knowing the Prince the Life of all our Hopes,
Staff of our Age, and Pillar of our Empire;
And having fail'd by Force, may uſe this Art
To ruin him, and by their Treaſon here

To make their Peace at home.
Now ſhould this prove a Truth, when he has ſuffer'd
Death, or Diſgrace, which are to him the ſame,
'Twill be too late to ſay you were miſtaken;
And then to cry him Mercy: Sir, we beſeech you
A while ſuſpend your Doom, till time produce
Her wonted Off-ſpring, Truth.

King. And ſo expecting
The Event of what you think, ſhall prove the Experiment
Of what I fear; but ſince he is my Son,
I cannot have ſuch violent Thoughts toward him,
As his towards me: he only ſhall remain
A Priſoner, till his Death, or mine, inlarge him.

[*Ex. Lords*, Mor. Haly.

Solyman *peeps in.*

King. Away, away, we're ſerious.

Sol. But not ſo ſerious to neglect your Safety.

King. Art thou in earneſt?

Sol. Nay, Sir, I can be ſerious as well as my Betters.

King. What's the matter?

Sol. No, I am an inconſiderable Fellow, and know nothing.

King. Let's hear that nothing then.

Sol. The *Turks*, Sir.

King. What of them?

Sol. When they could not overcome you by Force, they'll
Do it by Treachery.

King. As how?

Sol. Nay, I can ſee as far into a Milſtone, as another Man.
They have corrupted ſome ill-affected Perſons.

King. What to do?

Sol. To nouriſh Jealouſies 'twixt you and your Son.

King. My Son, Where is he?

Sol. They ſay he's poſting hither.

King. *Haly*, we are betray'd, prevented, look to the Ports, and let
The Guards be doubled: how far's his Army hence?
Is the City in Arms to join with him?

Sol. Arms? and join with him? I underſtand you not.

King. Didſt thou not ſay the Prince was coming?

Sol. I heard ſome fooliſh People ſay you had ſent for him, as a Traitor, which to my Apprehenſion was on purpoſe ſpoken to make you odious, and make him deſperate; and ſo divide the People into Faction. A Plot of Dangerous Conſequence, as I take it, Sir.

King. And is this all, thou ſawcy trifling Fool?

Haly. Sir, this ſeeming Fool is a concealed dangerous Knave;
Under this ſafe Diſguiſe he thinks he may ſay or do any thing: you'll little think him the chief Conſpirator,
The only Spy t' inform the Prince of all is done in Court.

King. Let him be rack'd, till he confeſs
The whole Conſpiracy.

Sol. Rack'd! I have told you all I know, and more:
There's nothing more in me, Sir, but may be ſqueezed out without racking, only a ſtoop or two of Wine; and if there had not been too much of that, you had not had ſo much of the other.

King. That's your Cunning, Sirrah.

Sol. Cunning, Sir! I am no Politician; and was ever thought to have too little Wit, and too much Plain-dealing for a States-Man. [*Exit.*

King. Away with him.

Ha. But ſomething muſt be done, Sir, to ſatisfie the
'Tis not enough to ſay he did deſign, [People:
Or plot, or think, but did attempt ſome Violence;
And then ſome ſtrange miraculous Eſcape:
For which our Prophet muſt have publick Thanks:
And this falſe Colour ſhall delude the Eyes
Of the amuzed Vulgar.

King. 'Tis well adviſ'd.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Sir, his Highneſs is return'd.

King. And unconſtrain'd? But with what change
Of Countenance did he receive the Meſſage?

Meſſ. With ſome Amazement;
But ſuch as ſprung from Wonder, not from Fear,
It was ſo unexpected.

King. Leave us.

Haly I ever found thee honeſt; truer to me
Than mine own Blood, and now's the time to ſhew it:
For thou art he my Love and Truſt hath choſen
To put in Action my Deſign: Surprize him
As he ſhall paſs the Galleries. I'll place
A Guard behind the Arras; when thou haſt him,
Since blinded with Ambition, he did ſoar
Like a ſeel'd Dove, his Crime ſhall be his Puniſhment
To be depriv'd of ſight, which ſee perform'd
With a hot Steel: Now as thou lov'ſt my Safety
Be reſolute, and ſudden.

Ha. 'Tis ſevere;
But yet I dare not intercede: it ſhall be done:
But is that Word irrevocable?

King. Ay, as Years, or Ages paſt; relent not: if
thou doſt----- [*Exit King.*

Enter Mirvan.

Mir. Why ſo melancholy? is the Deſign diſcover'd?

Ha. No, but I am made the Inſtrument,

That ſtill endeavour'd to diſguiſe my Plots
With borrow'd Looks, and make 'em walk in Dark.
To act 'em now my ſelf; be made the Mark [neſs;
For all the Peoples Hate, the Princeſs Curſes,
And his Son's Rage, or the old King's Inconſtancy.
For this to Tyranny belongs,
To forget Service, but remember Wrongs.

Mir. But could you not contrive
Some fine Pretence to caſt it on ſome other?

Ha. No, he dare truſt no other: had I given
But the leaſt Touch of any private Quarrel,
My Malice to his Son, not Care of him,
Had then begot this Service.

Mir. 'Tis but t'other Plot, my Lord; you know
The King by other Wives had many Sons:
Sophy is but a Child, and you already
Command the Emperor's Guard; procure for me
The Government o' th' City; when he dies,
Urge how unfortunate thoſe States have been
Whoſe Princes are but Children; then ſet the Crown
Upon ſome other's Head, that may acknowledge
And owe the Empire to your Gift.

Ha. It ſhall be done; *Abdal*, who commands
The City, is the Prince's Friend, and therefore
Muſt be diſplac'd, and thou ſhalt ſtrait ſucceed him.
Thou art my better Genius, honeſt *Mirvan*;
Greatneſs we owe to Fortune, or to Fate;
But Wiſdom only can ſecure that State. [*Ex.*

Enter Prince at one Door, and Princeſs at another.

Princeſs. You're doubly welcome now, my Lord, your coming
Was ſo unlookt for.

Prince. To me I'm ſure it was;
Know'ſt thou the Cauſe? for ſure it was important,
That calls me back ſo ſuddenly.

Princeſs. I am ſo ignorant,

I knew not you were ſent for.
Waking I know no Cauſe, but in my Sleep
My Fancy ſtill preſents ſuch Dreams and Terrors,
As did *Andromache*'s the Night before
Her *Hector* fell; but ſure 'tis more than Fancy.
Either our Guardian Angels, or the Gods
Inſpire us, or ſome natural Inſtinct
Fore-tells approaching Dangers.

Prince. How does my Father?

Princeſs. Still talks and plays with *Fatima*, but his Mirth
Is forc'd and ſtrained: in his Looks appears
A wild diſtracted Fierceneſs; I can read
Some dreadful purpoſe in his Face; but where
This diſmal Cloud will break, and ſpend his Fury,
I dare not think: pray Heav'n make falſe his Fears.
Sometimes his Anger breaks through all Diſguiſes,
And ſpares not Gods, nor Men; and then he ſeems
Jealous of all the World: ſuſpects, and ſtarts,
And looks behind him.

Enter Morat, *as in haſte.*

Mor. Sir, with hazard of my Life I've ventur'd
To tell you, you are loſt, betray'd, undone;
Rouze up your Courage, call up all your Counſels,
And think on all thoſe Stratagems which Nature
Keeps ready to encounter ſudden Dangers.

Prince. But pray, my Lord, by whom? for what Offence?

Mor. Is it a time for Story, when each Minute
Begets a thouſand Dangers? the Gods protect you.
[*Exit.*

Prince. This Man was ever honeſt, and my Friend,
And I can ſee in his amazed Look,
Something of Danger; but in Act or Thought,
I never did that Thing ſhould make me fear it.

Princeſs. Nay, good Sir, let not ſo ſecure a Confidence
Betray you to your Ruin.
Prince. Pr'ythee Woman
Keep to thy ſelf thy Fears, I cannot know
There's ſuch a thing in Nature; I ſtand ſo ſtrong,
Incloſed with a double Guard of Virtue,
And Innocence, that I can look on Dangers,
As he that ſtands upon a Rock
Can look on Storms and Tempeſts. Fear and Guilt
Are the ſame thing; and when our Actions are not,
Our Fears are Crimes.
And he deſerves it leſs that guilty bears
A Puniſhment, than he that guiltleſs fears. [*Ex.*

Enter Haly *and Torturers.*

Ha. This is the place appointed, aſſiſt me Courage!
This Hour ends all my Fears; but pauſe a while:
Suppoſe I ſhould diſcover to the Prince
The whole Conſpiracy, and ſo retort it
Upon the King; it were an handſome Plot,
But full of Difficulties, and uncertain;
And he's ſo fool'd with down-right Honeſty,
He'll ne'er believe it; and 'tis now too late;
The Guards are ſet, and now I hear him coming.

Enter Prince, *ſtumbles at the Entrance.*

Prince. 'Tis ominous, but I will on; Deſtruction
O'ertakes as often thoſe that flye, as thoſe that boldly meet it.
Ha. By your leave Prince, your Father greets you.
Prince. Unhand me, Traitors.

[Haly *caſts a Scarf over his Face.*

Ha. That Title is your own, and we are ſent to let you know it.
Prince. Is not that the Voice of *Haly?*
Haly. Ay, Virtuous Prince, I come to make you exerciſe

One Virtue more, your Patience.
Heat the Irons quickly.

Prince. O Villain, ſhall I not ſee my Father,
To ask him what's my Crime? who my Accuſers?
Let me but try if I can wake his Pity
From his Lethargick Sleep.

Ha. It muſt not be, Sir.

Prince. Shall I not ſee my Wife, nor bid farewel
To my dear Children?

Ha. Your Pray'rs are all in vain.

Prince. Thou ſhalt have half my Empire, *Haly*, let me but
See the Tyrant, that before my Eyes are loſt,
They may dart pois'nous Flaſhes like the Baſilisk,
And look him dead; theſe Eyes that ſtill were open,
Or to foreſee, or to prevent his Dangers,
Muſt they be cloſed in Eternal Night?
Cannot his Thirſt of Blood be ſatisfied
With any but his own? And can his Tyranny
Find out no other Object but his Son?
I ſeek not Mercy; tell him, I deſire
To die at once, not to conſume an Age
In lingring Deaths.

Ha. Our Ears are charm'd: Away with him.

Prince. Can ye behold (ye Gods) a wronged Innocent?
Or ſleeps your Juſtice, like my Father's Mercy?
Or are you blind? as I muſt be. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. IV. SCENE I.

Enter Abdall *and* Morat.

Abd. I Ever fear'd the Prince's too much Greatneſs
Would make him leſs: the greateſt Heights are near
The greateſt Precipice.
Mor. 'Tis in worldly Accidents
As in the World it ſelf, where things moſt diſtant
Meet one another: Thus the Eaſt and Weſt,
Upon the Globe, a Mathematick Point
Only divides: Thus Happineſs and Miſery,
And all Extreams, are ſtill contiguous.
Abd. Or, if 'twixt Happineſs and Miſery there be
A Diſtance, 'tis an Airy *Vacuum*;
Nothing to moderate, or break the Fall.
Mor. But oh this Saint-like Devil!
This damn'd *Caliph*, to make the King believe
To kill his Son, 's Religion.
Abd. Poor Princes, how are they miſ-led!
While they, whoſe ſacred Office 'tis to bring
Kings to obey their God, and Men their King;
By theſe myſterious Links to fix and tye
Them to the Foot-ſtool of the Deity;
Even by theſe Men, Religion, that ſhould be
The Curb, is made the Spur to Tyranny:
They with their double Key of Conſcience bind
The Subjects Souls, and leave Kings unconfin'd;
While their poor Vaſſals Sacrifice their Bloods
T' Ambition; and to Avarice, their Goods:
Blind with Devotion. They themſelves eſteem
Made for themſelves, and all the World for them;

While Heav'n's great Law, given for their Guide, appears
Juſt, or unjuſt, but as it waits on theirs:
Us'd but to give the Eccho to their Words,
Power to their Wills, and Edges to their Swords.
To varniſh all their Errors, and ſecure
The Ills they act, and all the World endure.
Thus by their Arts Kings awe the World, while they
Religion, as their Miſtreſs, ſeem t' obey;
Yet as their Slave command her; while they ſeem
To riſe to Heav'n, they make Heav'n ſtoop to them.
Mor. Nor is this all, where feign'd Devotion bends
The higheſt Things, to ſerve the loweſt Ends:
For if the many-headed Beaſt hath broke,
Or ſhaken from his Neck the Royal Yoke,
With popular Rage, Religion doth conſpire,
Flows into that, and ſwells the Torrent higher:
Then Power's firſt Pedigree from Force derives,
And calls to mind the old Prerogatives
Of free-born Man; and with a ſaucy Eye
Searches the Heart and Soul of Majeſty:
Then to a ſtrict Account, and Cenſure brings
The Actions, Errors, and the End of Kings;
Treads on Authority, and Sacred Laws;
Yet all for God, and his pretended Cauſe.
Acting ſuch things for him, which he in them,
And which themſelves in others will condemn;
And thus engag'd, nor ſafely can retire,
Nor ſafely ſtand, but blindly bold aſpire,
Forcing their Hopes, even through deſpair, to climb
To new Attempts; diſdain the preſent time,
Grow from Diſdain to Threats, from Threats to Arms;
While they (though Sons of Peace) ſtill ſound th' Alarms.
Thus whether Kings or People ſeek Extreams,
Still Conſcience and Religion are their Themes:

And whatsoever Change the State invades,
The Pulpit either forces, or perswades.
Others may give the Fewel, or the Fire;
But they the Breath, that makes the Flame, inspire.

Abd. This, and much more is true; but let not us
Add to our Ills, and aggravate Misfortunes
By passionate Complaints, nor lose our selves,
Because we have lost him; for if the Tyrant
Were to a Son so noble, so unnatural;
What will he be to us, who have appear'd
Friends to that Son?

Mor. Well thought on, and in time;
Farewel unhappy Prince, while we thy Friends,
As Strangers to our Country, and our selves,
Seek out our Safety, and expect with Patience
Heav'n's Justice.

Abd. Let's rather act it, than expect it:
The Prince's Injuries at our Hands require
More than our Tears, and Patience:
His Army is not yet di-banded,
And only wants a Head; thither we'll flye,
And all who love the Prince, or hate the Tyrant,
Will follow us.

Mor. Nobly resolv'd; and either we'll restore
The Prince, or perish in the brave Attempt.
Ye Gods, since what we mean to execute,
Is your high Office (to avenge the Innocent)
Assist us with a Fortune, equal to
The Justice of our Action; lest the World
Should think it self deluded, and mistrust
That you want Will, or Power to be Just. [*Ex.*

Enter Haly.

Ha. 'Tis done, and 'twas my Master-piece, to work
My Safety 'twixt two dangerous Extreams;

Now like a skilful Sailor have I paſt
Scylla and *Charybdis*, I have ſcap'd the Rock
Of ſteep Ambition, and the Gulf of Jealouſie,
A Danger leſs avoided, 'cauſe leſs fear'd.

Enter Mirvan.

Mir. What's done, my Lord?

Ha. Enough, I warrant you; impriſon'd, and depriv'd of Sight.

Mir. No more? This but provokes him: can you think Your ſelf ſecure, and he alive?

Ha. The reſt o' th' Buſineſs will do it ſelf;
He can as well endure a Priſon, as a wild Bull the Net:
There let him ſtruggle, and toyl himſelf to Death,
And ſave us ſo much Envy.

Mir. But if his Father ſhould relent, ſuch Injuries
Can receive no Excuſe or Colour, but to be
Transferr'd upon his Counſellors; and then
The Forfeiture of them redeems his Error.

Ha. We muſt ſet a Mark upon his Paſſion,
And as we find it running low,
What ebbs from his, into our Rage ſhall flow.
Why ſhould we be more wicked
Than we muſt needs?

Mir. Nay, if you ſtick at Conſcience,
More gallant Actions have been loſt, for want of be-
Compleatly wicked, than have been perform'd [ing
By being exactly virtuous. 'Tis hard to be
Exact in Good, or excellent in Ill;
Our Will wants Power, or elſe our Power wants Skill. [*Ex.*

Enter Solyman *and Tormentors.*

Sol. But Gentlemen, was the King in earneſt?
I can ſcarce believe it.

Tor. You will when you feel it.

Sol. I pray, have any of you felt it, to tell me what it is?

Tor. No, Sir, but
Some of your Fellow-Courtiers can tell you,
That uſe ſomething like it, to mend their Shapes.
'Twill make you ſo ſtrait and ſlender!

Sol. Slender! becauſe I was ſlender in my Wits, muſt I be drawn
Slender in my Waſte? I'd rather grow wiſe,
And corpulent, like him they call *Abdomen*.

Tor. Come, Sir, 'tis but a little ſtretching.

Sol. No, no more's hanging; and ſure this will be the Death of me:
I remember my Grandmother died of Convulſion

Tor. Come, Sir, prepare, prepare. [Fits.

Sol. Ay, for another World: I muſt repent firſt.

Tor. Quickly then.

Sol. Then firſt I repent that Sin of being a Courtier.
And ſecondly, the greateſt Sin one can commit in that Place, the ſpeaking of Truth.

Tor. Have you no more Sins?

Sol. Some few Trifles more, not worth the remembring;
Drinking, and Whoring, and Swearing, and ſuch like:
But for thoſe let 'em paſs.

Tor. Have you done now?

Sol. Only ſome good Counſel to the Standers-by.

Tor. We thank you for that, Sir.

Sol. Nay, Gentlemen, miſtake me not;
'Tis not that I love you, but becauſe 'tis a thing of courſe,
For dying Men.

Tor. Let's have it then.

Sol. Firſt then, if any of you are Fools (as I

think that but a needleſs Queſtion) be Fools ſtill, and labour ſtill in that Vocation, then the worſt will be but whipping; where but for ſeeming wiſe, the beſt is racking. But if you have the Luck to be Court-Fools, thoſe that have either Wit or Honeſty, you may fool withal, and ſpare not: But for thoſe that want either, you'll find it rather dangerous than otherwiſe; I could give you a modern Inſtance or two, but let that paſs: but if you happen to be State-Fools, then 'tis but fooling on the right ſide, and all's well; then you ſhall at leaſt be wiſe Mens Fellows, if not wiſe Mens Maſters. But of all things take heed of giving any Man good Counſel, you ſee what I have got by it; and yet like a Fool, muſt I be doing on't again.

Tor. Is this all?

Sol. All, but a little in my own Behalf. Remember, Gentlemen, I am at full Growth, and my Joints are knit; and yet my Sinews are not Cables.

Tor. Well, we'll remember't.

Sol. But ſtay, Gentlemen, what think you of a Bottle now?

Tor. I hope you are more ſerious.

Sol. If you knew but how dry a thing this Sorrow is, eſpecially meeting with my Conſtitution; which is as thirſty as any Serving-Man's.

Tor. Let him have it, it may be 'twill make him confeſs.

Sol. Yes I ſhall, I ſhall lay before you all that's within me, and with moſt fluent Utterance. Here's to you all Gentlemen, and let him that's Good-natur'd in his Drink, pledge me. [*Drinks.*] So, methinks I feel it in my Joints already,

It makes 'em ſupple. [*Drinks again.*
Now I feel it in my Brains, it makes 'em ſwim.

Tor. Hold, Sir, you have no meaſure of your ſelf.

Sol. What do you talk of Meaſure? you'll take Meaſure of me with a Vengeance.

Tor. You are witty, Sir.

Sol. Nothing but a poor Clinch; I have a thouſand of them (a Trick I learnt amongſt the States-men.) [*Drinks again.*
Well Rack, I defie thee, do thy worſt; I would thou wer't Man, Giant, or Monſter. Gentlemen, now if I happen to fall aſleep upon this Engine, pray wake me not too ſuddenly; you ſee here's good ſtore of Wine, and if it be over-rack'd, 'twill come up with Lees and all; there I was with you again, and now I am for you.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Prince, *being Blind*, Solus.

Prince. Nature,
How didſt thou mock Mankind, to make him free,
And yet to make him fear; or when he loſt
That Freedom, why did he not loſe his Fear?
That Fear of Fears, the Fear of what we know not,
While yet we know it is in vain to fear it:
Death, and what follows Death, 'twas that that ſtamp'd
A Terror on the Brow of Kings; that gave
Fortune her Deity, and *Jove* his Thunder.
Baniſh but fear of Death, thoſe Giant Names
Of Majeſty, Power, Empire, finding nothing
To be their Object, will be nothing too:
Then he dares yet be free, that dares to die,
May laugh at the grim Face of Law, and ſcorn
The cruel Wrinkle of a Tyrant Brow:
But yet to die ſo tamely,

O'ercome by Paſſion and Misfortune,
And ſtill unconquer'd by my Foes, ſounds ill;
Below the Temper of my Spirit:
Yet to embrace a Life ſo poor, ſo wretched,
So full of Deaths, argues a greater Dulneſs;
But I am dead already, nor can ſuffer
More in the other World. For what is Hell,
But a long ſleepleſs Night? And what's their Torment,
But to compare paſt Joys with preſent Sorrows?
And what can Death deprive me of? the ſight
Of Day, of Children, Friends, and hope of Empire;
And whatſoever others loſe in Death,
In Life I am depriv'd of; then I will live
Only to die reveng'd: nor will I go
Down to the Shades alone.
Prompt me ſome witty, ſome revengeful Devil,
His Devil that could make a bloody Feaſt
Of his own Son, and call the Gods his Gueſts;
Her's that could kill her aged Sire, and caſt
Her Brother's ſcatter'd Limbs to Wolves and Vultures;
Or his that ſlew his Father, to enjoy
His Mother's Bed; and greater than all thoſe,
My Father's Devil.
Come Miſchief, I embrace thee; fill my Soul:
And thou Revenge aſcend, and bear the Sceptre
O'er all my Paſſions, baniſh thence
All that are cool and tame.
Know, old Tyrant,
My Heart's too big to break, I know thy Fears
Exceed my Sufferings; and my Revenge,
Though but in Hope, is much a greater Pleaſure
Than thou canſt take in Puniſhing. Then my Anger,

Sink to the Center of my Heart, and there
Lye cloſe in Ambuſh, till my ſeeming Patience
Hath made the cruel Tyrant as ſecure,
Though with as little Cauſe, as now he's Jealous.
Who's there?

Enter two or three.

I find my Nature would return
To her old Courſe, I feel an Inclination
To ſome Repoſe; welcome thou pleaſing Slumber:
A while embrace me in thy leaden Arms,
And charm my careful Thoughts:
Conduct me to my Bed. [*Exit.*

Enter King, Haly *and* Caliph.

King. How does the Prince? how bears he his Reſtraint?

Ha. Why, Sir, as all great Spirits
Bear great and ſudden Changes, with ſuch Impatience
As a *Numidian* Lion, when firſt caught,
Endures the Toil that holds him.
He would think of nothing
But preſent Death, and ſought all violent Means
To compaſs it. But Time hath mitigated
Thoſe furious Heats, he now returns to Food
And Sleep, admits the Converſation
Of thoſe that are about him.

King. I would I had not
So eaſily believ'd my Fears, I was too ſudden;
I would it were undone.

Cal. If you lament it,
That which now looks like Juſtice, will be thought
An inconſiderate Raſhneſs.

King. But there are in Nature
Such ſtrong Returns! That I puniſht him,
I do not grieve; but that he was my Son.

Ha. But it concerns you to bear up your Paſſion,
And make it good; for if the People know,
That you have cauſe to grieve for what is done,
They'll think you had no cauſe at firſt to do it.

King to the Cal. Go viſit him from me, and teach him Patience;
Since neither all his Fury, nor my Sorrow,
Can help what's paſt, tell him my Severity
To him ſhall in ſome meaſure be requited,
By my Indulgence to his Children. And if he deſire it, let them have Acceſs to him: endeavour to take off his Thoughts from Revenge, by telling him of Paradiſe, and I know not what Pleaſures in the other World.

Cal. I ſhall, Sir. [*Ex.* King *and* Cal.

Manet Haly. *Enter* Mirvan.

Ha. Mirvan, The King relents, and now there's left
No Refuge but the laſt; he muſt be Poiſon'd;
And ſuddenly, leſt he ſurvive his Father.

Mir. But handſomely, leſt it appear.

Ha. Appear!
To whom? you know there's none about him
But ſuch as I have plac'd; and they ſhall ſay
'Twas Diſcontent, or Abſtinence.

Mir. But at the beſt
'Twill be ſuſpected.

Ha. Why though't be known,
We'll ſay he Poiſoned himſelf.

Mir. But the curious will pry further
Than bare Report, and the old King's Suſpicions
Have piercing Eyes.

Ha. But thoſe Nature will ſhortly cloſe: you ſee his old Diſeaſe grows ſtrong upon him.

Mir. But if he ſhould recover?

Ha. But I have caſt his Nativity; he cannot, he muſt not. I' th' mean time I have ſo beſieged him, ſo blockt up all the Paſſages, and plac'd ſo many Centinels and Guards upon him, that no Intelligence can be convey'd but by my Inſtruments. But this Buſineſs will require more Heads and Hands than ours: Go you to the Priſon, and bring the Keeper privately to me to give him his Inſtructions. [*Ex. ſeveral ways.*

Enter Prince *and* Caliph.

Cal. Sir, I am commanded by the King to viſit you.

Prince. What, to give a Period to my Life,
And to his Fears? You're welcome; here's a Throat, a Heart, or any other part, ready to let in Death, and receive his Commands.

Cal. My Lord, I am no Meſſenger, nor Miniſter of Death,
'Tis not my Function.

Prince. I ſhould know that Voice.

Cal. I am the *Caliph*, and am come to tell you, your Father is now return'd to himſelf; Nature has got the Victory o'er Paſſion, all his Rigour is turn'd to Grief and Pity.

Prince. Alas good Man!
I pity him, and his Infirmities;
His Doubts, and Fears, and Accidents of Age,
Which firſt provok'd his Cruelty.

Cal. He bid me tell you,
His Love to yours ſhould amply recompence
His Cruelty to you: And I dare ſay 'tis real;
For all his Thoughts, his Pleaſures, and Delights,
Are fixt on *Fatyma:* when he is ſad,
She comforts him; when Sick, ſhe's his Phyſician.
And were it not for the Delight he takes
In her, I think he'd die with Sorrow.

Prince. But how, are his Affections fixt ſo ſtrange!
On her alone? ſure 'tis not in his Nature;
For then he had lov'd me, or hated her,
Becauſe ſhe came from me.

Cal. 'Tis her Deſert,
She's fair beyond Compariſon, and witty
Above her Age; and bears a Manly Spirit
Above her Sex.

Prince. But may not I admire her?
Is that too great a Happineſs? pray let her make it
Her next Suit to be permitted to viſit me her ſelf.

Cal. She ſhall, Sir: I joy to ſee your Mind
So well compos'd; I fear'd I ſhould have found
A Tempeſt in your Soul, and came to lay it.
I'll to the King;
I know to him that News will be
Moſt acceptable.

Prince. Pray do, and tell him
I have caſt off all my Paſſions, and am now
A Man again; fit for Society
And Converſation.

Cal. I will, Sir. [*Exit.*

Prince. I never knew my ſelf till now; how on the ſudden
I'm grown an excellent Diſſembler, to out-do
One at the firſt, that has practis'd it all his Life:
So now I am my ſelf again, what is't
I feel within? Methinks ſome vaſt Deſign
Now takes Poſſeſſion of my Heart, and ſwells
My labouring Thoughts above the common Bounds
Of human Actions, ſomething full of Horror
My Soul hath now decreed, my Heart does beat,
As if 'twere forging Thunder-bolts for *Jove*,
To ſtrike the Tyrant dead: So, now I have it,
I have it, 'tis a gallant Miſchief,

Worthy my Father, or my Father's Son.
All his Delight's in *Fatyma*, poor Innocent!
But not more innocent than I, and yet
My Father loves thee, and that's Crime enough.
By this Act, old Tyrant,
I ſhall be quit with thee: while I was virtuous,
I was a Stranger to thy Blood, but now
Sure thou wilt love me for this horrid Crime,
It is ſo like thy own. In this I'm ſure,
Although in nothing elſe, I am thy Son:
But when 'tis done, I leave him yet that Remedy
I take my ſelf, Revenge; but I as well
Will rob him of his Anger, as his Joy,
And having ſent her to the Shades,
I'll follow her.
But to return again, and dwell
In his dire Thoughts, for there's the blacker Hell.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Sir, your Wife the Princeſs is come to viſit you.

Prince. Conduct her in. Now to my Diſguiſe again.

Enter Princeſs.

Princeſs. Is this my Lord the Prince?

Prince. That's *Erythæa*;
Or ſome Angel, Voic'd like her. 'Tis ſhe, my ſtrugling Soul
Would fain go out to meet and welcome her. *Erythæa!*
No Anſwer but in Sighs (dear *Erythæa!*)
Thou cam'ſt to comfort, to ſupport my Suff'rings,
Not to oppreſs me with a greater Weight,
To ſee that my Unhappineſs
Involves thee too.

Princeſs. My Lord, in all your Triumphs and your Glories,

You call'd me into all your Joys, and gave me
An equal Share, and in this Depth of Miſery
Can I be unconcern'd? you needs muſt know,
You needs muſt hope I cannot; or which is worſe,
You muſt ſuſpect my Love: for what is Love
But Sympathy? And this I make my Happineſs,
Since both cannot be happy,
That we can both be miſerable.

Prince. I pr'ythee do not ſay thou lov'ſt me;
For Love, or finds out Equals, or makes 'em ſo:
But I am ſo caſt down, and fallen ſo low,
I cannot riſe to thee, and dare not wiſh
Thou ſhould'ſt deſcend to me; but call it Pity,
And I will own it then; that Kings may give
To Beggars, and not leſſen their own Greatneſs.

Princeſs. Till now I thought Virtue had ſtood above
The reach of Fortune; but if Virtue be not,
Yet Love's a greater Deity: whatever Fortune
Can give or take, Love wants not, or deſpiſes;
Or by his own Omnipotence ſupplies:
Then like a God with Joy beholds
The Beauty of his own Creations.
Thus what we Form and Image to our Fancies,
We really poſſeſs.

Prince. But can thy Imagination
Delude it ſelf, to fix upon an Object
So loſt in Miſeries, ſo old in Sorrows? [neſs
Paleneſs and Death hang on my Cheek, and Dark-
Dwells in my Eyes; more chang'd from what I was
In Perſon than in Fortune.

Princeſs. Yet ſtill the ſame to me:
Alas my Lord, theſe outward Beauties are but the
Props and Scaffolds
On which we built our Love, which now made
perfect,

Stands without thoſe Supports: nor is my Flame
So earthy as to need the dull material Fuel
Of Eyes, or Lips, or Cheeks, ſtill to be kindled,
And blown by Appetite, or elſe t'expire:
My Fires are purer, and like thoſe of Heav'n,
Fed only, and contented with themſelves,
Need nothing from without.

Prince. But the Diſgrace that waits upon Misfortune,
The meer Reproach, the Shame of being miſerable,
Expoſes Men to Scorn and baſe Contempt,
Even from their neareſt Friends.

Princeſs. Love is ſo far from ſcorning Miſery,
That he delights in't, and is ſo kindly cruel,
Sometimes to wiſh it, that he may be alone
Inſtead of all, of Fortunes, Honour, Friends, which are
But meer Diverſions from Love's proper Object,
Which only is it ſelf.

Prince. Thou haſt almoſt
Taught me to love my Miſeries, and forgive
All my Misfortunes. I'll at leaſt forget 'em;
We will revive thoſe Times, and in our Memories
Preſerve, and ſtill keep freſh (like Flowers in Water)
Thoſe happier Days; when at our Eyes our Souls
Kindled their mutual Fires, their equal Beams
Shot and returned, 'till linkt, and twin'd in one,
They Chain'd our Hearts together.

Princeſs. And was it juſt, that Fortune ſhould begin
Her Tyranny, where we began our Loves?
No, if it had, why was not I blind too?
I'm ſure if weeping could have don't, I had been.

Prince. Think not that I am blind, but think it Night,

A Seaſon for our Loves, and which to Lovers
Ne'er ſeems too long; and think of all our Miſeries
But as ſome melancholy Dream, which has awak'd us
To the renewing of our Joys.

Princeſs. My Lord, this is a Temper
Worthy the old Philoſophers.

Prince. I but repeat that Leſſon
Which I have learnt from thee. All this Morality
Thy Love hath taught me.

Princeſs. My Lord, you wrong your Virtue,
T' aſcribe the Effect of that to any Cauſe
Leſs noble than it ſelf.

Prince. And you your Love,
To think it is leſs noble, or leſs powerful,
Than any the beſt Virtue: and I fear thy Love
Will wrong it ſelf: ſo long a Stay will make
The jealous King ſuſpect we have been plotting:
How do the Pledges of our former Love,
Our Children?

Princeſs. Both happy in their Grandſire's Love,
eſpecially
The pretty *Fatyma*; yet ſhe,
According to her Apprehenſion, feels
A Senſe of your Misfortunes.

Prince. But let her not too much expreſs it,
Leſt ſhe provoke his Fury.

Princeſs. She only can allay it
When 'tis provok'd; ſhe
Plays with his Rage, and gets above his Anger;
As you have ſeen a little Boat to mount and dance
Upon the Wave, that threatens to overwhelm it.

Prince. To threaten is to ſave, but his Anger
Strikes us like Thunder, where the Blow out-flies
The loud Report, and even prevents Mens fears.

Princeſs. But then like Thunder

It rends a Cedar, or an Oak, or finds
Some ſtrong reſiſting Matter; Women and Children
Are not Subjects worthy a Prince's Anger.
Prince. Whatſoever
Is worthy of their Love, is worth their Anger.
Princeſs. Love's a more natural Motion; they are angry
As Princes, but love as Men.
Prince. Once more I beg,
Make not thy Love thy Danger.
Princeſs. My Lord, I ſee with what Unwillingneſs
You lay upon me this Command, and through your Fears
Diſcern your Love, and therefore muſt obey you.
[*Exit.*
Prince. Farewel my deareſt *Erythæa.*
There's a ſtrange Muſick in her Voice. The Story
Of *Orpheus*, which appears ſo bold a Fiction,
Was propheſy'd of thee; thy Voice has tam'd
The Tygers and the Lions of my Soul.
Enter Meſſenger.
Meſſ. Sir, your Daughter *Fatyma.*
Prince. Conduct her in; how ſtrangely am I tempted
With Opportunity, which like a ſudden Guſt
Hath ſwell'd my calmer Thoughts into a Tempeſt?
Accurſed Opportunity!
The Midwife and the Bawd to all our Vices,
That work'ſt our Thoughts into Deſires, Deſires
To Reſolutions; thoſe being ripe, and quickned,
Thou giv'ſt 'em Birth, and bring'ſt 'em forth to Action.
Enter Fatyma *and* Meſſenger.
Prince. Leave us. O Opportunity!
That when my dire and bloody Reſolutions,

Like ſick and froward Children,
Were rockt aſleep by Reaſon or Religion,
Thou like a violent Noiſe cam'ſt ruſhing in,
And mak'ſt 'em wake and ſtart to new Unquietneſs.
Come hither, pretty *Fatyma*,
Thy Grandſire's Darling, ſit upon my Knee:
He loves thee dearly.

Fat. Ay Father, for your ſake.

Prince. And for his ſake I ſhall requite it.
O Virtue, Virtue,
Where art thou fled? thou art my Reaſon's Friend;
But that, like a depoſed Prince, has yielded
His Scepter to his baſe uſurping Vaſſals;
And like a Traitor to himſelf, takes pleaſure
In ſerving them.

Fat. But Father,
I deſir'd him that you might have Liberty, and that
He would give you your Eyes again.

Prince. Pretty Innocence!
'Tis not i'th' Art, nor Pow'r of Man to do it.

Fat. Muſt you never ſee again then, Father?

Prince. No, not without a Miracle.

Fat. Why Father, I can ſee with one Eye, pray take one of mine.

Prince. I would her innocent Prate could overcome me:
O what a Conflict do I feel! how am I
Toſt like a Ship 'twixt two encountring Tides!
Love that was baniſht hence, would fain return
And force an Entrance, but Revenge
(That's now the Porter of my Soul) is deaf,
Deaf as the Adder, and as full of Poiſon.
Mighty Revenge! that ſingle canſt o'erthrow
All thoſe joint Powers, which Nature, Virtue, Honour
Can raiſe againſt thee.

Fat. What do you ſeek for, your Handkerchief? pray uſe mine.
To drink the bloody Moiſture from your Eyes;
I'll ſhew't my Grandfather,
I know 'twill make him weep.
Why do you ſhake, Father?
Juſt ſo my Grandſire trembled at the Inſtant
Your Sight was taken away.
Prince. And upon the like Occaſion.
Fat. O Father, what means the naked Knife?
Prince. 'Tis to requite thy Grandſire's Love.
Prepare to meet thy Death.
Fat. O, 'tis I, 'tis I,
Your Daughter *Fatyma!*
Prince. I therefore do it.
Fat. Alas, was this the Bleſſing my Mother ſent me to receive?
Prince. Thy Mother! *Erythæa!* There's ſomething in that,
That ſhakes my Reſolution.
Poor *Erythæa*, how wretched ſhall I make thee,
To rob thee of a Husband and a Child?
But which is worſe, that firſt I fool'd and won thee
To a Belief that all was well; and yet
Shall I forbear a Crime for Love of thee,
And not for Love of Virtue? But what's Virtue?
A meer imaginary Sound, a thing
Of Speculation; which to my dark Soul,
Depriv'd of Reaſon, is as indiſcernable
As Colours to my Body, wanting ſight.
Then being left to Senſe, I muſt be guided
By ſomething that my Senſe graſps and takes hold of;
On then my Love, and fear not to encounter
That Giant, my Revenge. Alas, poor *Fatyma!*
My Father loves thee, ſo does *Erythæa:*

Whether ſhall I by juſtly plaguing
Him whom I hate, be more unjuſtly cruel
To her I love? Or being kind to her,
Be cruel to my ſelf, and leave unſatisfied
My Anger and Revenge? but Love, thou art
The nobler Paſſion, and to thee I ſacrifice
All my ungentle Thoughts. *Fatyma*, forgive me,
And ſeal it with a Kiſs: What is't I feel?
The Spirit of Revenge, reinforcing
New Arguments. Fly *Fatyma*,
Fly while thou may'ſt, nor tempt me to new Miſchief,
By giving Means to act it; to this Ill
My Will leads not my Pow'r, but Pow'r my Will.
[*Ex.* Fat.
O what a Tempeſt have I 'ſcap'd! thanks to Heav'n,
And *Erythæa*'s Love!
No: 'twas a poor, a low Revenge, unworthy
My Virtues, or my Injuries; and
As now my Fame, ſo then my Infamy,
Would blot out his; and I, inſtead of his Empire,
Shall only be the Heir of all his Curſes.
No: I'll be ſtill my ſelf, and carry with me
My Innocence to th' other World, and leave
My Fame to this: 'twill be a brave Revenge,
To raiſe my Mind to a Conſtancy, ſo high,
That may look down upon his Threats, my Patience
Shall mock his Fury; nor ſhall he be ſo happy
To make me miſerable; and my Sufferings ſhall
Erect a prouder Trophy to my Name,
Than all my proſp'rous Actions: Every Pilot
Can ſteer the Ship in Calms, but he performs
The skilful part, can manage it in Storms.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Prince.

Prince. IF Happineſs be a ſubſtantial Good,
Not fram'd of Accidents, nor ſubject to 'em,
I err'd to ſeek it in a blind Revenge,
Or think it loſs of Sight, or Empire;
'Tis ſomething ſure within us, not ſubjected
To Senſe of Sight, only to be diſcern'd
By Reaſon, my Soul's Eye, and that ſtill ſees
Clearly, and clearer for the want of theſe;
For gazing through theſe Windows of the Body,
It met ſuch ſeveral, ſuch diſtracting Objects;
But now confin'd within it ſelf, it ſees
A ſtrange, and unknown World, and there diſcovers
Torrents of Anger, Mountains of Ambition,
Gulfs of Deſire, and Towers of Hope, huge Giants,
Monſters, and ſavage Beaſts; to vanquiſh theſe,
Will be a braver Conqueſt than the old
Or the new World.
O Happineſs of Blindneſs! now no Beauty
Inflames my Luſt; no others Good, my Envy;
Or Miſery, my Pity; no Man's Wealth
Draws my Reſpect, nor Poverty my Scorn;
Yet ſtill I ſee enough. Man to himſelf
Is a large Proſpect, rais'd above the Level
Of his low creeping Thoughts; if then I have
A World within my ſelf, that World ſhall be

My

My Empire; there I'll reign, commanding freely,
And willingly obey'd, ſecure from Fear
Of Foreign Forces, or Domeſtick Treaſons,
And hold a Monarchy more free, more abſolute
Than in my Father's Seat; and looking down
With Scorn or Pity, on the ſlippery State
Of Kings, will tread upon the Neck of Fate.
[*Ex.*

Enter Baſhaws *diſguis'd, with* Haly.

1 *Baſh.* Sir, 'tis of near Concernment, and imports
No leſs than the King's Life and Honour.

Ha. May not I know it?

Baſh. You may, Sir. But in his Preſence we are ſworn
T' impart it firſt to him.

Ha. Our *Perſian* State deſcends not
To Interviews with Strangers: But from whence
Comes this Diſcovery, or you that bring it?

2 *Baſh.* We are, Sir, of *Natolia.*

Ha. Natolia! Heard you nothing
Of two Villains that lately fled from hence?

1 *Baſh.* The *Baſhaws,* Sir?

Ha. The ſame.

2 *Baſh.* They are nearer than you think for.

Ha. Where?

1 *Baſh.* In *Perſia.*

Ha. In Arms again to 'tempt another Slavery?

2 *Baſh.* No, Sir, they made ſome weak Attempts, preſuming on
The Reputation of their former Greatneſs:
But having loſt their Fame and Fortunes,
'Tis no wonder they loſt their Friends; now hopeleſs and forlorn
They are return'd, and ſomewhere live obſcurely,

To expect a Change in *Perſia*; nor will't be hard
To find 'em.

Ha. Do't, and name your own Rewards.

2 *Baſh.* We dare do nothing till we have ſeen the King,
And then you ſhall command us.

Ha. Well, though 'tis not uſual,
Ye ſhall have free Acceſs. [*Exit* Haly.

Enter King *and* Haly.

1 *Baſh.* Sir, there were two *Turkiſh* Priſoners lately fled
From hence for a ſuppos'd Conſpiracy
Between the Prince and them.

King. Where are the Villains?

1 *Baſh.* This is the Villain, Sir;

[*They pull off their Diſguiſes.*

And we the wrongfully accus'd:
You gave Life, Sir,
And we took it
As a free noble Gift; but when we heard
'Twas valued at the Price of your Son's Honour,
We came to give it back, as a poor Trifle,
Priz'd at a Rate too high.

King. Haly,
I cannot think my Favours plac'd ſo ill,
To be ſo ill requited; yet their Confidence
Has ſomething in't that looks like Innocence.

Ha. Aſide. Is't come to that? then to my laſt and ſureſt Refuge.

King. Sure if the Guilt were theirs, they could not charge thee
With ſuch a gallant Boldneſs: if 'twere thine,
Thou could'ſt not hear't with ſuch a ſilent Scorn;
I am amaz'd.

Ha. Sir, perplex your Thoughts no farther,
They have Truth to make 'em bold;

And I have Power to ſcorn it: 'twas I, Sir,
That betray'd him, and you, and them.
King. Is this Impudence, or Madneſs?
Ha. Neither:
A very ſober, and ſad Truth-----to you, Sir.
King. A Guard there.
Enter Mirvan, *and others.*
King. Seize him.
Ha. Seize them; now
Though 'tis too late to learn, yet know
'Gainſt you are King again, what 'tis to let your [Subjects
Diſpoſe all Offices of Truſt and Power:
The Beaſt obeys his Keeper, and looks up,
Not to his Maſter's, but his Feeder's Hand;
And when you gave me Power to diſpenſe
And make your Favours mine, in the ſame Hour
You made your ſelf my Shadow: and 'twas my [Courteſie
To let you Live, and Reign ſo long.
King. Without there!
Enter two or three, and join with the others.
What, none but Traitors? Has this Villain
Breath'd Treaſon into all, and with that Breath,
Like a contagious Vapour, blaſted Loyalty?
Sure Hell it ſelf hath ſent forth all her Furies,
T' inhabit and poſſeſs this place.
Ha. Sir, Paſſions without Power,
Like Seas againſt a Rock, but loſe their Fury.
Mirvan, take theſe Villains, and ſee 'em ſtrangled.
1 *Baſh.* Farewel, Sir, commend us to your Son, let him know,
That ſince we cannot die his Servants,
We'll die his Martyrs.
King. Farewel, unhappy Friends,
A long Farewel; and may you find Rewards
Great as your Innocence; or, which is more,
Great as your Wrongs.

2 *Bash.* Come, thou art troubled,
Thou doſt not fear to die?
1 *Bash.* No, but to loſe my Death,
To ſell my Life ſo cheap, while this proud Villain
That takes it muſt ſurvive.
2 *Bash.* We ſhall not loſe our Deaths,
If Heav'n can hear the Cries of guiltleſs Blood,
Which it ſure muſt; for I have heard th' are loud
Vengeance ſhall overtake thee. [ones;
Ha. Away with 'em.
King. Stay, *Haly*, they are Innocent; yet Life, when 'tis thy Gift,
Is worſe than Death, I diſdain to ask it.
1 *Bash.* And we to take it.
Ha. Do not ask it, Sir,
For them, to whom you owe your Ruin, they have undone you;
Had not they told you this, you had liv'd ſecure,
And happy in your Ignorance; but this Injury,
Since 'tis not in your Nature to forgive it,
I muſt not leave it in your Power to puniſh it.
King. Heav'n, though from thee I have deſerv'd this Plague,
Be thou my Judge, and Witneſs, from this Villain
'Tis undeſerv'd.
Had I but felt your Vengeance from ſome Hand
That firſt had ſuffer'd mine, it had been Juſtice:
But have you ſent this ſad Return of all
My Love, my Truſt, my Favours?
Ha. Sir, there's a great Reſemblance
Between your Favours, and my Injuries;
Thoſe are too great to be requited, theſe
Too great to be forgiven: and therefore
'Tis but in vain to mention either.
King. Mirza, Mirza,
How art thou loſt by my deceiv'd Credulity?
I'll beg thy Pardon.

Ha. Stay, Sir, not without my Leave:
Go ſome of you, and let the People know
The King keeps State, and will not come in publick:
If any great Affairs, or State Addreſſes,
Bring 'em to me.

King. How have I taught the Villain
To act my part? but oh, my Son, my Son,
Shall I not ſee thee?

Ha. For once you ſhall, Sir,
But you muſt grant me one thing.

King. Traitor, doſt thou mock my Miſeries?
What can I give but this unhappy Life?

Ha. Alas! Sir, it is but that I ask, and 'tis my Modeſty
To ask it, it being in my Power to take it:
When you ſhall ſee him, Sir, to die for Pity,
'Twere ſuch a thing, 'twould ſo deceive the World,
And make the People think you were good-natur'd;
'Twill look ſo well in Story, and become
The Stage ſo handſomely. [now

King. I ne'er deny'd thee any thing, and ſhall not
Deny thee this. Though I could ſtand upright
Under the Tyranny of Age and Fortune,
Yet the ſad Weight of ſuch Ingratitude
Will cruſh me into Earth.

Ha. Loſe not your Tears, but keep
Your Lamentations for your Son, or Sins;
For both deſerve 'em: but you muſt make haſte, Sir, [*He looks upon a Watch.*
Or he'll not ſtay your coming.
'Tis now about the Hour the Poiſon
Muſt take effect.

King. Poiſon'd? oh Heav'n!

Ha. Nay, Sir, loſe no time in Wonder, both of us
Have much to do; if you will ſee your Son,
Here's one ſhall bring you to him. [*Ex.* King.

Some unskilful Pilot had ſhipwrackt here;
But I not only againſt ſure
And likely Ills have made my ſelf ſecure;
But ſo confirm'd, and fortify'd my State,
To ſet it ſafe above the Reach of Fate. [*Exit* Haly.

Enter Prince *led by a Servant, at the other Door* Princeſs *and* Sophy.

Serv. Sir, the Princeſs and your Son.

Prince. Sophy, thou com'ſt to wonder at
Thy wretched Father: why doſt thou interrupt
Thy Happineſs, by looking on an Object
So miſerable? [Voice

Princeſs. My Lord, methinks there is not in your
The Vigour that was wont, nor in your Look
The wonted Chearfulneſs. Are you well, my Lord?

Prince. No: but I ſhall be. I feel my Health a coming.

Princeſs. What's you Diſeaſe, my Lord?

Prince. Nothing, but I have ta'en a Cordial,
Sent by the King or *Haly*, in requital
Of all my Miſeries, to make me happy:
The Pillars of this Frame grow weak,
As if the Weight of many Years oppreſs'd 'em;
My Sinews ſlacken, and an Icy Stiffneſs
Benumbs my Blood.

Princeſs. Alas, I fear he's Poiſon'd:
Call all the Help that Art, or Herbs, or Minerals
Can miniſter.

Prince. No, 'tis too late:
And they that gave me this, are too well practis'd
In ſuch an Art, to attempt and not perform.

Princeſs. Yet try my Lord, revive your Thoughts, the Empire
Expects you, your Father's dying.

Prince. So when the Ship is ſinking,
The Winds that wrackt it ceaſe.

Princeſs. Will you be the Scorn of Fortune,
To come near a Crown, and only near it?
Prince. I am not Fortune's Scorn, but ſhe is mine,
More blind than I.
Princeſs. O Tyranny of Fate! to bring
Death in one Hand, and Empire in the other;
Only to ſhew us Happineſs, and then
To ſnatch us from it.
Prince. They ſnatch me to it;
My Soul is on her Journey, do not now
Divert, or lead her back, to loſe her ſelf
I'th' maze, and winding Labyrinths o'th' World:
I pr'ythee do not weep, thy Love is that
I part with moſt unwillingly, or otherwiſe
I had not ſtaid till rude Neceſſity
Had forc'd me hence.
Sophy, be not a Man too ſoon,
And when thou art, take heed of too much Virtue;
It was thy Father's, and his only Crime,
'Twill make the King ſuſpicious; yet e'er Time
By Nature's Courſe has ripen'd thee to Man,
'Twill mellow him to Duſt; 'till then forget
I was thy Father, yet forget it not,
My great Example ſhall excite thy Thoughts
To noble Actions. And you dear *Erythæa*,
Give not your Paſſions vent; nor let blind Fury
Precipitate your Thoughts, nor ſet 'em working,
Till time ſhall lend 'em better Means and Inſtruments
Than loſt Complaints. Where's pretty *Fatyma?*
She muſt forgive my raſh ungentle Paſſion.
Princeſs. What do you mean, Sir?
Prince. I am aſham'd to tell you,
I pr'ythee call her.
Princeſs. I will. Sir, I pray try if Sleep will eaſe
Your Torments, and repair your waſted Spirits.

Prince. Sleep to thoſe empty Lids
Is grown a Stranger, and the Day and Night
As undiſtinguiſht by my Sleep, as Sight.
O Happineſs of Poverty! that reſts
Securely on a Bed of living Turf,
While we with waking Cares and reſtleſs Thoughts,
Lie tumbling on our Down, courting the Bleſſing
Of a ſhort Minute's Slumber, which the Ploughman
Shakes from him, as a ranſom'd Slave his Fetters.
Call in ſome Muſick, I have heard ſoft Airs
Can charm our Senſes, and expel our Cares.
Is *Erythæa* gone?

Serv. Yes, Sir.

Prince. 'Tis well:
I would not have her preſent at my Death.

Enter Muſick.

MOrpheus, *the humble God, that dwells*
In Cottages and Smoaky Cells,
Hates gilded Roofs, and Beds of Down;
And though he fears no Prince's Frown,
Flies from the Circle of a Crown.

Come, I ſay, thou powerful God,
And thy Leaden charming Rod,
Dipt in the Lethæan *Lake,*
O'er his wakeful Temples ſhake,
Leſt he ſhould ſleep and never wake.

Nature (alas) *why art thou ſo*
Obliged to thy greateſt Foe?
Sleep, that is thy beſt Repaſt,
Yet of Death it bears a Taſte,
And both are the ſame thing at laſt.

Serv. So now he ſleeps, let's leave him
To his Repoſe.

Enter King.

King. The Horror of this Place preſents
The Horror of my Crimes; I fain would ask
What I am loth to hear, but I am well prepar'd:
They that are paſt all hope of Good, are paſt
All fear of Ill: and yet if he be dead,
Speak ſoftly or uncertainly.

Phy. Sir, he ſleeps.

King. O that's too plain, I know thou mean'ſt his laſt,
His long, his endleſs Sleep.

Phy. No, Sir, he lives: but yet
I fear the Sleep you ſpeak of will be his next:
For Nature, like a weak and weary Traveller,
Tir'd with a tedious and rugged way,
Not by Deſire provok'd, but ev'n betray'd
By wearineſs and want of Spirits,
Gives up her ſelf to this unwilling Slumber.

King. Thou haſt it, *Haly*, 'tis indeed a ſad
And ſober Truth, though the firſt
And only Truth thou ever told'ſt me:
And 'tis a fatal Sign, when Kings hear Truth,
Eſpecially when Flatterers dare ſpeak it.

Prince. I thought I heard my Father, does he think the Poiſon
Too ſlow, and comes to ſee the Operation?

[*Prince awakes.*

Or does he think his Engine dull, or honeſt?
Leſs apt to execute, than he to bid him:
He needs not, 'tis enough, it will ſucceed
To his Expectation.

King. 'Tis indeed thy Father,
Thy wretched Father; but ſo far from acting
New Cruelties, that if thoſe already paſt,
Acknowledg'd and repented of, can yet
Receive a Pardon, by thoſe mutual Bonds
Nature has ſeal'd between us, which though I

Have cancell'd, thou haſt ſtill preſerv'd inviolate,
I beg thy Pardon.

Prince. Death in it ſelf appears
Lovely and ſweet, not only to be pardoned,
But wiſht for, had it come from any other Hand,
But from a Father; a Father,
A Name ſo full of Life, of Love, of Pity:
Death from a Father's Hand, from whom I firſt
Receiv'd a Being! 'tis a prepoſterous Gift,
An Act at which inverted Nature ſtarts,
And bluſhes to behold her ſelf ſo cruel.

King. Take thou that Comfort with thee, and be not deaf to Truth:
By all that's Holy, by the dying Accents
Of thine, and my laſt Breath, I never meant,
I never wiſht it: Sorrow has ſo o'er-fraught
This ſinking Barque, I ſhall not live to ſhew
How I abhor, or how I would repent
My firſt raſh Crime; but he that now
Has poiſon'd thee, firſt poiſon'd me with Jealouſie,
A fooliſh cauſeleſs Jealouſie.

Prince. Since you believe my Innocence,
I cannot but believe your Sorrow:
But does the Villain live? A juſt Revenge
Would more become the Sorrows of a King,
Than Womaniſh Complaints.

King. O *Mirza! Mirza!*
I have no more the Power to do it,
Than thou to ſee it done: My Empire, *Mirza*,
My Empire's loſt: thy Virtue was the Rock
On which it firmly ſtood; that being undermin'd,
It ſunk with its own Weight; the Villain whom my Breath created,
Now braves it in my Throne.

Prince. O for an hour of Life! but 'twill not be:
Revenge and Juſtice we muſt leave to Heav'n,

I would ſay more, but Death hath taken in the Out-works,
And now aſſails the Fort; I feel, I feel him
Gnawing my Heart-ſtrings: Farewel, and yet I would---- [*Dies.*

King. O ſtay, ſtay but a while, and take me with thee;
Come Death, let me embrace thee; thou that wert
The worſt of all my Fears, art now the beſt
Of all my Hopes. But Fate, why haſt thou added
This Curſe to all the reſt? the Love of Life;
We love it, and yet hate it; Death we loath,
And ſtill deſire; flie to it, and yet fear it.

Enter Princeſs *and* Sophy.

Princeſs. He's gone, he's gone for ever:
O that the Poiſon had miſtaken his,
And met this hated Life! but cruel Fate
Envied ſo great a Happineſs: Fate that ſtill
Flies from the Wretched, and purſues the Bleſt.
Ye Heav'ns! But why ſhould I complain to them
That hear me not, or bow to thoſe that hate me?
Why ſhould your Curſes ſo outweigh your Bleſſings?
They come but ſingle, and long Expectation
Takes from their Value: but theſe fall upon us
Double and ſudden. [*Sees the King.*
Yet more of Horror? then farewel my Tears,
And my juſt Anger be no more confin'd
To vain Complaints, or ſelf-devouring Silence;
But break, break forth upon him like a Deluge,
And the great Spirit of my injur'd Lord
Poſſeſs me, and inſpire me with a Rage
Great as thy Wrongs, and let me call together
All my Soul's Powers, to throw a Curſe upon him
Black as his Crimes.

King. O ſpare your Anger, 'tis loſt;
For he whom thou accuſeſt has already
Condemn'd himſelf, and is as miſerable

As thou canſt think, or wiſh him; ſpit upon me,
Caſt all Reproaches on me, Woman's Wit
Or Malice can invent, I'll thank thee for them;
What e'er can give me a more lively Senſe
Of my own Crimes, that ſo I may repent 'em.

Princeſs. O cruel Tyrant! couldſt thou be ſo barbarous
To a Son as Noble as thy ſelf art Vile?
That knew no other Crime but too much Virtue;
Nor could deſerve ſo great a Puniſhment
For any Fault, but that he was thy Son?
Now not content to exceed all other Tyrants,
Exceed'ſt thy ſelf: firſt robbing him of Sight,
Then ſeeming by a feign'd and forc'd Repentance,
To expiate that Crime, didſt win him to
A falſe Security, and now by Poiſon
Haſt robb'd him of his Life.

King. Were but my Soul as pure
From other Guilts as that, Heav'n did not hold
One more immaculate. Yet what I have done,
He dying did forgive me, and hadſt thou been preſent,
Thou wouldſt have done the ſame: for thou art Happy,
Compar'd to me; I am not only miſerable,
But wicked too; thy Miſeries may find
Pity, and Help from others; but mine make me
The Scorn, and the Reproach of all the World;
Thou, like unhappy Merchants, whoſe Adventures
Are daſht on Rocks, or ſwallowed up in Storms,
Ow'ſt all thy Loſſes to the Fates: but I,
Like waſtful Prodigals, have caſt away
My Happineſs, and with it all Mens Pity:
Thou ſeeſt how weak and wretched Guilt can make
Even Kings themſelves, when a weak Woman's Anger
Can maſter mine.

Princeſs. And your Sorrow
As much o'ercomes my Anger, and turns it into melting Pity.

King. Pity not me, nor yet deplore your Husband;
But ſeek the Safety of your Son, his Innocence
Will be too weak a Guard, when nor my Greatneſs,
Nor yet his Father's Virtues could protect us.
Go on, my Boy: the juſt Revenge of all [*To* Sophy.
Our Wrongs I recommend to thee and Heav'n;
I feel my Weakneſs growing ſtrong upon me:
[*Ex.* Princeſs *and* Sophy.
Death, thou art he that wilt not flatter Princes,
That ſtoops not to Authority, nor gives
A ſpecious Name to Tyranny; but ſhews
Our Actions in their own deformed Likeneſs.
Now all thoſe Cruelties which I have acted,
To make me great, or glorious, or ſecure,
Look like the hated Crimes of other Men.

Enter Phyſician.

King. O ſave me, ſave me! who are thoſe that ſtand,
And ſeem to threaten me?

Phy. There's no body, 'tis nothing
But ſome fearful Dream.

King. Yes, that's my Brother's Ghoſt, whoſe Birthright ſtood
'Twixt me and Empire, like a ſpreading Cedar
That grows to hinder ſome delightful Proſpect;
Him I cut down.
Next my old Father's Ghoſt, whom I, impatient
To have my Hopes delay'd, haſtned by Violence before his fatal Day;
Then my enraged Son, who ſeems to beckon,
And hale me to him. I come, I come, ye Ghoſts,
The greateſt of you all; but ſure one Hell's

Too little to contain me, and too narrow
For all my Crimes. [*Dies.*

Enter Mirvan *and* Haly *at ſeveral Doors.*

Ha. Go muſter all the City-Bands; pretend it
To prevent ſudden Tumults,
But indeed to ſettle the Succeſſion.

Mir. My Lord, you are too ſudden, you'll take 'em unprepar'd.
Alas! you know their Conſciences are tender.
Scandal and Scruple muſt be firſt remov'd,
They muſt be Pray'd and Preach'd into a Tumult:
But for Succeſſion,
Let us agree on that; there's *Calamah*
The eldeſt Son by the *Arabian* Lady,
A gallant Youth.

Ha. Ay, too gallant; his proud Spirit will diſ-[dain
To owe his Greatneſs to another's Gift:
Such Gifts as Crowns, tranſcending all requital,
Turn Injuries.
No, *Mirvan*; he muſt be Dull and Stupid, leſt he know
Wherefore we made him King.

Mir. But he muſt be good-natur'd, tractable,
And one that will be govern'd.

Ha. And have ſo much Wit to know whom he's beholden to.

Mir. But why, my Lord, ſhould you look further than your ſelf?

Ha. I have had ſome ſuch Thoughts; but I conſider
The *Perſian* State will not endure a King
So meanly born; no, I'll rather be the ſame I am,
In place the ſecond, but the firſt in Power:
Solyman the Son of the *Georgian* Lady
Shall be the Man: What Noiſe is that?

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My Lord, the Prince's late Victorious Army
Is marching towards the Palace, breathing nothing
But Fury and Revenge; to them are join'd
All whom deſire of Change, or Diſcontent,
Excites to new Attempts, their Leaders
Abdal and *Morat.*

Ha. *Abdal* and *Morat!* *Mirvan*, we are loſt, fallen from the top
Of all our Hopes, and caſt away like Sailors,
Who ſcaping Seas and Rocks, and Tempeſts, periſh
I'th' very Port; ſo are we loſt i' th' ſight
And reach of all our Wiſhes.

Mir. How has our Intelligence fail'd us ſo ſtrangely?

Ha. No, no, I knew they were in Mutiny;
But they could ne'er have hurt us,
Had they not come at this inſtant Period,
This point of time: had he liv'd two Days longer,
A Pardon to the Captain, and a Largeſs
Among the Soldiers, had appeas'd their Fury:
Had he dy'd two Days ſooner, the Succeſſion
Had as we pleas'd been ſettled, and ſecur'd
By *Sophy*'s Death. Gods, that the World ſhould turn
On Minutes, and on Moments!

Mir. My Lord, loſe not your ſelf
In Paſſion, but take Counſel from Neceſſity:
I'll to 'em, and will let them know
The Prince is dead, and that they come too late
To give him Liberty; for Love to him
Has bred their Diſcontents; I'll tell them boldly,
That they have loſt their Hopes.

Ha. And tell them too,
As they have loſt their Hopes o' th' one, they have loſt

Their Fears o'th' other: tell their Leaders we desire
Their Counsel in the next Succession;
Which if it meet Disturbance,
Then we shall crave Assistance from their Power,
Which Fate could not have sent in a more happy Hour. [*Exit* Mirvan.

Enter Lords, Caliph.

Cal. My Lord,
Ye hear the News, the Prince's Army is at the Gate.
Ha. Ay, I hear it, and feel it here; [*Aside.*
But the Succession, that's the Point
That first requires your Counsel.
Cal. Who should succeed, but *Sophy?*
Ha. What! in such times as these, when such an Army
Lies at our Gates, to chuse a Child our King?
You, my Lord *Caliph*, are better read in Story,
And can discourse the fatal Consequences
When Children Reign.
Cal. My Lords, if you'll be guided
By Reason and Example-----

Enter Abdal *and* Morat.

Ha. My Lords, you come most opportunely, we were entring
Into Dispute about the next Succession.
Ab. Who dares dispute it? we have a pow'rful Argument
Of Forty Thousand strong, that shall confute him.
Cal. A powerful Argument indeed.
Ab. Ay, such a one as will puzzle all your Logick
And Distinctions to answer it;
And since we came too late for the Performance
Of our intended Service to the Prince,
The wronged Prince, we cannot more express

Our Loyalty to him, than in the right
Of his moſt hopeful Son.

Ha. But is he not too Young?

Mor. Sure you think us ſo too; but he, and we
Are Old enough to look through your Diſguiſe,
And under that to ſee his Father's Enemies.
A Guard there.

Enter Guard.

Mor. Seize him, and you that could ſhew Reaſon or Example.

Ha. Seize me! for what?

Ab. Canſt thou remember ſuch a Name as *Mirza*,
And ask, for what?

Ha. That Name I muſt remember, and with Horror;
But few have dy'd for doing,
What they had dy'd for if they had not done:
It was the King's Command, and I was only
Th' unhappy Miniſter.

Ab. Ay, ſuch a Miniſter as Wind to Fire,
That adds an accidental Fierceneſs to
Its natural Fury.

Mor. If 'twere the King's Command, 'twas firſt thy Malice
Commanded that Command, and then obey'd it.

Ha. Nay, if you have reſolv'd it, Truth and Reaſon
Are weak and idle Arguments;
But let me pity the unhappy Inſtruments
Of Prince's Wills, whoſe Anger is our Fate,
And yet their Love's more fatal than their Hate.

Ab. And how well that Love hath been requited,
Mirvan, your Confident,
By Torture has confeſt.

Mor. The Story of the King, and of the Baſhaws,

Ha. Mirvan! poor-ſpirited Wretch! thou haſt deceiv'd me:
Nay then farewel my Hopes, and next my Fears.

Enter Sophy.

Sophy. What horrid Noiſe was that of Drums and Trumpets, that ſtruck my Ear?
What mean theſe Bonds? could not my Grandſire's Jealouſie
Be ſatisfied upon his Son, but now
Muſt ſeize his deareſt Favourite? ſure my Turn comes next.

Ab. 'Tis come already, Sir; but to ſucceed him, not them:
Long live King *Sophy*.

[*Without Drums and Trumpets.*

Sop. But why are theſe Men Priſoners?

Ab. Let this inform you.

Sop. But is my Grandſire dead?

Ab. As ſure as we are alive.

Sop. Then let 'em ſtill be Priſoners, away with 'em;
Invite our Mother from her ſad Retirement,
And all that ſuffer, for my Father's Love,
Reſtraint or Puniſhment.

Enter Princeſs.

Sop. Dear Mother, make
Our Happineſs compleat, by breaking through
That Cloud of Sorrow,
And let us not be wanting to our ſelves,
Now th' Heav'ns have done their part,
Leſt ſo ſevere and obſtinate a Sadneſs
Tempt a new Vengeance.

Princeſs. Sir, to comply with you I'll uſe a Violence
Upon my Nature; Joy is ſuch a Foreigner,
So meer a Stranger to my Thought, I know
Not how to entertain him; but Sorrow

I've made by Cuſtom ſo habitual,
'Tis now part of my Nature.

Sop. But can no Pleaſure, no Delight divert it?
Greatneſs or Power, which Women moſt affect;
If that can do it, rule me, and rule my Empire.

Princeſs. Sir, ſeek not to rob me of my Tears,
Fortune
Her ſelf is not ſo cruel; for my Counſels,
They may be unſucceſsful, but my Prayers
Shall wait on all your Actions.

Enter Solyman, *as from the Rack. Guard.*

Sop. Alas poor *Solyman*, how he is altered!

Sol. Why, becauſe I would not accuſe your Father, when your Grandfather ſaw he could not ſtretch my Conſcience, thus he has ſtretcht my Carcaſs.

Mor. I think they have ſtretcht his Wit too.

Sol. This is your Father's Love that lies thus in my Bones; I might have lov'd all the Pocky Whores in *Perſia*, and have felt it leſs in my Bones.

Sop. Thy Faith and Honeſty ſhall be rewarded according to thine own Deſire.

Sol. Friend, I pray thee tell me whereabout my Knees are, I would fain kneel to thank his Majeſty: Why, Sir, for the preſent my Deſire is only to have a good Bone-ſetter, and when your Majeſty has done that Office to the Body Politick, and ſome skilful Man to this Body of mine (which if it had been a Body Politick, had never come to this) I ſhall by that time think on ſomething for my ſuffering: But muſt none of theſe great ones be hang'd for their Villanies?

Mor. Yes certainly.

Sol. Then I need look no further, ſome of their Eſtates will ſerve my Turn.

Sop. Bring back thoſe Villains.

Enter Haly *and* Caliph.

Sop. Now to your Tears, dear Madam, and the Ghoſt
Of my dead Father, will I conſecrate
The firſt Fruits of my Juſtice: Let ſuch Honours
And Funeral Rites, as to his Birth and Virtues
Are due, be firſt performed; then all that were
Actors, or Authors of ſo black a Deed,
Be ſacrific'd as Victims to his Ghoſt:
Firſt thou, my holy Devil, that couldſt varniſh
So foul an Act with the fair Name of Piety:
Next thou, th' Abuſer of thy Prince's Ear.

Cal. Sir, I beg your Mercy.

Haly. And I a ſpeedy Death, nor ſhall my Reſolution
Diſarm it ſelf, nor condeſcend to parly
With fooliſh Hope.

Sop. 'Twere Cruelty to ſpare 'em. I am ſorry
I muſt commence my Reign in Blood, but Duty
And Juſtice to my Father's Soul, exact
This cruel Piety; let's ſtudy for a Puniſhment,
A feeling one,
And borrow from our Sorrow ſo much Time,
T' invent a Torment equal to their Crime.

[*Exeunt.*



THE

THE EPILOGUE.

'TIS done, and we alive again, and now
There is no Tragedy, but in your Brow.
And yet our Author hopes you're pleas'd; if not,
This having fail'd, he has a ſecond Plot:
'Tis this; the next Day ſend us in your Friends,
Then laugh at them, and make your ſelves amends.
Thus, whether it be good or bad, yet you
May pleaſe your ſelves, and you may pleaſe us too:
But look you pleaſe the Poet, leſt he vow
A full Revenge upon you all; but how?
'Tis not to kill you all twenty a Day,
He'll do't at once a more compendious way;
He means to write again; but ſo much worſe,
That ſeeing that, you'll think it a juſt Curſe
For cenſuring this: 'Faith, give him your Applauſe,
As you give Beggars Mony; for no Cauſe,
But that he's troubleſome, and he has ſwore,
As Beggars do, he'll trouble you no more.

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